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THE SCHOOL FOR SATIRE:

OR,

A COLLECTION

OF

MODERN SATIRICAL POEMS

WRITTEN DURING THE PRESENT REIGN.

"SATIRE is the Poetry of a Nation highly polished."

History of English Poetry,
Vol. 3. Chapter the last.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY JAQUES AND CO. LOMBARD-STREET,
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1802.

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October 1801.

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THE

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AN

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Knight,

COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS,

AND AUTHOR OF A LATE

DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GARDENING.

ENRICHED WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES,

CHIEFLY EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE PERFORMANCE.

Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricæ. VIRGIL.

Printed originally in the year 1773.

PREFACE.

THIS Poem was written last summer, immediately after the Publication of Sir William Chambers's Dissertation; but the Bookseller, to whom it was offered, declined publishing it, till the Town was full. His reason for this, is obvious; yet it would hardly have weighed with the Author, had he not thought, that his Hero's fame would increase in proportion to his Publisher's profit. However he foresaw that, by this delay, one inconvenience might arise, which this Preface is written to remove.

Readers of the present generation are so very inattentive to what they read, that it is probable, one half of Sir William's may have forgotten the principles which this book inculcates. Let these, then, be reminded, that it is the author's profest aim in extolling the taste of the Chinese, to condemn that mean and paltry manner which Kent introduced; which Southcote, Hamilton, and Brown followed, and which, to our national disgrace, is called the English style of gardening. He shews the poverty of this taste, by aptly comparing it to a dinner, which consisted of three gross pieces, three times repeated; and proves to a demonstration, that Nature herself is incapable of pleasing, without the assistance of Art, and that too of the most luxuriant kind. In short such art as is displayed in the Emperor's garden of Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin;

where fine lizards, and fine women, human giants, and giant baboons, make but a small part of the superb scenery. He teaches us, that a perfect garden must contain within itself all the amusements of a great city; that *urbs in rure*, not *rus in urbe*, is the thing which an improver of true taste ought to aim at. He says—but it is impossible to abridge all that he says:—Let this therefore suffice, to tempt the reader again to peruse his invaluable Dissertation, since without it, he will never relish half the beauties of the following Epistle; for (if her Majesty's Zebra, and the powder mills at Hounslow be excepted) there is scarce a single image in it, which is not taken from that work.

But though the images be borrowed, the author claims some small merit from his application of them. Sir William says too modestly, "that European artists must not hope to rival Oriental splendor." The poet shews, that European artists may easily rival it; and, that Richmond gardens with only the addition of a new bridge to join them to Brentford, may be new modelled, perfectly *à la Chinois*. He exhorts his Knight to undertake the glorious task, and leaves no cause to doubt, but that, under the auspicious patronage he now so justly enjoys, added to the *ready* vote of those who furnish ways and means, the royal work will speedily be compleated.

Knightsbridge, Jan. 20th.

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Knight.

KNIGHT of the Polar Star! by Fortune plac'd,
To shine the Cynosure of British taste,
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view,
The scatter'd glories of Chinese Virtù,
And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That Kings themselves are dazzled, while they gaze:
O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And with thy prose caparison her rhyme;

Teach

Verse 2. Cynosure of British taste.] Cynosure, an affected phrase. Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the Pole. Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong;
Like thee to scorn Dame Nature's simple fence;
Leap each Ha Ha of truth and common sense;
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of Him, whom we and all the world admit,
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.

Does Envy doubt? Witness ye chosen train!
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign;
Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbears,
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.

Let

Verse 10. With scenes of Yvên-Ming.] One of the Imperial gardens at Pekin. [Sayings of Li-Tsong.] "Many trees, shrubs, and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations; many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to ſome a ſunny poſition is neceſſary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon depend the health and growth of his plants; and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

Let David Hume, from the remotest North,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth,
David, who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest Hog of Epicurus' sty;
Tho' drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
David shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
The mighty Home bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song;
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollet from his coffin steal;
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble *Truth at Court*.

There was a time, " in Esher's peaceful grove,
" When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's love,"
That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that beauty blest their mutual toil.

Mistaken

Verse 34. Truth at Court.] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (or for the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings) the person here mentioned, received a considerable pension in the time of Lord Bute's administration.

Mistaken Bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, Taste's oriental ray,
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a Driveller, and the Nymph a Drab.
For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground;
Prolong the peal, yet spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants, and water.
So,

Verse 45. For what is Nature?] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile are entirely borrowed from Sir William's Dissertation. "*Nature* (say the Chinese, or Sir William says it for them) affords us but few materials to work with. *Plants*, *ground*, and *water*, are her only productions; and, though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of *changes rung upon bells*, which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of *gingling*; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived. *Art* must therefore supply *the scantiness of Nature*," &c. &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, *like the honeſt Bachelor's feaſt*, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; *three legs of mutton and turneps, three roaſted geese, and three buttered apple-pies.*" Preface, page 7.

So, when some John his dull invention racks
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's,
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.

Come then, prolific art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
To Richmond come, for see untutor'd Brown
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon-ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's cave;
Knock'd down the waxen Wizzard, seiz'd his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was Fairy land;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck, and good Queen Caroline.
Haste, bid yon livelong Terras re-ascend,
Replace each vista, straighten every bend;
Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's King?
No! let barbaric glories feast his eyes,
August Pagodas round his palace rise,

And

Verse 67. No! let barbaric glories.] So Milton.

"Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her Kings *barbaric* pearl and gold."

And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
" A work to wonder at, perhaps"—a Kew.

Nor rest we here; but, at our magic call,
Monkies shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl;
Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love.
In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the Queen's leave) her elephant and ass;
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar maids;
Or,

Verse 72. Monkies shall climb our trees.] " In their lofty woods *serpents* and *lizards* of many beautiful sorts crawl upon the ground. Innumerable *monkies*, *cats*, and *parots* clamber upon the trees. Page 40. " In their lakes are many *islands*, some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, *the elephant*, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, the ostrich, and the giant baboon." Page 66." They keep, in their inchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous *dogs of Tibet*, and *African giants*, in the habits of magicians." Page 42. " Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous *Tartarian damsels*, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him *to taste the sweets of retirement*, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusakin down." Page 40.

Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damsels alike adroit to sport and sting.

Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horror and affright:
This to atchieve no foreign aids we try,
Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply;
Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
Here too, O King of Vengeance, in thy fane,
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain;

And

Verse 84. Thy gibbets, Bagshot.] "Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. *gibbets*, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, founderies, lime-kilns, and glass-works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of Volcanos." Page 37. "Here the passenger from time to time is surprized with repeated shocks of electrical impulse; the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here substituted the occasional explosion of a *powder mill*, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of *lime-kilns* and *electrical machines*, and imitate *thunder* and the *explosion of cannon* into the bargain. Vide page 40.

Verse 87. Here too, O king of Vengeance, &c.] "In the

And round that fane on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate-history:
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,
Here Bute's confession, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age,
Too numerous far for this contracted page,
The Rigbys, ——'s, Mungos, Bradshaws there,
In straw-stuft effigy, shall kick the air.

But say, ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls?

That

most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the *King of Vengeance*, near which are placed pillars of stone, with *pathetic descriptions of tragical events*; and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by *outlaws* and *robbers*." Page 37.

Verse 88. Tremendous Wilkes.] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was Sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as Lord Mayor.

Verse 98. Where shall our mimic London, &c.] "There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming-Yven, near Pekin, *a fortified town*, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of juſtice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale.

"In this town the Emperors of China, who are too much *the slaves of their greatness* to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with

That Eastern feature Art must next produce,
Tho' not for present, yet for future use.
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould,
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy frrom Windsor's brow.

For Him, that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the bishoprick of Parson Horne.
There, at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's Street;

Stout

with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page 32.

Verse 109. Of marble arches.] See Sir William's enormous account of Chinese *bridges*, too long to be here inserted. Vide page 53.

Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair
And Patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there.
Like distant thunder, now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.
The court has cross'd the stream; the sports begin:
Now Nowel preaches of rebellion's sin;
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fletcher's eyes.
While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at Sermon shew'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief!
He'as stol'n the Earl of Denbigh's handkerchief.

Let

Verse 115, Stout Talbot, &c.] "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

Verse 116. And Patriot Betty.] "Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." Page 33.

Verse 122. Lo brazen tears, &c.]

"Drew *iron* tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

(Ver. 120. Rebellion's ſin.] The thanks of the H. of Commons, which had been given to Dr. Nowell, Principal of St. Mary's Hall in Oxford, for a ſermon preached on the 30th of Jan. were, upon a motion of one of the Members, expunged from the journals, upon the reviſion of ſome offenſive paſſages in the ſermon. Another Parliament reverſed this vote alſo, and reſtored the vote of thanks to Dr. Nowell, as it originally ſtood, and now ſtands. (Added by the publiſher.)

Verse 125. See Jemmy Twitcher shambles.] "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dextrous eunuchs." Vide, ibid. (N.B. The Earl of Sandwich at that time was called Jemmy Twitcher.)

Let Barrington arrest him in mock fury,
And Mansfield hang the knave without a jury.
But hark the voice of battle shouts from far!
The Jews and Macaronis are at war:
The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox.
Fair Schwellenbergen smiles the sport to see,
And all the Maids of Honour cry Te! He!

Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great Brunswick's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er, from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Tho' Europe's balance trembles on its beam.

And

Verse 127. Let Barrington:] "The watch seizes on the culprit." Vide, ibid.

Verse 128. And Mansfield, &c.] "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely baſtinadoed." Ibid.

Verſe 129. But hark, &c.] "Quarrels happen—battles ensue." Ibid.

Verſe 132. Circumcise Charles Fox.] Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons. Ibid.

Verse 134. And all the maids of honour, &c.] "This is done to divert his Imperial Majeſty, and the ladies of his train." Vide, ibid.

And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy Bard has plann'd,
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprize,
O! let that Bard his Knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

AN

HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

THE PUBLIC,

Occasioned by their favourable Reception of a late

HEROIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, Knt. &c.

By the AUTHOR of that EPISTLE.

Sicilides musæ, paullo majora canamus. VIRGIL.

Printed originally in the year 1774.

AN

HEROIC POSTSCRIPT

TO

THE PUBLIC.

I THAT of late, Sir William's Bard and Squire,
March'd with his helm and buckler on my lyre,
(What time the Knight prick'd forth in ill-starr'd haste,
Comptroller General of the works of taste,)
Now to the Public tune my grateful lays,
Warm'd with the sun-shine of the public praise;
Warm'd too with mem'ry of that golden time,
When Almon gave me reason for my rhyme;

 —— glit-

Verse 1. I that of late] *Ille ego qui quondam, &c.* VIRGIL, or somebody for him.

Verse 4. Works of taste] Put synonimously for his Majesty's works. See Sir *William's title page.*

— glittering orbs, and, what endear'd them more,
Each glittering orb the sacred features bore
Of George the good, the gracious, and the great,
Unfil'd, unsweated, all of sterling weight;
Or, were they not, they pass'd with current ease,
Good seemings then were good realities;
No Senate had convey'd, by smuggling art,
Pow'r to the mob to play Cadogan's part.
Now, thro' the land, that impious pow'r prevails,
All weigh their Sov'reign in their private scales,
And find him wanting: all save me alone,
For, sad to say! my glittering orbs are gone.

But ill beseems a Poet to repent,
Lightly they came, and full as lightly went.
Peace to their manes! may they never feel
Some keen Scotch banker's unrelenting steel;
While I again the Muse's sickle bring
To cut down Dunces, wheresoe'er they spring,
Bind in poetic sheaves the plenteous crop,
And stack my full-ear'd load in Almon's shop.

For

(Verse 9. Q. Ten, or twelve?)
Verse 16. Cadogan's part] Master of the Mint.
Verse 19. And find him wanting.] Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Daniel, chap. 8, v. 27.

For now, my Muse, thy fame is fixt as fate,
Tremble ye Fools I scorn, ye Knaves I hate;
I know the vigour of thy eagle wings,
I know thy strains can pierce the ear of Kings.
Did China's monarch here in Britain doze,
And was, like western Kings, a King of Prose,
Thy song could cure his Asiatic spleen,
And make him wish to see and to be seen.
That solemn vein of irony so fine,
Which, e'en Reviewers own, adorns thy line,
Would make him soon against his greatness sin,
Desert his sofa, mount his palanquin,
And post where'er the Goddess led the way,
Perchance to proud Spithead's imperial bay.

There

Vese 34. A King of Prose.] Kien-Long, the present Emperor of China is a poet. M. de Voltaire did him the honour to treat him as a brother above two years ago; and my late patron, Sir William Chambers, has given a fine and most intelligible prose version of an ode of his Majesty upon tea, in his postscript to his Dissertation. I am, however, vain enough to think, the Emperor's composition would have appeared still better in my heroic verse; but Sir William forestalled it; on which account I have entirely broke with him.

Verse 37. That solemn vein of irony.] "A fine vein of solemn irony runs through this piece." See *Monthly Review*, under the article of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers.

There should he see, as other folks have seen,
That ships have anchors, and that seas are green,
Should own the tackling trim, the streamers fine,
With Sandwich prattle, and with Bradshaw dine,
And then sail back, amid the cannon's roar,
As safe, as sage, as when he left the shore.

Such is thy pow'r, O Goddess of the song,
Come then and guide my careless pen along;
Yet keep it in the bounds of sense and verse,
Nor, like Mac-Homer, make me gabble Erse.
No, let the flow of these spontaneous rhymes
So truly touch the temper of the times,
That he who runs may read; while well he knows
I write in metre, what he thinks in prose:
So shall my song, undisciplin'd by art,
Find a sure patron in each English heart.

If

Verse 43. There should he see.] A certain naval event happened just about two calendar months after the publication of the Heroic Epistle. 'Twas impossible, considering the necessary preparations, it could have been sooner. Facts are stubborn things.

Verse 52. Nor like Mac-Homer.] See, if the reader thinks worth while, a late translation of the Iliad.

If this it's fate, let all the frippery things
Be-plac'd, be-pension'd, and be-starr'd by Kings,
Frown on the page, and with fastidious eye,
Like old young Fannius, call it blasphemy.
Let these prefer a levee's harmless talk,
Be ask'd how often, and how far they walk,
Proud of a single word, nor hope for more,
Tho' Jenkinson is blest with many a score.

For other ears my honest numbers sound,
With other praise those numbers shall be crown'd,
Praise that shall spread, no pow'r can make it less,
While Britain boasts the bulwark of her press.
Yes, sons of freedom! yes, to whom I pay,
Warm from the heart, this tributary lay;
That lay shall live, tho' Court and Grub-street sigh,
Your young Marcellus was not born to die:

The

Verse 62. Like old young Fannius.] The noble personage here alluded to, being asked to read the Heroic Epistle, said, "No, it was as bad as blasphemy."

Verse 62. Fannius.] Before I sent the M. S. to the press, I discovered, that an accidental blot had made all but the first syllable of this name illegible. I was doubtful, therefore, whether to print it Fannius or Fannia. After much deliberation, I thought it best to use the masculine termination. If I have done wrong I ask pardon, not only of the Author, but the Lady. *The Editor.*

The Muse shall nurse him up to man's estate,
And break the black asperity of fate.

Admit him then your candidate for fame,
Pleas'd if in your review he read his name,
Tho' not with Mason and with Goldsmith put,
Yet cheek by jowl with Garrick, Colman, Foote;
But if with higher Bards that name you range,
His modesty must think your judgment strange.
So, when o'er Crane-Court's philosophic Gods
The Jove-like majesty of Pringle nods,
If e'er he chance to wake on Newton's chair,
He "wonders how the devil he came there."

Whate'er his fame, or fate, on this depend;
He is, and means to be his country's friend.
'Tis but to try his strength that now he sports
With Chinese gardens, and with Chinese courts:
But if that country claim a graver strain,
If real danger threat fair Freedom's reign,

If

Verse 76. And break the black asperity of fate.]

——— "*Si qua fata aſpera rumpas,*
Tu Marcellus eris."

(Verse 83. The Royal Society held their meetings in Crane-court, Fleet-street, at that time.)

If hireling Peers, in prostitution bold,
Sell her as cheaply as themselves they sold;
Or they, who honour'd by the People's choice,
Against that People lift their rebel voice,
And, basely crouching for their paltry pay,
Vote the best birthright of her sons away,
Permit a nation's in-born wealth to fly
In mean, unkingly prodigality;
Nor, e'er they give, ask how the sums were spent,
So quickly squander'd, tho' so lately lent——
If this they dare; the thunder of his song,
Rolling in deep-ton'd energy along,
Shall strike, with Truth's dread bolt, each miscreant's name,
Who, dead to duty, senseless e'en to shame
Betray'd his country. Yes, ye faithless crew,
His Muse's vengeance shall your crimes purſue,
Stretch you on ſatire's rack, and bid you lie
Fit garbage for the hell-hound, Infamy.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

DR. SHEBBEARE.

By MALCOLM MACGREGOR, of Knightsbridge, Esq.
Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, &c.

Printed originally in the year 1774.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH I look upon this Poem, in point of elevation of diction and sublimity of sentiment, to be as highly heroical, as my Epistle to Sir William Chambers, yet I have not thought proper to add that epithet to it on the title-page. I am willing to wish that first production of my muse may preserve the distinction which it now possesses, of being called *The* Heroic Epistle, *par excellence*. Besides this consideration, the different ranks of the two persons, to whom these two works are addressed, require a difference to be made in this matter; and it would be unpardonable in me not to discriminate between a Comptroller of his Majesty's Works, and the Hackney Scribbler of a Newspaper; between a Placeman and a Pensioner, a Knight of the Polar Star, and a broken Apothecary.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Dr. SHEBBEARE.

O For a thousand tongues! and every tongue
Like Johnson's, arm'd with words of six feet long,
In multitudinous vociferation
To panegyricize this glorious nation,
Whose liberty results from her taxation.
O, for that passive, pensionary spirit,
That by its prostitution proves its merit!
That rests on RIGHT DIVINE all regal claims,
And gives to George, whate'er it gave to James:
Then

Ver. 2. Words of six feet long.] Sesquipedalia verba. Hor.

Then should my Tory numbers, old Shebbeare,
Tickle the tatter'd fragment of thy ear!
Then all that once was virtuous, wise, or brave,
That quell'd a tyrant, that abhorr'd a slave,
Then Sydney's, Russel's patriot fame should fall,
Besmear'd with mire, like black Dalrymple's gall;
Then, like thy prose, should my felonious verse
Tear each immortal plume from Nassau's hearse,
That modern monarchs, in that plumage gay,
Might stare and strut, the peacocks of a day.

But I, like Ansty, feel myself unfit
To run, with hollow speed, two heats of wit:
He, at first starting, won both fame and money,
The betts ran high on Bladud's Ciceronè;

Since

Ver. 11. Tickle the tatter'd fragment.] Churchill, in alluding to this *capital* anecdote in our Doctor's life, says, in his poem called the Author,

The whole intent
Of that parade, was fame, not punishment.

Intimating that his ears received no detriment in the pillory. My line intimates, that they did. However, if my intimation be false, it is easily refuted: the Doctor has only to expose his ears again to the public, and the real fact will be flagrant.

Ver. 23. Bladud's Ciceronè] Anglice, Bath Guide.

Since distanc'd quite, like a gall'd jade he winces,
And lashes unknown priests, and praises well-known
So I, when first I turn'd th' heroic lay, [princes.
Gain'd Pownall's praise, as well as Almon's pay.
In me the nation plac'd its tuneful hope,
Its second Churchill, or at least its Pope:
Proudly I prick'd along, Sir William's squire,
Bade kings recite my strains and queens admire;
Chaste maids of honour prais'd my stout endeavour,
Sir Thomas swore, "The fellow was damn'd clever."

But

Ver. 25. **Lashes unknown priests.**] Without a note posterity will never understand this line. Two or three years ago this gentleman found himself libelled in a newspaper; and on suspecting a certain clergyman to be the author, he wrote a first canto of a poem, called The Priest Dissected, in which he prepared all chirurgical matters previous to the operation. In the mean time the parson proved an *alibi*, and saved himself. To this first and unique canto the author prefixed a something in which he exculpated himself from being the author of the Heroic Epistle, which it seems had been laid to his charge during the time the clan of Macgreggors continued without a name, and which, as the world well knows, was the only reason which prevented me from claiming the merit of that production. It is to this something, that the latter part of the line alludes. For in it he had told the public, that his Majesty had ten children, which it knew very well before. Hence the epithet *well-known*.

Ver. 33. Sir Thomas Robinson.] The Petronius of the present age needs not the addition of a sirname to make the world certain who is meant by this appellative.

But popularity, alas! has wings,
And flits as soon from poets as from kings.
My pompous Postscript found itself disdain'd
As much as Milton's Paradise regain'd:
And when I dar'd the Patent Snuffers handle,
To trim, with Pinchy's aid, Old England's candle,
The lyric muse, so lame was her condition,
Could hardly hop beyond a third edition.
Yes 'tis a general truth, and strange as true,
(Kenrick shall prove it in his next Review)
That no one bard, in these degenerate days,
Can write two works deserving equal praise.
Whether the matter of which minds are made
Be grown of late mephitic and decay'd,
Or wants phlogiston, I forbear to say,
The problem's more in Doctor Priestley's way.
He knows of spirit the material whole,
For Priestley has the cure of Shelburne's soul.

Enough of souls, unless we waste a line,
Shebbeare! to pay a compliment to thine:

Which

Ver. 51. The cure of Shelburne's soul.] It is not here insinuated, that the soul in question wants curing. The word *cure* is here put for *care*, in the sense in which ecclesiastical lawyers use *cura animarum*.

Which forg'd, of old, of strong Hibernian brass,
Shines through the Paris plaister of thy face,
And bronzes it, secure from shame, or sense,
To the flat glare of finish'd impudence.
Wretch! that from Slander's filth art ever gleaning,
Spite without spirit, malice without meaning:
The same abusive, base, abandon'd thing,
When pilloried, or pension'd by a King.
Old as thou art, methinks, 'twere sage advice,
That North should call thee off from hunting Price.
Some younger blood-hound of his bawling pack
Might sorer gall his presbyterian back.
Thy toothless jaws should free thee from the fight;
Thou canst but mumble, when thou mean'st to bite.

Say, then, to give a *requiem* to thy toils,
What if my muse array'd her in thy spoils,
And took the field for thee, thro' pure good-nature?
Courts prais'd by thee, are curs'd beyond her satire.
Yet, when she pleases, she can deal in praise:
Exempli gratia, hear her fluent lays

Extol

Ver. 63. From hunting Price.] See a series of wretched letters, written by Shebbeare, in the Public Advertiser, and other papers.

Extol the present, the propitious hour,
When Europe, trembling at Britannia's power,
Bids all her princes, with pacific care,
Keep neutral distance, while she wings the war
Cross the Atlantic vast; in dread array,
Herself to vanquish in America.
Where soon, we trust, the brother chiefs shall see
The Congress pledge them in a cup of tea;
Toast peace and plenty to their mother nation,
Give three huzzas to George and to taxation,
And beg, to make their loyal hearts the lighter,
He'd send them o'er Dean Tucker, with a mitre.
In Fancy's eye, I ken them from afar
Circled with feather wreaths, unstain'd by tar;
In place of laurels, these shall bind their brow,
Fame, honour, virtue, all are feathers now.
Ev'n beauty's self, unfeather'd, if we spy,
Is hideous to our Macaroni eye.

Foolish the bard who, in such flimsy times,
Would load with satire, or with sense, his rhymes;
No, let my numbers flutter light in air,
As careless as the silken Gossimer.

Or should I, playful, lift the muse's scourge,
Thy cocks should lend their tails, my Cocking George,
To make the rod. So fear not thou the song;
To whip a post, I ne'er will waste a thong.
Were I inclin'd to punish courtly tools,
I'd lash the knaves before I flapp'd the fools.
Gigantic vice should on my ordeal burn,
Long ere it came to thy poor pigmy turn.

But sure 'tis best, whate'er rash Whigs may say,
To sleep within a whole skin, while one may;
For Whigs are mighty prone to run stark mad,
If credence in Archbishops may be had:
Therefore I'll keep within discretion's rule,
And turn true Tory of the Mansfield school.
So shall I 'scape that creature's tyger paw,
Which some call Liberty, and some call Law;
Whose whale-like mouth is of that savage shape,
Whene'er his long-rob'd shewman bids him gape,
With

Ver. 97. My cocking George.] A great cock-fighter, and little senator, who, in the last Parliament, called the Heroic Postscript a libel.

Ver. 111. Which some call Liberty.] With courtiers and churchmen the terms are synonimous. See a late Sermon.

With tusks so strong, with grinders so tremendous,
And such a length of gullet, Heaven defend us!
That should you peep into the red-raw track,
'Twould make your cold flesh creep upon you back.
A maw like that, what mortal may withstand?
'Twould swallow all the poets in the land.

Come, then, Shebbeare! and hear thy bard deliver
Unpaid-for praises to thy pension-giver.
Hear me, like Tucker, swear, "so help me, muse!"
I write not for preferment's golden views.
But hold; 'tis on thy province to intrude:
I would be loyal, but would not be rude.
To thee, my veteran, I his fame consign:
Take thou St. James's, be St. Stephen's mine.

Hail, genial hotbed! whose prolific soil
So well repays all North's perennial toil,
Whence he can raise, if want or whim inclines,
A crop of votes, as plentiful as pines.

Wet-

Ver. 122. Like Tucker swear.] The reverend Dean took a solemn oath in one of his late pamphlets, that he would not be a bishop.

Wet-nurse of tavern-waiters and Nabobs,
That empties first, and after fills their fobs:
(As Pringle, to procure a sane secretion,
Purges the *primæ viæ* of repletion.)
What scale of metaphor shall Fancy raise,
To climb the heights of thy stupendous praise?

Thrice has the sun commenc'd his annual ride,
Since full of years and praise, thy mother died.
'Twas then I saw thee, with exulting eyes,
A second phœnix, from her ashes rise;
Mark'd all the graces of thy loyal crest,
Sweet with the perfume of its parent nest.
Rare chick! How worthy of all court caresses,
How soft, how echo-like, it chirp'd addresses.
Proceed, I cry'd, thy full-fledg'd plumes unfold,
Each true-blue feather shall be tipt with gold;
Ordain'd thy race of future fame to run,
To do, whate'er thy mother left undone:
In all her smooth, obsequious paths proceed,
For, know, poor Opposition wants a head.
With horn and hound her truant schoolboys roam,
And for a fox-chace quit St. Stephen's dome,

Forgetful of their grandsire Nimrod's plan,
" A mighty hunter, but his prey was man."
The rest, at crouded Almack's, nightly bett,
To stretch their own beyond the nation's debt.
Vote then secure; the needful millions raise,
That fill the privy-purse with means and ways.
And do it quickly too, to shew your breeding,
The weazel Scots are hungry, and want feeding.
Nor need ye wait for that more plenteous season,
When mad America is brought to reason.
Obsequious Ireland, at her sister's claim,
(Sister or step-dame, call her either name)
Shall pour profusely her Pactolian tide,
Nor leave her native patriots unsupply'd.

Earl

Ver. 155. A mighty hunter.] A line of Mr. Pope's. If our younger senators would take the hint, and now and then hunt a minister instead of a fox, they might perhaps find some fun in it.

Ver. 161. The weasel Scots.] It is not I, but Shakespeare, that gives my countrymen this epithet. See Hen. V. act 1. scene 2.

> For once the eagle England *being in prey*,
> To her unguarded nest the *weazel* Scot
> Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs. &c.

Earl Nugent sung, while yet but simple Clare,
That wretched Ireland had no gold to spare.
How couldst thou, simple Clare! that isle abuse,
Which prompts and pays thy linsey-woolsey muse?
Mistaken peer! Her treasures ne'er can cease,
Did she not long pay Viry for our peace?

Say,

Ver. 168. Earl Nugent sung.] The intellect not only of posterity, but of the present reader, must here again be enlightened by a note; for this song was sung above two years ago, and is consequently forgotten. Yet if the reader will please to recollect how easily I brought to life Sir William Chambers's prose dissertation which had been dead half that time, he will, I hope, give me credit for being able to recover this dead poem from oblivion also. It was sent to her Majesty on her birth-day, with a present of Irish grogram; and the newspaper of the day said (but I know not how truly) that the Queen was graciously pleased to thank the noble author for both his pieces of *stuff*. The poet's exordium seemed to have been taken from an Ode in Horace. It began by assuring her Majesty, that Ireland was too poor to present her with a piece of gold plate.

Could poor Ierne gifts afford,
Worthy the consort of her lord,
Of purest gold a sculptur'd frame
Just emblem of her zeal should flame.

This supposed poverty of his native country struck me at the time as a mere *gratis-dictum*. I have therefore, from verse 180 to verse 186 of this epistle, endeavoured to refute it, for the honour of Ireland.

Say, did she not, till rang the royal knell,
Irradiate vestal majesty at Zell?
Sure then she might afford, to my poor thinking,
One golden tumbler, for Queen Charlotte's drinking.
I care not, if her hinds on fens and rocks
Ne'er roast one shoulder of their fatted flocks;
Shall Irish hinds to mutton make pretensions?
Be theirs potatoes, and be ours their pensions.
If they refuse, great North, by me advis'd,
Enact, that each potatoe be excis'd.

Ah! hadst thou, North, adopted this sage plan,
And scorn'd to tax each British serving-man,
Thy friend Macgreggor, when he came to town,
(As poets should do) in his chaise and one,
Had seen his foot-boy Sawney, once his pride,
On stunt Scotch poney trotting by his side,

With

Ver. 178. I care not, &c.] Alluding to these lines in the same poem:

Where starving hinds from fens and rocks,
View pastures rich with herds and flocks;
And only view---forbid to taste, &c.

And in a note on the passage, he tells us that these hinds never eat animal food; but says not one word about potatoes, that most nutritious of all aliments, which is surely very disingenuous.

With frock of fustian, and with cape of red,
Nor grudg'd the guinea tax'd upon his head.
But tush, I heed not—for my country's good
I'll pay it—it will purchase Yankee blood—
And well I ween, for this heroic lay,
Almon will give me wherewithal to pay.

Tax then, ye greedy ministers, your fill;
No matter, if with ignorance or skill:
Be ours to pay, and that's an easy task,
In these blest times to have is but to ask;
Ye know, whate'er is from the public prest,
Will sevenfold sink into your private chest:
For he, the nursing father, that receives,
Full freely tho' he takes, as freely gives.
So when great Cox, at his mechanic call,
Bids orient pearls from golden dragons fall,
Each little dragonet, with brazen grin,
Gapes for the precious prize, and gulps it in:
Yet when we peep behind the magic scene,
One master-wheel directs the whole machine;
The self-same pearls, in nice gradation, all
Around one common centre rise and fall.

Thus

Ver. 211. Around one common centre.] I was let into

Thus may our state-museum long surprise;
And what is sunk by votes in bribes arise;
Till mock'd and jaded with the puppet-play,
Old England's Genius turns with scorn away,
Ascends his sacred bark, the sails unfurl'd,
And steers his state to the wide western world:
High on the helm majestic Freedom stands,
In act of cold contempt she waves her hands;
Take, slaves, she cries, the realms that I disown,
Renounce your birth-right, and destroy my throne,

this secret by my late patron, Sir William Chambers; who, as Mr. Cox's automata were very much in the Chinese taste, was very curious to discover their mechanism. I must do the Knight the justice to own that some of my best things are borrowed from him.

THE

IMPERIAL EPISTLE

FROM

KIEN LONG,

EMPEROR OF CHINA,

TO

GEORGE THE THIRD,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c. &c. &c.

IN THE YEAR 1794,

Transmitted from the Emperor, and presented to his Britannic Majesty by his Excellency the Right Honourable George Earl Macartney of the Kingdom of Ireland, K. B. Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of China in the Years 1792, 1793, and 1794.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE FROM THE ORIGINAL CHINESE POETRY.

WITH

NOTES BY VARIOUS PERSONS OF EMINENCE AND DISTINCTION, AND BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Ignotum Rutulis carmen cæloque Latino
Fingimus, et finem egressi legemque priorum.

Juv. Sat. vi.

Published originally in the year 1795.

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

A PREFACE.

AS no writer ever stood in greater need of an apology than myself, I hope I shall be permitted to give a few words in explanation of my labour. I have undertaken to translate into English verse the poetry of the Emperor of China, who is stiled "The torch of the East, the true descendant of "Taytsoy, and the providence of Heaven." I have studied almost every principal writer on the subject, but must except the general History of China, translated by Father Moyrac de Mailla in *Twelve volumes 4to*, which I just saw, but could not obtain; and I regret it daily with all the fulness of that *desiderium* which so *dear a head* as Father Moyrac de Mailla's demands. I confess also that I have received assistance from the best scholars and interpreters employed in Lord Macartney's Embassy, (though I was unfortunately deprived of the aid I hoped, from the ingenious *Mr. Plumb*, stiled by way of eminence *the Interpreter*, whom I regret still more than Father Moyrac de Mailla); yet I am convinced that it is impossible to do full justice to the imperial Chinese phrases and expressions, which are not always intelligible to an European. I have therefore been under the necessity of supplying many passages

sages from conjecture, or by the analogy of meaning; and this must be considered by any person who may have an opportunity of comparing my English with the Emperor's Chinese. Yet if the reader should be of opinion that I have sometimes totally misunderstood, and sometimes falsely conjectured, the meaning of the Emperor, he will be inclined to forgive me, when he considers for a moment the nature of the Chinese language.

Father Du Halde will inform him, that "there was a "Dictionary composed by order of the late Emperor, "and that it did not contain all the language, since "it was found necessary to add A SUPPLEMENT IN "TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES, though the first work con- "tained NINETY-FIVE VOLUMES, the greatest part very "thick and in a small character*." I must observe, that I was favoured only with the first *ninety-five* volumes, some of which were a little imperfect; and Sir George Staunton himself could not procure for me the *supplemental twenty-four*, though he endeavoured to oblige me with the greatest politeness. This must be my first excuse. As to *the words* themselves Father Du Halde shall give an example or two, which will be sufficient to give an idea of the rest. He says, "The word TCHU when *pronounced slowly*, sig- "nifies *a lord* or *master*; if with an *even tone*, it signifies "*a hog;* if pronounced *quick*, means *a kitchen*; if in a "strong and masculine tone, it signifies *a column*." Again; "The syllable Po, according to it's various accents and "modes of pronunciation has ELEVEN different meanings; "it signifies 1, Glass. 2, to boil. 3, to winnow rice. 4, "wise or liberal. 5, to prepare. 6, an old woman. 7, "to break or cleave. 8, inclined. 9, a very little. 10, "to

* Du Halde History of China, v. 2. p. 398. Eng. edit. 8vo.

"to water. 11, a slave or captive*." Under circumstances like these I really think it impossible, and rather unkind, not to make some allowance for my errors, as I certainly have not the opportunity of hearing the pronunciation, and of conversing so frequently in Chinese, as I could wish; and, I think, if even an ambassador should be found to have made a mistake or two, we may be sorry, but we cannot be much surprised.

My original is an Ode; but for various reasons I have been obliged to soften it down to the milder and more familiar form of an Epistle. Besides, a political composition requires a discussion of subjects not always lyrical in this country; and the internal œconomy of a kingdom will not easily submit to an English stanza, however varied: but this is different in the court of Pekin.

Yet in order to give the reader some idea of the difficulty of translating poetically such sublime writings as the Emperor's, I beg leave to exhibit some part of the same imperial Author's "ODE IN PRAISE OF DRINKING TEA." But as it is impossible for an uninstructed European to conceive the form and solemnity, which accompanied the publication of that great national poem, he must for a few moments suspend his curiosity for the work itself, while I convince him of how much greater consequence the poetry of an Emperor seems to be, than his politics. I am informed by Sir William Chambers K.P.S. &c. &c. &c. in his note upon *the Discourse of* CHET-QUA of Quang-Chew-Fu Gentleman, annexed to his famous Dissertation on Oriental Gardening in 4to. page 118, second Edition, that

* Du Halde Hist. of China, v. 2. p. 390. Eng. edit. 8vo. and Abbè Grosier's Account of China, v. 2. p. 382. Grosier's work is an agreeable compilation from various authors.

that " THE ODE IN PRAISE OF DRINKING TEA was pub-
" lised by the imperial edict of KIEN LONG, reigning
" Emperor of China, bearing date the twelfth day of the
" ninth moon of the thirteenth year of his reign, in
" THIRTY-TWO *different types and characters*, under the
" inspection of Yun-lou and Houng-yen, Princes by the
" title of Tsin-Suang; Fou Keng, Grandee by the title of
" Taypao; Count, by the title of Valiant; and First Presi-
" dent of almost all the great tribunals of the empire; whose
" Deputies were Ak-down and Tsing-pou, Grandees by the
" title of Taytzee Chaopao; and these *were again assisted*
" by Isau, Fouki, Elquinque, Tetchi, Mingtee, Tsoung-
" ming, Tchaugyu, Tounmin, and *about a dozen* other
" Mandarins of rank and reputation; so that there is no
" doubt but the work is perfectly correct."

This I believe is perfectly new in the annals of poetry to most of my readers. Now in our Europe, we find the reverse in the present time, even in political subjects. Emperors, Kings, Vice-roys, Governors, Dukes, Admirals and Generals publish their Manifestos and Counter Manifestos with advice, or without advice, just as they please, and generally in a noble manner, without any consideration at all, like the Duke of Brunswick, Lord Hood, or Earl Fitzwilliam. To be sure in these manifestos mere trifles are at stake; such as the lives and properties, the happiness or the misery of millions. But in China (hear this, ye Right Honourable Statesmen, William Pitt and Henry Dundas!) when an Emperor's ODE IN PRAISE OF DRINKING TEA, is to be published, Princes, Grandees, Counts, First Presidents of all the great tribunals, and Mandarins of high rank and reputation, are summoned to sanction and superintend the publication of the important national work,

I shall

I shall make no excuse for these preliminary articles, but proceed to present the reader with some sublime passages from the Ode itself, dignified and ushered in with the solemnity which I have described, and as it stands in page 119 of Sir William Chambers's Discourse, just mentioned. The original commences with these words, " *Meihòa che pou* " *yao*, &c." the first verse will be quite sufficient to shew the harmonic power of the original; the translation is as follows. " The colours of the Meihòa are never brilliant, " yet is the flower always pleasing; in fragrance or neat- " ness the Focheou has no equal; the fruit of the pine is " aromatic, it's odour is inviting. In gratifying at once " the smell, the sight, and the taste, nothing exceeds " these three things; *and if* at the same time *you put upon* " *a gentle fire an old pot with three legs, grown black and* " *battered with length of service;* and if, when the fire is " heated to a degree *that will boil a fish or redden a lobster*, " you pour hot water directly into a cup made of the earth " Yuë, *upon the tender leaves of superfine tea; and if* you " then *gently sip this delicious beverage*, it is labouring " effectually *to remove the five causes of discontent* which " usually disturb our quiet."—I cannot help observing, that all other Emperors and authors would be happy to have all their causes of discontent *limited to five*, and removed effectually by a little tea.

The imperial poet proceeds, and cries out in rapture, " Methinks I see *the virtuous* LINFOU bending into " form with his own hands the branches of the *Meihòa-* " *chou!* It was *thus*, say I to myself, that he relieved his " mind *after the fatigues of profound meditation on the* " *most interesting subjects*." But the Emperor's rapture is very short indeed, and he breaks forth, or rather says, " *I skip* from Linfou to Tchao-cheou, or to Yu-chouan, " and see the first, (that is, Tchao-cheou), *in the middle*

" *of a vast many tea-cups,* of which he *sometimes tastes one*
" *and sometimes another:* while the second,(that is, Yu-chou-
" an,)*drinks with the profoundest indifference the best tea**,
" and scarce distinguishes it *from the vilest stuff.*" The Emperor then resumes his lyre, which it may be necessary to observe, he never does but at night, and generally by moon light. " Already, he cries, *the rays of the moon* break " through the windows of my tent, and with their lustre " *brighten the few moveables* with which it is adorned." The Emperor's modesty is conspicuous at the close of this great ode, and like Pindar, he strikes us with what Lord Bacon calls a virgula divina, I mean, an useful moral sentence, very unexpectedly. " I find myself (cries the " imperial bard) neither uneasy nor fatigued: *my stomach* " *is empty* (the Emperor is poetical to the last) *and I may* " *without fear* go to rest. It is thus *with my poor abilities,* " I have made THESE VERSES in the little spring of the " tenth moon in the year Ping-yu of my reign.

" KIEN LONG."

From these extracts the reader will form some conjecture concerning the nature of my labour, and of the necessity of this preface.

As my translation of the Imperial Epistle has been much handed about in manuscript, I have been favoured with a variety of notes by persons of eminence and distinction. I value

* The East India Directors, with that great prudence which distinguishes all their well-debated resolutions, have given positive orders to all their Supercargoes, to have no dealings with *Yu-chouan* (if alive) or any of his descendants. What would become of the Commutation Act, (not forgetting the new Act in 1795) if this Mandarin's *profound indifference for the best tea* should gain ground in this country.

value too much the honour of their communications, not to gratify the public with a selection at least of their remarks on the work of an Emperor, now in his eighty-fourth year, and who is esteemed the most learned and accomplished man in his dominions. I must add, that the following Epistle is written in an happy assemblage of the *Kou-ouen*, or classical language; of the *Ouen-chang*, or that which is used when a noble or elevated style is required; and of the *Kou-enha**, or language of the court, the people in the office, and the literati; which consideration will easily account for every allusion, metaphor, or style which the Emperor thought proper to adopt.

This translation of it is now presented to the public, in the spirit of strong affection and loyalty to the person of GEORGE THE THIRD, and of reverence for the constitution and government of England. In the course of it will be found the freedom of just and liberal animadversion on public characters, and on statesmen in power and out of power, neither suggested by envy, nor dictated by flattery. The Translator of THE IMPERIAL EPISTLE is also of opinion, that the whole of it is composed with that simplicity and unity, both of meaning and of intention, which only bold or bad men can misrepresent or misunderstand.

* Grosier's Account of China, v. 2. p. 387.

THE

IMPERIAL EPISTLE

FROM

KIEN LONG,

EMPEROR OF CHINA,

TO

GEORGE THE THIRD,

KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c. &c. &c.

IN 1794.

Translated into English Verse from the Original Chinese Poetry.

FRIEND of the Muse, (*a*) by every muse rever'd,
In Europe honour'd and by India fear'd,

Around

(*a*) The institution of the Royal Academy for painting and sculpture, the patronage of poetical and learned merit in Cowper, Beattie, the late Dr. Johnson, and other writers of eminence whom it is unnecessary to mention, and the restoration of national taste for the sublime of music, by his persevering and undeviating regard for Handel, are fully sufficient to entitle his present majesty George III. "The Friend of the Muse." The Emperor notices this in a future part of his Epistle.

Note by the Translator.

Around whose throne, in freedom's chosen land,
In stern defence a guardian people stand,
Who feel for Britain, feel their sacred cause,
THY just prerogative and equal laws;
Hear, BRUNSWICK, thy Imperial Mother's sing,
Firm on the base of friendship deep and strong,
E'en in my eightieth winter fancy-free,
I build the rhyme to Royalty and THEE.

Here nightly by the moon, (*b*) her quick'ning beams
I court reclin'd, and call Sidonian dreams,
While minstrels breathe around diviner airs,
A poet's rapture sooths a monarch's cares:
All pomp of words my sober years decline,
Simplicity and truth illume my line,

Soft

(*b*) It is to be remembered, that the Emperor always composes at night, and *generally by moon-light*; see his ode in praise of drinking tea mentioned in the Translator's preface: this frequently gives the happy effect of the *chiar'-oscuro* to the imperial poetry, and particularly in his portrait-painting, but occasions the necessity of notes, which never should be admitted without such a necessity. The Emperor, who is always classical in his allusions, speaks of his *Sidonian dreams* in the next verse, and reminds me of Milton, P. L. b. 1.

" Nightly by the moon
" *Sidonian* virgins paid their vows and songs.

Note communicated by Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy.

Soft as the tints Meihòa's (*c*) foliage spreads,
And fragrant as the perfume Fo-sai sheds.

Thanks to the Power, whose well-fraught vessels bore
Thy lov'd MACARTNEY to my friendly shore,
Whose various talents strength and grace impart
To blameless life and singleness of heart.
He came: but with no prodigies on high;
As once, beneath the frore Siberian sky,
When sent in Britain's happier hour to prove
Imperial CATHERINE's policy and love,
Cœlestial Venus mark'd th' auspicious way
In dusky passage o'er the orb of day. (*d*)

When

(*c*) The *Meihòa* and the *Fo-sai* are the names of two beautiful and aromatic plants in China.

(*d*) The Emperor's information is true. Lord Macartney, before he was raised to the peerage of Ireland (and no man is more deserving of that or of any other honour than himself) was appointed ambassador to the court of Russia in 1767, *at the very time* when the Empress was making great preparations to observe *the Transit of Venus over the Sun*, from the frozen regions towards the pole, and on the borders of the Caspian, within her own vast empire. (see the Ann. Reg. for 1767, p. 9.) At present this imperial votary of *Mars* and *Venus* seems to be employing her political astronomy *in making transits* rather more permanent and more formidable. The Empress is supposed to have the best

When such thy ministers that round me tend,
A willing ear to Albion's wish I lend.
Long has her trident aw'd the subject main,
Nor e'er unfurl'd her swelling sails in vain;
Ne'er did her voice in idle thunder speak,
But crush'd the haughty, and upheld the weak.
By THEE inspir'd, her fame unspotted stood,
No taint of avarice, and no guilt of blood.
Beneficent and mild from pole to pole
Commerce was taught through mercies tides to roll,
To pour each cultivated blessing wide,
To give new motives to a nation's pride,
And blend with artful, but harmonious strife,
The law of int'rest with the light of life.
Such course THOU bad'st th' immortal Sailor run,
Who made discovery where he saw no sun;
Contending nations own'd their common trust,
And France, (for then her Louis liv'd) was just.

Now

best and strongest sighted telescope of any potentate in Europe. Her *observatory* is valuable on many accounts, but in my opinion THE BUSTS of the great orators ancient and *modern* are its principal ornament.

Note communicated by the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.

Now other climes and others groves among
While loud lament is heard, or plaintive song,
To Him let China's monarch fondly turn,
And twine the wreath round Cook's barbaric urn.

While such thy views, while such thy righteous aim,
Her proud pre-eminence shall Albion claim,
And meaner jealousies and tricks of state
Yield to whate'er is good, whate'er is great.

But oh, what phrase of love may best befit,
How most may China's sovereign grace thy PITT?
Arch-chemic minister! his prime decree
Refresh'd thy land with Commutation-Tea; (*e*)
Wholesome and pure the beverage chears the sight,
By strange filtration thro' earth, air, and light. (*f*)

Great

(*e*) They who are curious (as all people should be) about the history of *Tea*, are referred to Kæmpfer's Hist. of Japan, fol. vol. 2. append. p. 1 to p. 20.—to Osbeck's Voyage to China in 1751, vol. 1. p. 246 to 253.—Le Compte's Journey to China in 1685, p. 227 to 230.—Du Halde Hist. vol. 4. p. 21 to 28. ed. 8vo. Eng.—Dr. Lettsom's Hist. of Tea, 4to. in 1772.—and Grosier's Account, vol. 1. p. 463 to 484.

Note communicated by Mr. Twining and a Committee of Teamen, *highly* Sou-chonged.

(*f*) *We* admire the Minister's system of promoting political vegetation by natural analogy; for as no vegetation whatsoever can

Great Minister! whose fame may well engage
The prose of Lauderdale and all his rage;
And yet untouch'd by HIM, with Roman claim
Who left the shadow of a mighty name. (*g*)
See how *the sick'ning stars*, in Portland's train,
Fade one by one from Opposition's plain,
As forth his chosen charms the Enchanter flings,
Ribbands and vice-roys, earls, and garter'd strings.

Oh, that my longing eye PITT's form might greet,
Triumphant borne through Pekin's crowded street,
In boots of silk (*h*) and sattin's trailing length,
CHOULAH supreme! (*i*) my kingdom's grace and strength.

Around

can be carried on without ground, air, and *the light* of heaven, be thought with the greatest sagacity that the circulation of this fluid tax would be best kept up by making it pass *through windows*, which are at once the conveyance of air and light.

Note communicated and produced by the joint labour and thought *of Sir John Sinclair, president, and of Arthur Young, Esq. secretary to the new Board of Agriculture.*

(*g*) Junius.—There is a person now living, emphatically stiled on the highest authority, THE MAN WITH THE PEN.

Note communicated by the Rt. Hon. W. G. Hamilton, M. P.

(*h*) "People of condition never go abroad *but in boots*, which are generally *of sattin or other silk.*" Grosier, vol. 2. p. 296.

Note by the Marquis of Abercorn.

(*i*) *Choulah*, is the Chinese word for *Prime Minister*.—"The "whole

Around his waist I'd bind to solemn view
The scarf of yellow's proud imperial hue, (*k*)
Where, broider'd bold, thy Lion's golden might
With China's five-claw'd Dragon (*l*) should unite;
Rubies (*m*) should on his cap transparent glow,
And peacock's plumes adown his vesture flow:

Loungers

" whole number of Mandarins appointed by the Emperor, for " the administration of the affairs of all the provinces, amounts " to 8,965. These are all *Great Mandarins.*" Grosier, vol. 1. p. 371. Mr. Pitt's ambition, as I think, will never rest in the Premier's office in such a little island as Great Britain, after an offer from the Emperor of becoming, Chief of the Chief.

Note communicated by his Grace the Duke of Bedford; (en attendant.)

(*k*) The imperial family alone *wear yellow*, and such mandarins to whom the Emperor grants the honour of the *yellow scarf.* See Du Halde, Grosier, and Bell.

Note by the Duke of Montrose, and the Lords Cardigan and Sidney.

(*l*) " The Emperor wore a long tunic of yellow silk, inter- " woven with figures of golden *dragons with five claws*; which " device no person is allowed to bear *except the imperial family.*" Bell's Travels, 8vo. vol. 2. p. 12.—We see THE EMPEROR considers Mr. Pitt *as one of his family.*

Note by the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.

(*m*) The distinction of mandarins of the highest order is a red transparent jewel on the top of the cap, and peacocks feathers trailing down behind it. Mr. Bell explains this: " Most of the " ministers of state (he says) were *dressed very plain*, having " *nothing like ornaments about them*; a few only had large rubies, " sapphires and emeralds. These precious stones are cut into " the

Loungers with lengthen'd nails(*n*)should march before,
And to the nine add one black whisker more.
Then should the bust of virtuous Lin-fou (*o*) shine,
Lin-fou, who lives in my immortal line.
Next in high portraiture, or bold relief,
Should gleam THE IMAGE of each British chief,
Of all who swell the sails, or guide the helm,
Hope of thy land, or glories of thy realm;

While

" the shape of pears, through which a hole is drilled, to fix them " on the top of their bonnets." Bell's Travels, vol. 2. p. 13.

Note communicated (with great feeling) *by Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Jeffreys the jeweller.*

(*n*) All the men of fashion in China wear *nine or more whiskers*, and all the gentlemen have long nails, *to shew that they are idle.* Perhaps Lord William Gordon and other Loungers and *Rangers* may introduce this fashion in London, or when they visit Mr. Pitt at his levees.

Note communicated by the Rev. Mr. Newman, Vicar of Bond-street, *assisted by some other learned and laborious Divines, in the diocese of John Stockdale*, political Bishop of Piccadilly.

(*o*) Lin-fou (see the Translator's Preface for the character of that great man) is the *virtuous tea-drinker*, mentioned by the Emperor in his ode in praise of drinking tea; and is introduced here with great propriety in Mr. PITT'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO THE COURT OF PEKIN.

Note by Sir Stephen Lushington and Mr. David Scott.

While trophies of the wise, the just, the brave,
In orient hues and banner'd pomp should wave.

FIRST o'er *thy* ocean with terrific frown,
Victorious grac'd with England's rostral crown,
The scourge of vaunting France, unshaken Howe,
With Fabian firmness and unruffled brow.
Then be the form of great Cornwallis seen,
Sedate, experienc'd, valiant, and serene;
Depicted in the tablet stand below
The filial hostage and imperial foe:
Beyond Mysore he thunder'd: the dread sound
Appall'd, and circumscrib'd the tyrant's (*h*) bound.
Next, with sad registers of treasur'd lore,
Financial scrolls, and many an Indian crore,
Burnish'd in breathing bronze, behold HIM pass,
Fearless, who knows alone no change, Dundas.

HE comes, the motley wonder of the time,
Moulded in nature's and in fancy's prime,
Form'd, like Lucullus, for the wordy war,
To shake the stage, the senate, or the bar;

Whose

(*h*) Tippoo Saib, whose two sons were sent as hostages to Lord Cornwallis.

Whose wit a people's plaudits could secure
For gamesters, rakes, and brothellers impure;
Could tear from youth the dread of public shame,
Drive from their lips e'en virtue's very name,
And train an easy nation to allow
A public bankrupt with a graceful bow; (q)

A stage-

(q) *The School for Scandal* is the text, and every tutor and every tradesman know where to look for the commentary.

Note communicated by William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P.

Additional note communicated in 1796.—MONTANUS in the time of Juvenal, a witness to the unbounded luxury and extravagance of Nero, is thus described:

Noverat ille
Luxuriam imperii veterem, *noctesque Neronis*
Jam medias.

SAT. 4.

I do not remember that Tacitus or Suetonius mention the *Specula cubicularia et tabulata adapertilia* in the chamber of BRITANNICUS, and indeed as I have not by me the Glossarium *mediæ et* INFIMÆ *Latinitatis*, I cannot render the terms. Perhaps *some architects* might conjecture by the help of a *marine builder's dictionary*. I may add, that in a secret history of the imperial court it is somewhere observed, that it was customary, *about the middle of Autumn*, for a chorus of *learned Fishermen*, while they were *spreading their nets on a greenish walk on the coast* of Campania, to sing the following words with much emphasis; "NUPTUS *delicias Viduæ* aspernatur ADULTER!" But I never could explain the reason of the custom.

Note communicated by the Rt. Hon. W. G. Hamilton, M. P.

A stage-man Portland never would respect,
But with Athenian (*q*) dignity reject;
No *cabinet* for Sheridan, no trust,
While England in her statesmen dares be just.

He too, who kindled at a holier flame
His wit, his learning, and superior fame;
Onward with more than Tully's force he prest,
With more than all, but Tully's judgment, blest:
High truth in large discourse with wisdom fraught,
Not better heard in Tusculum, he taught;
In every realm of every science found,
Plain are his steps in all—but Grecian ground.
A temple (*r*) last he rear'd by art divine,
And plac'd his Cæsar in the central shrine;

High

(*q*) The Athenians by an express law prohibited any member of the great council of the Areopagus from having any concern in a theatre, or from writing any play or comedy, upon pain of expulsion. Plutarch informs us of this, in his treatise on the Glory of the Athenians: Την Κωμωδοποιϊαν ὁυτως ασεμνον ἡγηντο και φορτικον, ὡστε νομος ην μηδενα ποιειν κωμωδιας Αρειοπαγιτην. Plutarch, vol. 2. p. 348. Ed. Xyland.

Note communicated by the Rev. Dr. Parr, and not without much reluctance: but there was no resisting the pleasure of a little bit of Greek.

(*r*) Templum de marmore ponam;
In medio mihi Cæsar erit, templumque tenebit.
Virg. Georg. l. 3.

High priest himself, but not with olive crown'd,
His forehead was with martial fillets bound;
Within some feeble pillars here and there,
And idle ornaments for want of care,
But marble still the column and the dome,
Wrought from those quarries which he found at home;
Immortal, though unfinish'd, is the work:
Why name the architect? (s) who knows not Burke?

Next

The Emperor considers Mr. Burke's three treatises on French affairs, entitled, "Reflections on the Revolution in "France; a Letter to a Member of the National Assembly, and "his Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," under the allegory of a Temple.

Note by the Translator.

(s) I feel myself obliged to the Emperor for his opinion of my friend Mr. Burke's compositions on the French Revolution, on which *they are now writing a dreadful commentary.* As I am on the subject I must observe, that I never remember to have seen the French Convention described in the words of Milton. He indeed knew what a Long Parliament was; but his overbearing genius seems to have pourtrayed a French Convention, when he described

A shape,
If shape it may be call'd, that shape has none;
Or substance may be call'd that shadow seems,
For both seems either: black it stands as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shakes a dreadful dart; what seems it's head,
The likeneſs of a kingly crown has on;
Created thing nought values it, nor shuns. P. L. b. 2.

For

Next Wyndham, fearless thundering from his car,
Pitt's new Tyrtæus, breathes the blast of war;
With parts a splendid station to adorn,
He braves the taunt of democratic scorn,
With eloquence and strength, his country's friend,
To think and act, and what he thinks, defend.

And veering Loughborough, whose unquiet mind
Found late that joy ambition scarce can find:
He came, though not in Latium to repose,
But burn in conflict with a nation's foes,
Yet still, though thron'd in Thurlow's rightful place,
His words want weight which never wanted grace.

Lo, the grave Grenville, with a patriot's end
Who dar'd to sink the rival in the friend; (*t*)
Content

For my own part, I distrust them all: I hate alike French policy, French professions, French impiety, French vaunting, French versatility, French falshood, and French cruelty. I am equally disposed to guard against their Republican volcano, whether belching forth the fiery lava of *Terror*, or smouldering with the more dangerous smoke of *Moderation*.

Note communicated by the Rt. Hon. William Wyndham, M.P. Secretary at War, &c. &c. &c. in 1795.

(*t*) It should be mentioned to the honour of Lord Grenville, that he accepted a peerage at the very time when he was the

Content could leave the Commons, and the Chair,
To breathe with Lords a more convenient air.

There too, upon Hibernia's sainted green,
Should Buckingham, without his boots, (*v*) be seen;
Mark how the citizens suspend in state
His leathern trophies on the Castle gate.

Then

only man on Mr. Pitt's side of the house, who could have contested the palm of eloquence with him, or indeed could have succeeded him as Minister, in case of any of those little *amantium iræ*, which will sometimes happen among the best regulated statesmen.

Note communicated (after profound *meditation) by George Rose, Esq. Sec. to the Treasury.*

(*v*) The present Marquis of Buckingham, then Lord Temple, was formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Du Halde has explained the Emperor's pleasant allusion in substance thus: If *a viceroy* in China has executed his office with equity and the love of his subjects, (the word *subjects* is too strong) many particular honours are paid him. One of the most pleasant is this: the citizens, some of whom weep or pretend to do so, meet him at a short distance from the city, and *pull off his old boots* and present him *with new ones:* those first taken off *are preserved in a cage over the gate of the City.* Du Halde Hist. ed. 8vo. v. 2. p. 178, 179. Now though the Emperor observes that the loving citizens of Dublin met upon St. Stephen's, or in the imperial words, on *the sainted green*, and most certainly *pulled off my Lord Marquis's old boots*, it does not appear that they presented him *with a new pair.* Whether they never desired to see him *accoutred* among them *again*, or whatever was the cause, all that the loving citizens could be prevailed upon to say, was, "*Off with his boots*, so much for Buckingham."

Note communicated (con amore) *by the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.*

Then He, whom e'en fraternal worth could fail,
The plume-pluckt Chatham with a raven's tail; (*x*)
And garter'd Richmond, whose unblason'd shield (*y*)
Proves honour to œconomy should yield;
And Malagrida, (*z*) with his wily leer,
Sense that misleads, but words that charm the ear.

Fresh from Hermippus and his doctrine brisk,
In saffron sock old Cardigan (*a*) should frisk,
With

(*x*) The Emperor is again local in his allusions. The Chinese mode is this: when a Mandarin *is removed from a very important station to one of less consequence in the government*, the peacock's feathers depending from his cap are taken out, and crow's feathers are substituted.

Note communicated (con amore *also*) *by the Rt. Hon. the Earl Spencer First Lord of the Admiralty.*

(*y*) It is difficult to understand the whole of the Emperor's meaning, but I think my office enables me at least to offer a conjecture. When the late repairs were made in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, with an exemplary liberality, every Knight of the Garter contributed a sum towards it, and his arms were blasoned on the window over his banner. The D. of Richmond alone thought his fame sufficient *without the honour and expence* of the sacred glass, and declined them. The glass remains unornamented to this hour.

Note communicated by the Rt Rev. the Dean of Windsor. (1795.)

(*z*) Marquis of Lansdown. See the Lettres Provinciales.

(*a*) Cardigan.—" No; che *Mano non è questo;*
Egli è un musico, per Bacco."

Quotation from the favourite opera of the Zingari in Fiera, *communicated* singing *(rather of the loudest, as usual,) by the Earl of Galloway, assisted by Mr. Francis, jun.* dell' Academia degli Arcadi e degli Buffi Caricati.

With Ailesb'ry, graceful in his walking-dress,
And Dorset, prompt the lively dame to bless:
And there, insatiate yet with folly's sport,
That polish'd sin-worn fragment of the court,
The shade of Queensb'ry should with Clermont meet,
Ogling and hobbling down St. James's street.

But mark the courteous philanthropic form
Of Leeds, sagacious of each brooding storm;
Of wit well manner'd, skill'd at once to please,
Resign with candour, and dissent with ease;
Though wary, bold and manly is his part,
And England's honour ever at his heart.

Then should THY sacred Orators appear;
Horsley in front, while Watson in the rear
The chemic dews of peace around him flings,
A pluvial prelate, from his lawny wings.
And hapless HE, whose sad unworthy tale
Is heard in Winchester's opprobrious vale; (*c*)
Forc'd

(*c*) The translator has improperly rendered the Emperor's original Chinese word *Too-paa-joih, a vale*, which *my* researches in that language enable me to interpret a *sacred eminence*, or *hill* or

Forc'd by a fierce, luxurious, gambling wife,
From all the hallow'd dignities of life,

His

or temple. He is certainly wrong, and the Emperor was right. My duty *in the long absence* of my bishop *on the Continent*, which the Emperor cannot mark in too strong terms *at such a time and for such a Cause*, (though the bishop himself is a man of private worth and amiable character) requires a few observations from me.

It is notorious to this whole kingdom that the ministry, from the best motives of mercy, humanity and toleration, originally fitted up the King's House at Winchester as an ASYLUM for the Emigrant Priests. It is as notorious, that it is *now* something more than an asylum. It is a sacred college; it is THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE CATHOLIC CAUSE in this country, *a seminary* where NEAR ONE THOUSAND ROMISH PRIESTS are publicly maintained; where ordinations, conversions, instructions, and all the business of their dark divan are held, and which water all their schools old and new. I should think the following words framed for the occasion, if Milton had not written them:

" Not content
With their audacious neighbourhood, they build
THEIR TEMPLE, *right against the temple of God*,
ON THE OPPROBRIOUS HILL." P. L. b. 1.

See Milton's Account of *Moloch* at large.

It is a public cause of consideration. We know what the Emperor did with the Jesuit Missionaries in China, when they became troublesome. They should, if possible, be sent out of our country; if that cannot *yet* be, they should be *instantly dispersed*. History informs us *what Ulysses was*; it is the part of government to guard against what *he may again be*; and to see that *Troy may stand, and that the citadel of Priam and of Protestantism*

His high-paid duties, and his sacred home,
Exil'd in lewd Italian climes to roam;
Now (*d*) while thy Sion in desponding strain
Invokes the Fathers from her inmost fane;

Why

may remain. I speak for the public; and I speak with the expectation of being publicly heard.

Note communicated (ex officio) *by the Rev. Newton Ogle*, D. D. *Dean of Winchester in* 1795.

N. B. This note was written by the Dean of Winchester in 1795, and there are now stronger and more powerful reasons for attending to his public remonstrance. It is well known that the *whole collection* of these priests *now* consists *of not above one third* (if so much) of the original emigrants; the remainder being *now* supplied with boy-priests, (little superior to *acolythes*) who are not emigrants, but pert and insolent to the members of our established church, and without the least gratitude for the unequalled and inconsiderate protection which they receive from the state. Besides this, nunneries and monasteries are openly and avowedly rising in different parts of the kingdom, and these *Romish conies*, burrowing into the heart of it, will shortly be found to be no *feeble folk*. We discover in these members of the *Romish* church the same principles with their ancestors, the same spirit, the same dark intrigues, the same intolerance, the same immortal and unquenchable hatred of Protestant heresy, the same insinuating or domineering manner (as the occasion may require) in the priests and spiritual guides, the same love of *the sacred sulphur* at their hearts, the same assertions of their *original rights and inheritance* in this land—in short, *Viscera magnarum domuum, dominique futuri*, if Mr. Pitt and the ministry will not attend to the Dean's words, which, beyond all controversy, ARE TRUE.

Note added by the Translator in June 1796.

(*d*) In 1794.

Why slumbers thy Arch-Pontiff? on that shore
Who from embodied dulness rouses Moore?
And, while the pillars of thy temples bow,
Why circles not the mitre PALEY's brow?

Next see the learned Parr, in judgment weak,
Who first lampoon'd a minister in Greek;
By merit rais'd above his *buff* compeers
In shag and title, "Master of the Bears;" (*e*)

He

(*e*) It was some time before *we* could decypher the latter part of this passage about Dr. Parr. The first part evidently relates to the Bellendenian Greek and Latin preface, the translation of which into Chinese cost the Duke of Portland above five hundred pounds. But *we* now find the latter part also to be truly imperial. In the Greek Anecdota of Procopius, b. 9. (*we* read it in English) or the Secret History of the Court of Constantinople in the reign of Justinian, *we* find that there were two factions in the state, the *Green* and the *Blue*. The *dissolute youth* of Constantinople adopted *the blue livery of disorder*, and the bonds of society were frequently relaxed and sometimes broken. At that time *wild beasts of different species were maintained by the blue* (some MSS. have it, *and buff*) *faction* IN THE CENTER OF THE METROPOLIS, and one of the most honourable appointments was that of "*The Master of the Bears.*"—How learned is the Emperor in his allusions! with what propriety does he conduct his applications!

Note by the joint labour and ability of Dr. Coombe, Editor of a splendid, and rather silly, edition of Horace, and of Mr. Alderman Curtis, Brother to the Rev. Mr. Curtis: Arcades Ambo.

N. B. The

He marks the den, whence 'mid the bestial herds
THE UNFROCK'd GRAMMARIAN (*f*) hurls his red-
wing'd words;
And mourns, transfix'd by the prelatic spear,
Expiring Priestley on his western bier.

Then Bedford, late by public views inspir'd,
Cool at Newmarket, nor at hazard fir'd;
Oeconomy the order of his day,
In lease, in love, in building, or in play:
Revers'd see now the youthful statesman start,
Splendor and greatness beating at his heart,
Full to the goal he pants for dubious fame,
And slights the virtuous honours of his name.

Next

N. B. The *Chinese Translation of Dr. Parr's Bellendenian Preface* had nearly produced a revolution in Pekin, which the Duke of Portland never intended; till it was *confuted in Chinese* by the Mandarin Chum-Hoar-Ti-Fu.—Some copies of the Chinese Confutation are expected in England.

(*f*) Horne Tooke.—In August 1771, *The Divine* wrote thus of himself: "Monument I shall have none; but over my grave "it will be said, in Junius's own words, HORNE'S SITUATION "DID NOT CORRESPOND WITH HIS INTENTIONS." Junius's Letters. After his acquittal from the charge of high treason in 1794, Mr. Horne Tooke *felt* that he had lived to be his own Commentator. *Note by the Translator.*

Next feeble Portland, whom Pitt call'd to share
A forc'd alliance, and distracted care:
Fitzwilliam too!—but fate conceals the page:
Hibernian policy and Romish rage,
Hot from the hell of Loyola, *may* rise
With discord starting to unmeasur'd size,
Struck with unhallow'd phrenzy to divide
A sister land from Britain's guardian side:
Pause, while ye may, yet friendly chiefs! the care,
The cause, the blood, are ONE: forbear, forbear. (*g*)

In

(*g*) The Emperor in these lines *seems* to make a delicate allusion to one of the most finished passages of consummate art in the Æneid:

Illæ autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis
Concordes animæ, *dum nunc et nocte premuntur*,
Heu quantum inter se bellum, *si lumina vitæ*
Attigerint, quantas acies stragemque movebunt!
Ne, *Pueri*, ne tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires:
Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo:
Projice tela manu, sanguis meus.

ÆN. 6.

The words are figurative: the *dum nunc et nocte premuntur* are evidently expressions which denote the D. of P. and Earl Fitzwilliam, or any other Dukes or Earls, when *in opposition*, which generally has a tendency to create the *concordes animæ paribus in armis*.

In Anglo-Russic bronze should Fox come forth;
I'd spare the blushes of degraded worth: (*h*)
Oh had he ever to himself been true,
Nor chang'd the pristine patriot for the new,
Discretion

armis. This is confirmed by what follows; *si lumina vitæ attigerint*, which can have no other meaning than this; i. e. *if ever they should make part of the ministry*: the lumina vitæ, the aurai simplicis ignis, the pabulum or nutriment of life can be found in no other region. *Pueri* is a term peculiarly adapted to all Ministers. The *tu prior, tu parce*, is not so clear, but I should not refer it to Earl Fitzwilliam: weapons may however be forced from hands which use them inconsiderately. The *bellum, acies* and *stragem* are a little prophetic of Ireland; but I trust England will avert it, by that tender address—*Projice tela manu*, SANGUIS MEUS!

Note communicated (in 1795 *during the short and imprudent administration of Lord Fitzwilliam in Ireland*) *by Earl Mansfield* ci-devant *Lord Stormont, one of the best informed and best-read scholars in Europe, in the Translator's opinion.*—This note is preserved to explain the Emperor's meaning to posterity. (1796.)

(*h*) It is impossible to ascertain the peculiar degradation of this great orator and statesman (for such he is and ever will be esteemed) to which the Emperor aliudes: whether to that degradation arising from the honour which the Empress of Russia conferred on him, or from the pension which he enjoys from private benevolence, equally disgraceful to the subscribers and to himself.

Note communicated by George Rose, Esq. M. P. Secretary of the Treasury, from a MS. by the Rt. Hon. William Pitt, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Discretion had repress'd Burke's headlong (*i*) rage,
And England wanted one immortal page.

Mark disappointed Thurlow's scowling mien;
Happy (*ii*)—had Pepper Arden (*k*) never been;
Him shall the wool-sack, him the Chancery mourn,
And Thurlow, Thurlow, every bench return.

With

(*i*) The Emperor, always just, admires Mr. B. yet can see and censure his defects. But as to his eloquence *taken upon the whole*, to him alone of all our English Orators can the following words belong. "*En* ILLE, *qui saxa devolvit et pontem indignatur, et* "*ripas sibi facit; multus et torrens judicem vel nitentem contra fert,* "*cogitque ire qua rapit; hic iram, hic misericordiam inspirat; hic* "*defunctos excitat; apud hunc et Patria ipsa exclamat; hic deos* "*ipsos in congressum prope suum sermonemque deducit.*"

Quintil. L. 12. c. 10.

Note communicated by the Rt. Hon. William Wyndham, M.P. &c. &c.

(*ii*) Et Fortunatum, si nunquam &c. &c.

Virgil. Ecl. 6.

(*k*) The famous contest between Mr. Pitt and the ci-devant Chancellor Thurlow for Pepper Arden, always reminded me of the dispute between Agamemnon and Achilles *for the beautiful Brisèis.*

Note communicated by Joseph Jekyll, Esq. M. P. and author of many pretty little *Jokes—principally on Mr. Pitt; but* Nunquam animam talem dextra hac &c.

With candid Scott, (*l*) impassion'd, but serene,
Lo, where appears Macdonald's (*m*) polish'd mien;
And angry Kenyon, from state-troubles turn'd, (*n*)
Just, and in all, but graceful learning, learn'd;
And

(*l*) Sir John Scott, Attorney General; from whom proceeded whatever is honourable and of good report in principle and practice, and with great ability, at the late State-trials in 1794 (particularly in Mr. Horne Tooke's) which trial, from the conduct of it, I should rather call *a legal, judicial, and criminal conversazione round the table at the Old Bailey.* When Sir John Scott made his reply to Mr. Tooke's Advocate Mr. Erskine, I could not help observing to my friend who sate next to me; "Cum illa *dicendi vitiosa jactatio* inter plausores suos detonuit, "resurgit VERÆ VIRTUTIS FORTIOR FAMA." Quint. l. 12. c. 9.

Note by the Hon. Mr. Perceval, junior counsel for the prosecution.

(*m*) Sir A. Macdonald, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, late Attorney General.

(*n*) A Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who gives himself up to his legal profession and turns from politics, must at all times be a valuable man, but particularly so at present. There are persons who entertain some doubt of the propriety of the opinion anciently delivered of the *Orator* or, as *we* construe the word, the Barrister or Pleader by profession, yet WE believe it strictly true with a few rare exceptions. "Multi erant præ-"terea præclari in philosophia et nobiles, a quibus omnibus "una pene *repelli* voce *Oratorem* A GUBERNACULIS CIVITATUM, "ac tantùm in judicia et conciunculas, tanquam in aliquod "pistrinum, detrudi et compingi videbam." De Oratore l. 1.

Note communicated by the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke and the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.—Lords Thurlow and Loughborough dissent.

And the Bar-pleader, whom mobs call divine,
Known by the symbols of I, ME, and MINE: (o)
With the boy-candidates for public praise,
The Whitbreads, Cannings, Lambtons, Jenkys, Greys,
All, from the promise of whose rising ray
England expects a brighter, steadier day.

But last, in regal grandeur once erect,
Now in wan splendor and with eyes deject,
HASTINGS, that *great, that injur'd,* dubious name,
The glory of thy India, or *the shame;*
Thro' truth, thro' lies, thro' eloquence, thro' pride,
Borne down in Burke's unnavigable tide.

How

(o) The Emperor means ME, by G—: he affects to insinuate that my eloquence is confined to the bar; and never can have the least effect in the senate. Next to myself however, I think Cicero the best Orator: *no man ever spoke so well of himself.* I admire that perpetual ornament of his unblushing phraseology, the *Ut ad me revertar:* though his *discovery of Catiline's plot* and his PLEADING AGAINST THAT CONSPIRACY are not much to his honour.

Note communicated by the Hon. T. Erskine.

N. B. *Qui* ACTORIS *captat elegantiam, perdit viri boni et gravis auctoritatem.* Quintil. L. 11. c. 3.

Additional note communicated by the sober and steady Counsellors Mansfield and Plumer.

How fades the laurel on that haughty brow
Jove's thunder spar'd! who made the nations bow,
While in his grasp, by fame and honour grac'd,
Britain thy delegated sceptre plac'd.
State-victim now, deluded while secure,
Flesh'd for the altar, and for Pitt mature;
Though vers'd in every wile, he learn'd too late
That love in ministers is secret hate;
For HIM, thus humbled in Impeachment's weeds,
To tardy justice England bends and pleads. (*h*)

While thus they pass, my Mandarins should bend,
And to my throne PITT's palanquin attend;
Trumpets of Outong-chu (*q*) his praise unfold,
And steely crescents (*r*) gleam in semblance bold;

With

(*h*) While these lines were printing (as I should believe) the Lords publicly pronounced the ACQUITTAL OF MR. HASTINGS in the chamber of Parliament, after *a trial of seven years and three months*, on St. George's day, the 23d of April 1795. I shall make no remarks but in the words of Shakespeare;

" ON THESE CHARGES
" CRY, GOD FOR (HASTINGS) ENGLAND AND ST. GEORGE!"
Note communicated (maestoso con brio) *by Lord Thurlow.*

(*q*) " Drummers and Trumpeters march before the Empe-
" ror, (blowing) with their trumpets, which are three feet long,
" and

With repercussive notes from impulse strong
Air thunders, rolls the drum, and groans the (*s*) *Gong*;
Flambeaux of odorous wood, and lanterns (*t*) bright
In eastern prodigality of light;
The cluster'd radiance of the fields above,
And pictur'd planets (*v*) in their orders move,
Seraphic emblems! and in azure car
Thy Herschel pointing to his Georgian Star.

For

and made of a wood called *Outong-chu*, and ornamented with rings of gold." Grosier, v. 2. p. 330.

(*r*) "Behind these march a hundred soldiers armed with halberts, the points of which terminate *in a crescent*; with macebearers, &c." Gros. v. 2. p. 331.

(*s*) The Gong is an instrument of a circular form made of brass, which the Chinese strike with a large wooden mallet covered with leather; the sound is heard to a great distance.

(*t*) "Four hundred large lanterns of elegant workmanship next make their appearance, borne by the same number of men; and four hundred flambeaux, made of a kind of wood which burns long, and diffuses a great light." Grosier as above. —N.B. For the account of the famous *Feast of Lanterns* throughout the empire of China, see Grosier v. 2. p. 323.

(*v*) "After these twenty-four banners upon which are painted *the signs of the Zodiac*; and fifty six other banners, on which are represented different *clusters of stars*, according to their arrangement in the heavens." Gros. v. 2. p. 331.

Note by the Duke of Marlborough.

For PITT the portals of the south (*x*) expand,
And on *my* marble (*y*) HE alone should stand;
While, from the mountain of the agate seal, (*z*)
His titled worth my Jasper should reveal;
Then, as in natal splendor, should be brought
The chequer'd vest (*a*) by learned fingers wrought;
While

(*x*) "The southern gate of the palace is never opened *but for the Emperor himself.*" Du Halde Hist. v. 2. p. 24. English Ed. 8vo.

Note by Lord Hawksbury.

(*y*) "There is a causeway paved *with white marble*, and none *but the Emperor* may walk *in this path.*" Du Halde v. 2. p. 26.

(*z*) "The patents and imperial acts are all sealed with the Emperor's own seal, which is *a fine Jasper*, near eight inches square, and is taken from the mountain *Yn yu Chan*, that is, *the mountain of the agate seal.*" Du Halde v. 2. p. 19.

(*a*) "The *Literati* among the Mandarins pay a peculiar honour to a good Governor of a province. They cause a dress to be made for him of small pieces of sattin, red, blue, green, yellow, &c. *His birth day* is chosen as the proper time for presenting him with it. He at first refuses it; but at last *yields to the intreaties of the literati.* They then make him put on *this chequered garment*, the different colours of which are supposed to represent all the nations that wear different dresses, and to inform the Mandarin that he is *worthy of ruling them all*" Grosier v. 2. p. 340.—N. B. This is a kind of imperial anticipation of that chequered Chancellor's robe with which the *Literati* of Cambridge will one day invest Mr. Pitt, IF *he should continue* to be the Minister; IF NOT, those *good men*

While with slow-placing steps in gorgeous rows
The solemn pomp my sons of science (*b*) close.
Their heads aloft my elephants should toss,
Morton cry, *Morgu*, and Sir Clement, *Boss*; (*c*)
The full Tartarian chorus sounding far,
Hail, MINISTER OF PEACE—BUT NOT OF WAR!

Ah

men will not be at a loss where to discover TRANSCENDENT MERIT.

Note communicated (con furia) *by Lord Thurlow.*

(*b*) "The grand cavalcade is closed by two thousand Mandarins of Letters." Gros. v. 2. p. 332.

(*c*) *Morton* and *Sir Clement.*—I suppose the Emperor means two officers of high ceremony in his palace, whom out of compliment he names after the EARL of MORTON, Chamberlain to the Queen, and *Sir Clement Cottrell*, Master of the Ceremonies, of whom he cannot but have heard. As to the words they are to pronounce before Mr. Pitt, Mr. Bell informs us of their meaning; "The Master of the Ceremonies (he says) stood by, "and delivered his orders in the Tartar language by pronouncing the words *Morgu* and *Boss*, the first meaning *to bow*, and "the second *to stand*; two words which I shall not easily forget." Bell's Travels 8vo. v. 2. p. 9.—These emphatic words *Morgu* and *Boss* should be pronounced by the Speaker and Mr. Dundas whenever Mr. Pitt makes his triumphal (I mean his daily) entry into the House of Commons, and at all his levees.

Note communicated by George Rose, Esq. M.P. Secretary to the Treasury. (1794.)

Ah me! too fondly does my fancy dream:
PITT hears not: and would slight the imperial theme,
Though all my wealth Macartney's voice should speak,
Or learn'd Sir George in chinese or in greek,
Or CHET-QUA's self, admir'd by beau and belle,
CHET-QUA, (*d*) whom all the world knew passing well;
Ne'er shall my eyes behold in Tartar gown
The chosen Minister of England's crown.

I hail thy favour'd Island, that can boast,
Foster'd by THEE, those arts which Athens lost:
Apelles

(*d*) *Chet-qua* was a Chinese who visited England many years ago, and was an intimate friend of Sir William Chambers. He afterwards returned to China. As Sir William's friend seems to have been a pleasant fellow, and as the knight's account of him is very pleasant too, I shall transcribe a part of it. "*All the world* (says Sir William) *knew* CHET-QUA; and how he was born at Quang-Chew-Fu; also how he was bred a face-maker, and had three wives, *two of whom he caressed very much and the third but seldom*, for she was a virago and had large feet. He dressed well; *wore nine whiskers and four long nails*, with silk boots and callico breeches; equalling therein the prime Macaronis and sçavoir vivres not only of Quang-chew, but also of Shum-tien-fu. *He played divinely on the bagpipe and made excellent remarks*; was fond of smoking, and was then always *vastly pleasant and very communicative*." See Sir William Chambers's Discourse annexed to his Dissertation on Oriental Gardening. 2d. edit. 1772, page 115.

Note by the Rev. W. Mason.

Apelles in thy Reynolds shall revive,
And in a Bacon great Lysippus live.
Thine too the poet's care; nor Cowper's strain, (*e*)
Nor Scotland's Doric Minstrel sounds in vain:
But chief that care shall Johnson's virtue prove,
Led by the day-star beaming from above.
A nation's taste to rouse and to refine,
Handel by THEE was rais'd to strength divine; (*f*)
The monumental marble breath'd: from high
His wond'ring spirit stoop'd, and own'd the harmony.
Such the instruction, such the grace, secur'd
By balanc'd rights, and policy matur'd.

While I, reclin'd on Camusathkin down,
Careless forget the labours of my crown;
Or chance some playful Vice-roy's doom deplore,
Hurl'd by dread Venus (*g*) to the fated shore.

For

(*e*) See the note on the first line of the Imperial Epistle,

(*f*) The Emperor alludes to the grand musical performances in Westminster Abbey in commemoration of Handel, in 1784, &c. They are recorded very properly on a tablet on the monument of Handel. *Note by Joah Bates, Esq.*

(*g*) The *Syphilis* rages in China among persons of the highest distinction, as it does in Europe. The physician and surgeon to

For gravest Mandarins, in hours of joy,
Here oft with tittering pleasure-misses toy,
Charter'd unquestion'd libertines of love,
Heirs in expectance of the myrtle grove;
With them in lunar halls (*h*) and odorous bow'rs,
Voluptuous, shun the blaze of sultry hours,
Skill'd with light spells of wantonness to chase
The murky *Man-chew* (*i*) from the enchanted space.
For them I frame, whom trifles best may please,
A smile of softness or a sonnet's ease;
Not as for THEE, with more than Theban fire,
Sustain the weight of my imperial lyre.

THEE

Lord Macartney's Embassy relieved many of the Viceroys and Mandarins *from their embarrassments* at Pekin, Canton, and other places.

Note communicated by Sir George Baker, Bart. Physician to the King.

(*h*) *Myau-ting*, the *Halls of the Moon*, or beautiful vaulted saloons, the concave of which is ornamented with stars and painted to represent a nocturnal sky, where the Chinese Princes retire with their favourite ladies in the heat of the summer days, "*as often as they are disposed to see them and be particular*," as Sir William Chambers happily expresses it. Dissertat. as above p. 32.

Note communicated (affettuoso con brio) *by Lord William Gordon.*

(*i*) *Man-chew* is the name of the genius of sorrow, among the Chinese.

THEE last I trace with reverence, and survey
The awful wonders of thy various day;
Thy nation's darling still; though Scotland's star
Shed brief malignant heat, and scorch'd afar,
Till proudly rising on the vantage ground
GREAT CHATHAM stood, and shook the realms around:
Prophet of future fate! his potent word
Thy people o'er the vast Atlantic heard;
And as the winds his voice ill-omen'd bore,
Methought the sceptre sunk—to rise no more.

Close we that scene: for other scenes are near;
Darkness, and discontent, distrust, and fear,
And brooding policy in novel forms
Call o'er the deep of empire clouds and storms.
And wild those storms will rend Britannia's field,
Should patriot bands the rod of faction wield,
While law, religion, property they seize,
And senates tremble at their own decrees.
Sweeping with REFORMATION'S iron sway,
They crush each hand that scruples to obey,

From splendor's robe each proud distinction wipe,
And place a barren bauble in thy gripe.
Then mitred fathers, and the ermin'd peer,
And ancestry, and all to honour dear,
The fond well-earn'd rewards of ancient worth,
All, spirits disembodied, leave the earth:
These are state-blots which, in their dread intent,
Will be ras'd out IN THEIR FIRST PARLIAMENT!
For each empiric, quacks of state or church,
Now hate all truth, but truths of grand research;
They round their phrase with studied nothings, call
Sophistic pomp, and meaner minds appall,
Then unawares the strong conclusion draw,
The master of the Prince is master of the Law.

Nor THOU, in fancied strength too safely wise,
Their base-born dark original despise.
Whence draws the Sun dire vapour? whence conspire
The thundrous tempest, and the lightning's fire?
From lake, and lazy pool, and weeds obscene,
(The abode of putrid pestilence unclean,)

The

The Elemental Fury from afar
Collects and scatters wide ethereal war;
Ranging without confine, without controll;
E'en heav'n's own firmament oft seems to roll,
And from the fated momentaneous shock
Eternal impress marks the riven rock:
The arch of majesty, the temple's dome,
The pillar'd hall, the peasant's low-rooft home,
Alike in undistinguish'd ruin fall,
And shapeless desolation equals all.

Through (*k*) EUROPE's bounds, 'tis her devoted age,
Fires from within and central thunders rage.
On Gallia's shores I mark the unhallow'd pow'r,
Her godless regents feel the madd'ning hour,
Dread architects of ruin and of crime,
In revolution's permanence sublime,
And cruel nonsense! o'er the astonish'd World
The flag of dire EQUALITY unfurl'd,

Drizzling

(*k*) This picture of THE STATE OF EUROPE was drawn by the Emperor *in the year* 1794, true and just at that period, and is *now* finally consigned by His Majesty to posterity.

Note by the Translator in 1796.

Drizzling with blood of millions streams in air,
The scroll, FRATERNAL FREEDOM, DEATH, DESPAIR.
They pass: nor Rhine nor Rubicon they know;
Torrents may roar, or tranquil streams may flow,
In unappall'd protrusion on they burst,
All nations cursing, by all nations curst.

Lo, Belgium yields to unresisted fate;
Within her ministers of terror wait:
Nature with rod petrific smites the land,
And binds the floods in adamantine band,
Till Gallia's Chief in right of William sways,
And Freedom, once with life-drops bought, obeys.
See, where dismember'd trembling Spain resigns
Peruvia's radiance, and Potosi's mines.
The pillars of THE ETERNAL CITY bow,
And the tiara from the Pontiff's brow
Drops to the dust! no more in Peter's fane
The Consistorial Brotherhood shall reign.
Yet see; the turban nods by factions torn;
A length'ning, sad, and sullen sound is borne

Around

Around Sophia's hallow'd conscious walls,
Mutt'ring the doom denounc'd: her crescent falls.

Still view, in western (*l*) climes Death's palest horse
With pestilence and slaughter marks his course,
While dusky tribes, with more than maniac rage
Rending their brazen bonds, in war engage:
For France still burns to make, with dire intent,
HELL AND THIS WORLD ONE REALM, ONE CONTINENT!

Yet once attend, great BRUNSWICK; nor in vain
Hear thy Imperial Brother's closing strain.
THEE from thy people may no thought divide,
The statesman's rashness, or Reformer's pride;
Reason and her fond visions still distrust;
What, but experience, makes a kingdom just?
Fix'd on her ancient base let England rest;
And public danger arm the public breast;
On British sense depend. On foreign fame
To proud Versailles THE FATAL STRANGER (*m*) came,
New

(*l*) The West Indies. (*m*) Neckar.

New laws, new policy, new truth to tell,
And by new maxims the vast fabric fell.

Oh, should thy nation slight her just alarms,
Nor Gallic TRUTHS dread more than Gallic arms,
Thy diadem must fade; the Tyrian die
Sink in the scarlet of democracy;
All dignities of brighter times will fail;
No wisdom o'er the midnight lamp grow pale,
But knowledge, fancy, genius, all retire,
And faint and death-struck learning will expire:
Look round the land, there nothing shall be found
But swords to guard, and ploughs to till the ground.

Though *now* awhile beneath the afflictive rod
SUPERNAL POWER may bid THY Albion nod,
Humbled in due prostration may she bend,
And her far-fam'd beneficence extend:
Then, all her ancient energies erect,
Strength from herself and from her GOD expect,
And on her rocky ramparts bold, alone
Maintain HER laws, and vindicate THY throne.

THE END.

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM

DONNA TERESA PINNA Ÿ RUIZ,

OF

MURCIA,

TO

RICHARD TWISS, Esq. F.R.S.

WITH SEVERAL EXPLANATORY NOTES,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Young Adam Cupid—he who shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar maid.—
SHAKESPEARE.

Printed originally in the year 1777.

AN

HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM

DONNA TERESA PINNA Y RUIZ.

YE western winds, from ocean's bosom rise,
And bear to perjur'd Twiss his Pinna's sighs!
Ye newborn gales, that fan the lemon grove,
In clouds of essence waft the voice of love!

Yes

L. 2. Pinna.] "During my short stay in Murcia, I spent every evening at the house of Donna Teresa Pinna y Ruiz. That lady and her daughter were so obliging as to assemble all their musical acquaintance, themselves singing *Tonadillas* and *Seguedillas*, in a far *superior manner than I had ever heard them sung before*; the young lady had made a great proficiency in musick, and accompanies herself with the harpsichord and guitar, as perfectly as a professed mistress of the science; so that it was with the greatest regret I parted from this amiable family, which I did the 8th of May." Twiss's Travels through Portugal and Spain, Dubl. Ed. vol. 1. p. 244.

Yes—waft my sorrows to th' Iërnian plains,
And bid their Author share Teresa's pains.
Fly, fly, my nightingale! the tale to bear;
Or thou, my parrot! pour it on his ear:
Ah! could my monkey swim the watery way,
And grin my woes, and chide his long delay.

Half naked, shiv'ring at the midnight air,
With mangled bosom and dishevell'd hair,
One stocking off, I sit, and weep, and write;
The streaming tears have drown'd my taper's light.
Where does my brave, my beauteous Briton rove,
That star of courtesy, that soul of love!
What yielding heart partakes the wand'ring fire?
Whom does thy *fiddle* melt to fond desire?
That fiddle, where the loves encradled sleep,
Squeak in its tones, and thro' its opens peep,
To mark their prey; then many a bow they bend,
And many an arrow 'midst the croud they send.
What fair Hibernian, with superior charms,
Withholds the wanderer from Teresa's arms?

Blest

Blest be the fates that grac'd my charmer's birth
With Quixote's gallantry, and Sancho's mirth!
What sweet extremes adorn his various mind,
Wild as the Zebra, as the Jack-Ass kind!
Full many a tear for thee, brave stranger! falls,
Full many a sigh resounds to Murcia's walls,
Full many a lute is tun'd to Richard's name,
And many a sonnet speaks the Briton's fame.
Return, return, ye lightly-pacing hours!
When Love and Twiss endear'd the Murcian bow'rs,
When Twiss, the slave of dalliance and desire,
Sung like a cricket in his cage of wire;
Each hour, each minute brought it's joys along,
Fandango, concert, alamede, or song.

O say,

L. 28. Zebra.] Zebra, or wild ass;—they never can be sufficiently broke to endure a bit or rein: though it was attempted to enable six of them to draw the Prince of Beira's chariot. T. T. Vol. 1. p. 14.

L. 36. Cricket.] In most parts of spain, crickets are kept in small wire cages, placed on the window ledges; they are each in a separate cage, with a bit of sallad, and kept continually chirping. T. T. Vol. 2. p. 100.

L. 38. Fandango.] There are two kinds of Fandangos, though they are danced to the same tune: the one is the *decent* dance, the other is *gallant*—[*for in this gentleman's vocabulary,*

 gallant

O say, ye groves! and say, ye flowery plains!
Say, tow'rs of Murcia! (for ye heard his strains,
And view'd us scampering thro' the breezy shade,
When the fleet ass the silken rein obey'd,)
What youth like Twiss the fiddle-stick commands,
Or bridles Jack-ass with such dex'trous hands?

My

gallant is synonymous to indecent]—full of *expression*; and as a late French author energetically expresses it, *est melée de certaines attitudes qui offrent un tableau continuel de jouissance.* This dance is for two persons, much like the Dutch *Plugge Dansen.*

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 19---168.

L. 38. Alamede.] Answers to mall. After the diversions [plays] end, which is usually half past eleven, it is customary walk in the Alameda, or mall, till midnight; here I saw

Donne e Donzelle,
D'ogni età, d'ogni sorte, e brutte e belle.

Among the rest, I observed several ladies who had fixed *glowworms*, by threads, to their hair, which had a luminous and pleasing effect.

This Alameda [at Cadiz] is much resorted to by ladies of easy virtue.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 54.

L. 44. Jack-ass.] The ladies, both in Spain and Portugal, ride on burros, or jack-asses, with a pack-saddle; a servant attends them with a sharp stick, to make the beast go faster, when necessary; if he goes too fast, he stops it by pulling it by the tail. Gentlemen ride on horses, servants on mules; as do likewise those physicians who have no carriages.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 34.

My dear Cortejo, ever at my side,
By night my fidler, and by day my guide:
Well could he parasol or fly-flap hold,
Adjust the veil that shone with threads of gold;
For ripest grapes the mazy garden trace,
Or hush musquitos from his Pinna's face.

And graceful oft extended at my feet,
And gazing up, with looks so fond, so sweet,
He talk'd—how British dames on tea regale,
Build the high head, or drag the sweeping tail;

Of

L. 45. Cortejo.] Synonymous with the Italian Cicisbei; I do not assert that all their ladies have such attendants. I was one evening much surprized at seeing a lady, with whom I had the day before been in company, when she was dressed in the height of coquetry, make her appearance in a nun's black habit, with a leathern thong, to which hung knotted cords round her waist. She told me she had made a vow to wear that habit for six months, by way of penance, for some sins that she had committed. On enquiry, from one of her *female friends*, I found it was only because her husband had forbid his house to her *Cortejo*: So that the poor lady thus publicly testified her sorrow for her swain's discharge.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 102.

L. 47. Flyflap.] I had the honour of dining at the house of the marquis *del Bado*; the guests were all served in plate; several pages attended with flyflaps, to prevent those troublesome insects [*viz. the guests*,] from settling on the dishes.

 T. T. Vol. 2. p. 29.

Of tinsell'd rose in silken slippers worn,
And ostrich plumes that powder'd locks adorn;
That flounce exploded quits the beauteous arm,
And spreading hoops expand the power to charm,
While fashion waves her wand the stays to sink,
And greedy eyes the full-orb'd bosom drink;
Their cards, their tickets what devices grace,
Their gowns what trimmings, and their caps what lace.

Such sweet discourse the fleeting hours deceiv'd;
You smil'd, I gaz'd; you vow'd, and I believ'd;
Yes—on thy tale the foolish maiden hung,
And suck'd the poison from thy nectar'd tongue.

When, dim and pale, the sun begins to rise,
He seems a mushroom to the sailor's eyes;

Then

L. 68. Seems a mushroom.] This simile may be best illustrated by a quotation from Chandler's Travels, Dub. Edit. page 3. "To complete this wonderful day, the sun before its "setting was exceedingly big, and assumed a variety of fantastic "shapes. It was surrounded first with a golden glory, of great "extent, and flamed upon the surface of the sea in a long co- "lumn of fire. The lower half of the orb soon after immerged "in the horizon, the other portion remaining very large and "red, with half of a smaller orb beneath it, and separate, but "in the same direction, the circular rim approaching the line "of

Then from th' horizon rears his shamefac'd head,
And shews, a copper pot-lid, dim and red;
'Till lifted high, and strong in noon-tide glare,
He thaws the traveller with his brazen stare.
Thus Love at first but faintly we descry,
It seems the mushroom of a roving eye;
Then seen more plainly for its blushing veil,
It owns the truth by striving to conceal;
Confess'd and brazen last it pours its rays,
And reason faints beneath th' impetuous blaze.

At first I wonder'd how my soul could dance
With new-born flutt'rings, when I met your glance;
Next half conceal'd, and thus the more display'd,
O'er conscious weakness cold reserve I laid:

Then

" of its diameter. These two by degrees united, and then " changed rapidly into different figures, until the resemblance " was that of a *capacious punch-bowl* inverted. The rim of the " bottom extended upward, and the body lengthening below, " it became *a mushroom on a stalk, with a round head.* It was " next metamorphosed into a *flaming caldron*, of which the lid, " rising up, swelled nearly into an orb, and vanished. The " other portion put on several uncircular forms, and after " many twinklings and faint glimmerings, slowly disappeared, " quite red; leaving the clouds, hanging over the dark rocks " on the Barbary shore, tinged with a vivid bloody hue."

Then the bold passion dar'd the gen'ral eye,
Fierce as the sun, and boundless as the sky!
Our love the crouded alameda knew,
And oft at bull-fights was I seen with you;
Our wishes lighten'd from our eyes in fire,
Our practis'd fingers talked the big desire;
Ne'er from guitar such tones could Pinna bring,
As when her Twiss attun'd the vocal string;
The strings you finger'd glow'd with many a kiss,
And groves of citron heard the name of Twiss.
Anxious to please, I dress'd with double care,
And pendent glowworms lighten'd in my hair;
I scorn'd my parents' voice, my spotless fame,
And malice batten'd on Teresa's name.

Woo'd by the fairest youths, the pride of Spain,
For thee, base man! I scorn'd the gallant train;
Nay ev'n, for thee—the Spanish garb I scorn'd,
The darling trifles that our maids adorn'd;
All but her veil the doating fool resign'd,
(To tender stealths the veil was ever kind)

The

L. 94.] *Vide* above, Note, l. 12.

The yellow powder, and the pendent worm,
The widen'd sleeves that grace the taper form,
And bright with silver threads the network caul,
Ungrateful youth! for thee I scorn'd them all;
And lov'd to dress me like an English girl,
My nightgown muslin, and my ear-rings pearl;
And well, methought, the passion was repaid,
For dearly then you lov'd the Murcian maid.
New toads, new lizards, day by day were caught,
And still to me the reptile game you brought;

Or

L. 103. *Yellow Powder*, &c.] The women wear no caps, but tie a kind of network silk purse over their hair, with a long tassel behind; the sleeves of their gowns are wide enough to admit their waists, which, however, seldom exceed a span in diameter. The ladies powder their hair with yellow powder.

T. T. Vol. 1. 35.—2. 109.

L. 111. Lizards.] Lizards of different sizes, from two inches to eighteen, swarmed among the stones and walls; the larger are very fierce and dangerous. I have seen several, which, being pursued by a little dog I had, would turn about and stand at bay, hissing violently, their mouths open, wide enough to admit a hen's egg: their bite is so tenacious, that I have lifted them from the ground, by putting a stick in their mouths. Dr. Goldsmith says, 'Salt seems to be more efficacious for destroying these animals than the knife; for, on being sprinkled with it, the whole body emits a viscous liquor, and the lizard dies in three minutes in great agonies.' I was at that time ignorant of this particular, or I should have made the experiment, which I have tried on snails, and found it to have the same effect it is here said it will have on lizards.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 234.

Our Murcia too, and Pinna's name I find,
To glory hallow'd, and with Richard join'd;
Thus in his metal Manly's name survives,
And Read's immortal on his own case-knives.
In melting notes when tonadillas roll,
And seguedillas catch the prison'd soul,
Thine image puts my music-book to flight,
Breves, minims, crotchets swim before my sight;
In floods of tears my harpsichord is drown'd,
While basses groan, and trebles squeak around.

Ye Gods, who see my sorrows, know my truth,
Oh, pour hot vengeance on the perjur'd youth!
Yes, at his head some signal judgment throw,
Great as my wrongs, and weighty as my woe;

O'erturn

steeple. We crossed the river Agueda on a temporary bridge, and entered the city of Cividad Rodrigo; where we saw many storks nests on the steeples and chimnies. We past this night in a Venta, which had a stork's nest on the roof.
T. T. Vol. 1. p. 60 & 66.

L. 147. Venta.] We dined at a Venta, in the *Hogsty*, as the smoke in the parlour, which had no chimney, was insufferable. We passed the night at the village of Cazeriche, nestling among the straw. T. T. Vol. 1. p. 236.

L. 152. Tonadillas.] Tonadillas, cantatas, &c. for two, three, or four voices; seguedilla, only part of a tonadilla.
T. T. Vol. 1. p. 179.

O'erturn his chaise in torrent, dike, or bog;
Souse him with show'rs, bewilder him with fog;
Let caitiff publican o'ercharge his bill,
And toothless matron fleece him at quadrille.

What direful wish from frantic passion sped!
Return, my curses, on my guilty head,
Prevent, ye Gods! my Richard's warm desires
With all that reason wins, and fancy fires,
May beetles, bats, and toads his steps surround,
May gypsies smile, and lutes and bagpipes sound!

For

L. 171. Gypsies.] Numerous throughout, &c. The assertion, that they are all so abandoned, as that author [*le voyageur François*] says, is too general. *I have lodged many times in their houses*; and never missed the most trifling thing, though I have left my knives, forks, candlesticks, spoons, and linen, at their mercy: and I have *more than once known unsuccessful attempts* made for a *private interview* with some of their young females, who virtuously rejected both the courtship and the money.——We got to Chiridel, where we past the night on straw, in a Venta kept by gypsies, the doors and windows of which were always open, by *reason*——they had none to shut. Our landlady, *however*, very obligingly danced a Fandango with the soldier, to the sound of the tambour de Basque & Castannetas. May the 18th, we entered the city of Granada, &c. &c. and put up at the inn, kept by *gypsies*. Don Fernando and his man, with myself, my servant, the host, hostess, three children, and some foot travellers, all slept on the straw together. T. T. Vol. 1. p. 265.

For him, let lizards people every wall,
And monstrous maggots from the viands crawl!

To gain the notice of an F. R. S.

Th' Iërnian plains what teeming wonders bless,
Such potent drugs as ancient Colchos bore,
The venom'd herbage of Thessalian lore?
With alligators swarms the river's tide,
Do winged basilisks the breezes ride?
In vain, in vain you tread the barren plains;
Nor asp, nor tumble-dung rewards your pains;
The wretched vales nor snake nor scorpion boast,
Saint Patrick chas'd them from the guilty coast;
Mere *common* flies the noontide shambles breed,
Mere *vulgar* lice on Irish beggars feed;

In

L. 181. Tumbledung.] The beetle, which the *Americans* call *tumbledung*, particularly demands our attention, &c. its strength is given it for more useful purposes, than exciting human curiosity; for there is no creature more laborious, either in seeking subsistence, or in providing a *proper retreat* for its young; they are endowed with sagacity to discover *subsistence*, by their *excellent smell*, which directs them to *excrements* just fallen from man or beast, on which they instantly drop, and fall unanimously to work in forming round balls or pellets thereof, in each of which they inclose an egg.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 14.

In vain your teeth, your microscope you try,
They seem but English to the taste and eye.

While Pinna weeps to Murcian vales and bow'rs,
What cares, what studies fill the wanderer's hours!
Dost thou, with learn'd and deep precision, mark
The length of turkey, and the breadth of lark?
Thy sumptuous board do rotten viands load,
And writhing maggots feed thy darling toad?
Dost thou thy muster-roll of beauties frame,
And call to judgment each aspiring dame;

A second

L. 183. Saint Patrick.] Saint Patrick, according to some old traditions, banished snakes, and some other venomous creatures, from Ireland.

L. 191. Turkey, &c. Lark.] The larks here are of an extraordinary size,—the largest which I shot, measured seventeen inches, when the wings were extended.

T. T. Vol. 1. p. 66.

L. 193. Writhing Maggots.] Since my return to England I procured two toads, in order to observe their manner of feeding, which they did *out of my hand, wherein I held some maggots*, which I had engendered in rotten meat; the toads darted out their tongues with a motion as rapid as the flyer of a jack, so that the eye could scarcely follow them, and swallowed the maggots, which adhered to the glutinous part of the tongue.

T. T. Vol. 2. p. 96.

L. 194. Muster-roll of beauties.] Mr. Twiss had seriously conceived

A second Paris! on thy dread commands,
In naked glory wait the shining bands;
A thousand nymphs Ierne's proudest boast,
A thousand nymphs, and every nymph a toast.
While nice discernment, in impartial scale,
The tooth of Phillis weighs with Mira's nail,
Adjusts the credit and the debt of charms,
The legs of Portia with Calista's arms,
Blondina's lily with Belinda's rose,
And Laura's pretty foot with Flavia's nose.

But can'st thou, fond and feeling as thou art,
Survey the charmer, and preserve thy heart?
Some secret spell the homeliest maidens find
To fire the tinder of thy yielding mind,
Each stature, colour, feature, age and shape;
Brown as they were, not gypsies could escape:
Their smutty charms your wandring eyes betray'd,
And oft and oft you wrong'd the Murcian maid.
With soothing speech you woo'd the tawny train,
And sometimes too—you mourn'd their proud disdain.

Distracting

conceived a design of making a catalogue of beauties, ranked according to their respective merits, for the embellishment of his intended book of travels through Ireland.

L. 215. *Vide* Note, l. 6.

Distracting thought! Some Irish damsel's thrall,
Perhaps this moment at her feet you fall;
Or on the foot-stool of her chariot stand,
Sigh, chatter, flirt her fan, and squeeze her hand,
When city belles in Sunday pomp are seen,
And gilded chariots troll round Stephen's-green.
Ye Gods above! Ye blackguard boys below!
Oh, splash his stockings, and avenge my woe.
Perhaps some Siren wafts thee all alone,
In magic vehicle, to cates unknown;
High, low machine, that bears plebeian wight
To distant tea-house, or funereal rite:
Still as it moves, the proud pavilion nods,
A chaise by mortals, NODDY term'd by gods.

Where

L. 218. Footstool of her chariot.] The ladies afterwards took an airing in their chariots, drawn by four and six mules, slowly driving backwards and forwards along the mall, or Alameda, which is pleasantly planted with trees on the side of the river Xenil; the gentlemen walked on foot, and from time to time got on the foot-step of the carriages, placing their arm over the coach door, *cortejando las sennoras* cicisbeing the ladies, which ceremony I could not in conscience dispense with.
T. T. Vol. 1. p. 257.

L. 221. Stephen's-green.] A place of public resort, especially on Sundays, when the nobility and gentry take the air there, and parade in their carriages. For a description of it, *vide* Twiss's Tour in Ireland.

L. 229] For a description of this vehicle, *vide* the same work.

Where Donnybrook surveys her winding rills,
And Chapel-izod rears her sunny hills,
Thy sumptuous board the little loves prepare,
And Sally Lun, and *saffron-cake* are there.
Blest saffron-cakes! from you may Dublin claim
Peculiar pleasure, and peculiar fame.
Blest cates! plump, yellow, tempting as the breast
Of gypsey, heaving thro' the tatter'd vest!
Once smocks alone neglected saffron dy'd,
(Unwash'd to wear them was the maiden's pride)
The generous drug, more honour'd than of yore,
Now fills the bellies it adorn'd before.

Yet shall our lemons to potatoes bend?
With Spanish dames shall Irish maids contend?
Or Dublin beggars boast an equal part
With Murcian gypsies in my Richard's heart?
Are fairer throngs at play than bull-fight seen?
Or yield our Alamedes to Stephen's-green?
The rocket's blaze shall dim the comet's tail,
When Liffey's banks contend with Murcia's vale;

And

L. 230.] Donnybrook, Chapel-izod, names of pleasant villages in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

L. 238.] Alluding to the custom which anciently prevailed among the Irish of dying their linen with saffron.

And lemons crown the bleak Hibernian coast,
Ere Irish miss the charms of Pinna boast.
Let birth, let grandeur strike thy lifted eye,
And say, what maiden shall with Pinna vie?
The best, the proudest, of your Irish dames,
Reflected pride from Spanish lineage claims.
What are the glories of Milesian blood?
A scant infusion of our generous flood;
But so debas'd, so lost, you vainly trace
The genial currents in the mongrel race.

Well (for, by chance divine, a map I found)
I know each single spot of Irish ground;
Thy daily wand'rings on the sheet I trace,
And hunt thee with a pin from place to place:
Hibernian fens, with cold Lethean steams,
Diffuse dull loit'rings and oblivious dreams.
Yet should some chance the thoughtless rover call
Where crouded Limerick rears th' embattled wall,
Where, Cloacine! thy fanes are yet unknown,
And foul cascades benighted strangers drown;
Then

L. 267.] It seems probable that Donna Teresa derived her idea of Limerick from some old book of travels, as this town is not at present remarkable for either *embattled walls*, or *foul cascades*.

Then shall his love, reviv'd by well-known stink,
Remember Spain, and on Teresa think.

Come, Richard, come, no more perplex thy head
With writing books that never shall be read.
What joys, what sports can Irish plains afford,
What tender lady, or what treating lord?
At twilight hour what painted Floras rove;
Oh, where shall traveller taste the joys of love?
In what kind tavern shall he wear the night;
Where find a bagnio fit for Christian wight?
What beggar maid shall fire him with her charms;
Or what soft gypsie fill his longing arms?
The gypsie damsel tyrant Houghton claims,
And, envious caitiff! mars thy rising flames.
The sable cart, detested object, rolls,
And rumbles dire dismay to vagrant souls:
The mutes around it stalk, a griesly band,
The bloody halberd arms each iron hand.

All

L. 282.] Mr. Houghton, employed by the governors of the House of Industry, in regulating the police of that place, and assigning proper tasks to the paupers.

All, all the ragged to their empire bend,
Old, young, blind, lame, the fatal cart ascend.
Not shrieking infant for his youth he spares,
Not bearded grandsire for his silver hairs,
Not maiden coy, with rage and terror pale,
He dooms, he bears her to his proud serail.
E'en when the ballad-singer's note is loud,
And fears and wishes sooth the melting croud,
When artless love, and love's disport, she sings,
Or heroes pendent in unworthy strings;
Sudden the cart, the fatal cart appears;
The captive minstrel steeps her song in tears.
But, ah! my fears, my boding fears arise,
(Within the vagrant act my Richard lies)
Lest thou the cart's unenvied height shouldst gain,
And ride triumphant through the hooting train.

Once

L. 293.] House of Industry. Thus described by the late Alderman Faulkner—"House of Industry, first contrived by "Mr. Ben. Houghton, Weaver, and several *other* worthy "Clergymen, for taking up cripples that lie in the streets, "folks without legs that stand at the corners, and such "like vagrants. We have the pleasure to hear, that all the "ballad-singers, blind-harpers, Hackball, and many other "*nefarious old women*, are in there already. My nephew "Todd, and I, subscribe to it annually; and when I die, I "will leave it a legacy in my will."

Once only skilled to feed the toad and asp,
Say, canst thou oakum pick, or logwood rasp?

But mightier fears distract thy Pinna's mind,
For mightier ills are yet unnam'd behind;
Such perils wait thee on the guilty shore,
As never damsel mourn'd, nor errant bore.
Where'er you tread, the snares of death surround;
Fierce is the duellist, the punk unsound.
Not *there*, to games and theatres confin'd,
Bulls rove at large, and butt at all mankind;
The meanest peasant keeps them in his cell,
They roar in churches, and in senates dwell,
Infest the gay Rotund, the neighb'ring grove,
The lawyer's pleading, and the soldier's love.
My timely warning treasure in thine ear,
And *Irish bulls*, my gallant stranger, fear.

And yet 'tis well; these fears, these dangers rise,
To drive thee back to love and genial skies.
May scorn on scorn, on laughter laughter fall,
And back to Pinna hunt her slighted thrall!

Where'er

L. 305.] The paupers in the House of Industry are often employed in these tasks.

Where'er you go, may bursting titter sound,
The sneer, the whisper, and the gibe go round!
May females sly the luckless traveller smoke,
And wags malicious tip th' eternal joke!
May critic tribes thy still-born tome pursue,
Dissect it, tear it, in the next review!
Unlucky race! in wantonness of spite,
They grin, they scratch, they chatter, and they bite;
To hunt their nasty game, by hunger led,
They feed on vermin of an author's head:
Thus well-bred monkeys claw the peopled crowns
Of lazy loons in Lusitanian towns,
With keen dispatch devour the noxious brood,
And find at once both exercise and food:
And ne'er, my dear Cortejo and my friend,
Ne'er shall success thy Irish loves attend.

Hibernian

L. 334. Monkeys.] Strolling one day about the streets of Lisbon, in search of new objects, I was witness to an uncommon scene, which was of two men sitting in the street, having each a large baboon on his shoulders, freeing his head from vermin, with which it swarmed. The baboons are very dexterous, and are the property of a man who gains his livelihood by thus employing them.

T. T. Vol. p. 23.

Hibernian dames, a bold and forward kind,
To bashful love and modest worth are blind.
Ill shall the timid awe, the blushing grace,
Suit the rough manners of the savage race;
Thy humble deference, thy respectful art,
Thy veil'd attentions stealing on the heart,
Mere custard to that *ostrich tribe* shall feel,
To civil brass enur'd, and martial steel.

Come, Richard, come, forget Hibernian charms,
And close thy wanderings in Teresa's arms;
No critics here in coffee-houses rage,
No classic females learned warfare wage,
But ball and bull-fight charm the courtly throng,
The midnight chorus, and the matin song.
Here tune thy fiddle, here refit thy bow,
And pitch thy printer to the fiends below.
The swallow thus in pride of youthful blood,
Forsakes his antient tenement of mud;
From hill to hill, from plain to plain he roves,
And chirps his wishes to the neighb'ring groves:
But, when the rains descend, and whirlwinds roar,
Fond of the humble seat he scorn'd before,
He nestles close within, and quits it's verge no more.

THE END.

AN

ARCHAEOLOGICAL EPISTLE,

TO THE

REVEREND AND WORSHIPFUL

JEREMIAH MILLES, D.D.

DEAN OF EXETER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES,

AND

EDITOR OF A SUPERB EDITION OF THE POEMS OF THOMAS ROWLEY, PRIEST.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED,

A GLOSSARY,

EXTRACTED FROM THAT OF THE LEARNED DEAN.

First printed in the year 1782.

PREFACE.

AS Archæological science most certainly excels Chinese gardening, and as a President of the Society of Antiquaries takes precedence (at least on English ground) of a Knight of the Polar star, I flatter myself, that in point of subject, and choice of the personage to whom I address myself, I may vie with the inimitable author of the celebrated *Heroic Epistle.* I shall, however, forbear to enter the lists with him as a poet, or march in the rear of his numerous host of imitators: my modesty prevents the one, and my vanity the other. Instead therefore of writing heroically, I shall write Archæologically; or, to speak more properly, Heroico-Archæologically, employing a style and manner, of which there is at present only one exemplar in the known world, and of which, I trust, the following epistle will be found an absolute *fac simile.* And I am the rather inclined to do this, because I am credibly informed, that many formidable critics are still attempting to disprove the authenticity of my original. Now, should they succeed in this attempt, the reader easily perceives, that I may claim a kind of *fee-simple* right to this style by way of direct inheritance: for, should all the old chests in all the parish churches of the kingdom, after a pregnancy of four centuries, choose to bring

bring forth a tuneful progeny of pastorals, tragedies, epic poems, and what not, it cannot be imagined, that the said chests will ever pretend, that they were impregnated in the same wonderful manner, and by the same occult personage, with that of St. Mary Redclift. I must, therefore, if her pretty bantlings be proved suppositious, or illegitimate, necessarily rise up the first Archæological Poet in Great Britain.

In this eventful moment, therefore, of literary suspence, let not any rash reader presume to say, that I imitate Rowley; for then another will as peremptorily answer, that I imitate Chatterton. And if, on the contrary, he asserts that I emulate Chatterton, the learned personage, whom I address, will be in gratitude bound to prove, that I emulate Rowley; which I own, indeed, I should like best, because then I should run a fair chance of excelling Homer, Theocritus, and the best poets of antiquity. But, be this as it may, I only say of myself simply and modestly, that I write Archæologically; and, as a most profound * etymologist has lately proved that a writer must know his own meaning (a comfortable truth to know, in an age, in which so many authors write without any meaning) resting on his great authority, and taking for granted that I do know my own meaning, I profess only to write in common plain English first, and afterwards to unspell it, and unanglicize it, by means of that elaborate glossary, which Dr. Milles has fabricated for the use of the readers of my original. Pity! great pity, indeed, it is, that while he was doing this, he did not also fabricate another for his imitators. Had he

* See Bryant's Observations, p. 29.

done

done this, and placed the modern words before the Archæological ones, it is certain the greatest part of my labour had been saved.

To supply this great desideratum, it is my intention (after my own fame is by my present production fully established) to write a complete Art of Archæological poetry in the manner of Mr. Bysshe; and not only this, but to add to it a complete Anglo-Gothico-Saxonico-Chattertonic dictionary for the use of tiros. For this latter work I shall, however, order my bookseller to article with Dr. Johnson, or any other writer in the trade (the Doctor, having been a dictionary-maker, might perhaps be the fittest) who, for a specified sum, or sheet by sheet, as they shall agree, may transpose Dr. Milles's glossary in the way above-mentioned, so that for any given English word the Gothico-Saxonico-Chattertonic, or any thing but English synonyme, may be immediately found. When this dictionary is duly formed, I will be bold to say, that this mode of writing will be found so easy, that every miss and master in the kingdom will be enabled to puzzle not only our old Society of Antiquaries here in England, but also that new Scotch one, which either is, or is about to be, founded under the auspices of the Earl of Buchan.

On hinting this scheme to one of my friends, he told me it was not likely that Dr. Johnson would undertake the task, because were this style to become the fashion, it would eclipse his own. The objection seemed plausible at first, but, on reflection, I can see little weight in it. The merit of the Doctor's style is known to consist in his long words, hard words, and stiffly-constructed sentences. Now the

style

style which I have the honour to recommend, although there are a few long words in it, such as *amenused*, *cherisaunied*, &c. &c. yet they are not nearly so long, or so numerous, as those of the Doctor's own coinage. Hard words too, I own, are to be found in it; but these only because they are obsolete, and not like his, brought in through affectation, but from sheer necessity. Then, as to the construction of whole sentences, nothing in the world is so totally dissimilar, as the Lexiphanic and Archæologic manner: the one is *swotie*, *mole*, and *fetive*; the other *rugose*, *cacophònous*, and *dentifrangent*.

Another reason, which my friend gave, why the Doctor would probably not undertake this employment, was, that he entertained heterodox notions concerning my Archetype, the immortal Rowley*. But what then? Did not the Doctor once entertain heterodox notions concerning the right of the Hanover succession? And if a pension from the Treasury could cure him of the latter, why may not a pension from my bookseller cure him of the former? My money is as good as a Prime Minister's, and as (according to the old proverb) money makes the mare to go, so will it make his spavined pen flounder over any ground, dirty or clean, provided only it be excused from taking that road, which leads to the real interests of his Sovereign, or the constitutional liberty of his fellow-subjects. Taking it, therefore, for granted that, if we come up to his price (which, I trust, the sale of the present work will enable me to do) the Doctor

* His reason for this heterodoxy is probably this, that Rowley having never had any life at all, there was no probability that any bookseller would ever pay him for becoming his biographer.

tor will engage in the task, I shall point out, with much brevity, a few of the many advantages that will accrue to the rising generation of poets, if, quitting a mode of versifying already grown thread-bare, they would adopt this, which both by example and exhortation I here recommend to them.

In the first place let me assure them, that they will hereby find rimes as plenty as blackberries: for as Archæology introduces a whole regiment of new-old words, and gives one leave either to use them or not, just as we please, it is plain that now it will be full as easy to write in rime as in blank verse, or even in plain prose. And, to shew that I do not make a false assertion, I will produce one instance out of a thousand from my original, and that from the famous *Songe to Ælla*. The poet had in one line written:

" Beesprengedd all the *mees* wythe gore."

In a subsequent stanza he writes:

" Orr seest the hatchedd stede
" Ypraunceyng o'er the *mead*."

Now *mees* being the Archæological word, and *mead* the modern English one, it is plain he thought himself at liberty to write modern English, whenever rime required him to do so. Another benefit is, that the poet will be almost entirely emancipated from the vile shackles of grammar; a point so clear, that the reader has only to cast his eye on any page in my Exemplar, to find Priscian's head broken by the poet, and healed by his commentator with equal facility. As to orthography, there is only one rule, and that the most simple that can be imagined (which, however, it is not necessary constantly to regard) and this is, to put as many letters as you can possibly croud into a word, and then rest assured, that that word will look truly Archæological.

But

But the last and best thing I shall mention is that great and unspeakable emolument, which the Anglo-Saxon prefix *y* brings to a necessitated versifier: as *ypraunсing* for *praunсing*, *ymenging* for *menging*, &c. &c. By having always at his beck, that poet, who cannot write a smooth line in any given number of syllables, deserves in my opinion, never to write a line at all. For this dear little *y* comes and goes just as one pleases, and may truly be called the Archœological Poet's Toad-Eater. In short, with a little variation, we may apply that eulogy to it, which Dryden has given to St. Cæcilia's music: it hath

Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to *any* sounds.

Such, with a great many more, are the advantages, that attend this stile of poetry. It is not, therefore, I think, greatly to be wondered at, that either a priest of the fifteenth century, or that a boy at fifteen years of age (take which you please) should write with greater facility at least, if not greater spirit, than those miserable vernacular poets, who are so poor, comparatively, in point of rime, that they have not one to throw at a dog; who are tied so tight to the whipping-post of grammar, and fixed so fast in the stocks of orthography, that they have hardly an idea at liberty; and, which is worst of all, cannot eke out a halting line by any other method, than a totally different expression. Oh! if you reflect coolly on these things, my dear brethren of the quill, I am fully persuaded that all of you, like me, will turn Archæologists. Having thus cursorily shewn what great benefits this style confers upon writers, I might now proceed to prove what superior delectation it affords to readers. But here I am forestalled by the learned Dean, who, in his preliminary and all his other masterly dissertations on the works of my predecessor,

decessor, has irrefragably proved the point. Indeed, as president of the Society of Antiquaries, and editor of their valuable *Archæologia*, he has, I think, an absolute prescriptive right to dissert on this subject. I am not therefore without my hopes, that he will one day comment on the following epistle, which, if it want any thing, I am bold to say, wants only the illustrative notes of so sagacious an editor.

P. S.

I have lately conceived that, as Dryden, Pope, &c. employed their great talents in translating Virgil, Homer, &c. that it would be a very commendable employment for the poets of the present age to treat some of the better sort of their predecessors, such as Shakspeare and Milton, in a similar manner, by putting them into Archæological language. This, however, I would not call *translation*, but *transmutation*, for a very obvious reason. It is, I believe, a settled point among the critics, with Dr. Johnson at their head, that the greatest fault of Milton (exclusive of his political tenets) is, that he wrote in blank verse. See then and admire how easily this might be remedied.

PARADISE LOST, Book I.

Offe mannes fyrste bykrous volunde wolle I singe,
And offe the fruicte offe yatte caltysnyd tree,
Whose lethal taste into thys worlde dydde brynge
Bothe morthe and tene to all posteritie.

How very near also (in point of dramatic excellence) would Shakspeare come to the author of *Ælla*, if some of his best pieces

pieces were thus transmuted! As for instance the soliloquy of Hamlet, "*To be, or not to be.*"

To blynne, or not to blynne, the denwere is;
Gif it be bette wythin the spryte to beare
The bawsyn floes and tackels of dystresse,
And by forloynyng amenuse them clere.

But I throw these trifles out, only to whet the appetite of the reader, for what he is to feast on in the subsequent pages.

Mile-End, *Vale & fruere.*
March 15th, 1782.

EPISTELLE

TO

DOCTOURE MYLLES.

I.

As whanne a gronfer[1] with ardurous[2] glowe,
Han[3] from the mees[4] liche[5] sweltrie[6] sun arist[7],
The lordynge[8] toade awhaped[9] creepethe slowe,
To hilte[10] his groted[11] weam[12] in mokie[13] kiste[14];
Owlettes yblente[15] alyche dooe flizze[16] awaie,
In ivye-wympled[17] ſhade to glomb[18] in depe diſmaie.

So

EXPLANATION.

STANZA I. [1] A meteor. [2] Burning. [3] Hath. [4] Meadows. [5] Like. [6] Sultry. [7] Arisen. [8] Standing on his hind legs, rather heavy, sluggish. [9] Astonished, or terrified. [10] Hide. [11] Swelled. [12] Womb, or body. [13] Black. [14] Coffin. [15] Blinded, or dazzled. [16] Fly away. [17] Ivy-mantled. [18] Frown.

II.

So dygne[1] Deane Mylles, whanne as thie wytte[2] so rare
Han Rowley's amenused[3] fame chevysed[4],
His foemenne[5] alle forlette[6] theyre groffish gare[7],
Whyche in theyre houton sprytes[8] theie han devysed,
Whanne thee theie ken[9] wythe poyntel[10] in thie honde,
Enroned[11] lyche anlace[12] fell, or lyche a burly-bronde[13].

III.

Thomas of Oxenford, whose teeming brayne
Three bawsin[1] rolles of old rhyms historie
Ymaken hanne wythe mickle tene[2] and payne,
Nete kennethe[3] he of Archaeologie,
Whoe pyghtes hys knowlachynge[4] to preve echeone[5]
Of Rowley's fetive[6] lynes were pennde bie Chatterione.

Hie

STANZA II. [1] Worthy, or glorious. [2] Wisdom, knowledge. [3] Diminished, lessened, or, metaphorically here, injured. [4] Restored, or redeemed. [5] Enemies. [6] Give up, or relinquish. [7] Rude, or uncivil cause. [8] Haughty souls. [9] See. [10] Pen. [11] Brandished. [12] Sword. [13] Furious falchion.

STANZA III. [1] Big or bulky. [2] Labour, or sorrow. [3] Nothing knoweth he. [4] Tortures his learning. [5] Every one. [6] Elegant.

IV.

Hie thee, poore Thomas, hie thee to thie celle,
Ne mo wythe auntyante vearse astounde[1] thy wytte;
Of seemlikeenly[2] rhym thou nete maie spelle,
For herehaughtree[3], or prose thou botte arte fytte:
Vearse for thie rede[4] is too grete mysterie;
Ne e'er shalle Loverde[5] North* a Canynge proove to thee.

V.

Deane Percy, albeytte thou bee a Deane,
O whatte arte thou whanne pheered[1] with dygne Deane Mylle?
Nete botte a groffyle[2] Acolythe[3] I weene;
Inne auntyante barganette[4] lyes alle thie skylle;
Deane Percy, Sabalus[5] will hanne thy soughle,
Giff mo thou doest amate[6] grete Rowley's yellowe rolle.

Tyrwhytte,

STANZA IV. [1] Confound, or astonish. [2] Beautiful, or delicate. [3] Heraldry. [4] Knowledge, or wisdom. [5] Lord.

* As this great Minister, either through necessity or choice, is apt to make use of a bad reason, instead of a good, here is one ready made to his hands for *not* doing what would have done him honour.

STANZA V. [1] Matched, or compared. [2] Grovelling, or mean. [3] Candidate for Deacon's Orders. [4] Ballads. [5] The Devil. [6] Derogate from, or lessen.

VI.

Tyrwhytte, thoughe clergyonned in Geoffroie's leare[1],
Yette scalle yat leare stonde thee in drybblet stedde[2]:
Geoffroie wythe Rowley how maiest thoue comphere?[3]
Rowley hanne mottes[4], yat ne manne ever redde,
Ne couthe bewryenne[5] inne anie syngle tyme,
Yet reynneythe[6] echeone mole[7], in newe and swotie ryme[8].

VII.

And yerfore, faitour[1], in ashrewed[2] houre
From Rowley's poyntel thou the lode[3] dydst take:
Botte lo! our Deane scalle wythe forweltrynge[4] fhuir[5]
Thy wytte as pynant[6] as thie bowke[7] ymake;
And plonce[8] thee inne Archaeologic mudde,
As thou ydreinted[9] were in Severne's mokie[10] fludde.

So

Stanza VI. [1] Well-instructed in Chaucer's language. [2] Little stead. [3] Compare. [4] Words. [5] Express, or speak in any single æra of our language. [6] Runneth, or floweth. [7] Soft. [8] In modern and sweet versification.

Stanza VII. [1] Vagabond. [2] Accursed, or unfortunate. [3] Praise, or honour. [4] Blasting, or burning fury. [5] Pining, meagre. [6] Body. [7] Plunge. [8] Drenched. [9] Black, or muddy.

VIII.

So have I seen, in Edinborrowe-towne,
A ladie faire in wympled paramente[1]
Abbrodden goe[2], whanne on her powrethe downe
A mollock hepe[3], from opper oryal[4] sente;
Who, whanne shee lookethe on her unswote geare[5],
Han liefer[6] ben beshet[7] thanne in thilke[8] steynct[9]
aumere[10].

IX.

"Spryte of mie Graie," the minstrelle[1] Maisonne cries,
"Some cherisaunie[2] 'tys to mie sadde harte
"That thou, whose fetive[3] poesie I pryze,
"Wythe Pyndarre, kynge of mynstrells, lethlen[4] arte:
"Else nowe thie wytte to dernie roin[5] han come,
"For havynge protoslene grete Rowley's hie renome[6].
"Yette,

STANZA VIII. [1] Drest in a princely robe. [2] Go abroad in the street. [3] A moist, or wet heap, or load. [4] Upper chamber-window. [5] Unsweet, or stinking apparel. [6] Had rather. [7] Been shut up, or confined still at home. *For this word, see Kersey.* [8] Such. [9] Stained. [10] Robe, or mantle.

STANZA IX. [1] Poet. [2] Comfort. [3] Elegant. [4] Dead. [5] Sad ruin. [6] Been the first to kill or destroy the high fame of Rowley.

X.

" Yette, giff[1] thou sojourned in this earthly vale,
" Johnson atte thee had broched[2] no neder[3] stynge;
" Hee, cravent[4], the ystorven[5] dothe assayle,
" Butte atte the quyck[6] ne dares hys venome flynge:
" Quyck or ystorven, giff I kenne aryghte,
" Ne Johnson, ne Deane Mylle, shalle e'er agrose[7]
" thie spryte."

XI.

Butte, minstrelle Maisonne, blyn[1] thie chyrckeynge
dynne[2];
On thee scalle be bewrecked[3] grete Rowley's wronge;
Thou wythe thie compheere[4] Graie dydde furst begynne
To speke inne deignous denwere[5] offe hys songe,
And, wythe enstroted[6] Warpool*, deemed hys laies
Freshe as newe rhyms ydropte inne ladie Myller's vase.
Oh

STANZA X. [1] If. [2] Pointed. [3] Adder. [4] Coward. [5] The dead. [6] The living. [7] Grieve, or trouble.

STANZA XI. [1] Cease. [2] Disagreeable noise, or prate. [3] Revenged. [4] Associate, or companion. [5] Disdainful, or contemptuous doubt. [6] Deserving of punishment.

* So Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, spells Mr. Walpole's name; I therefore have adopted her mode of orthography, as more Archaeological.

XII.

Oh Warpool, ne dydde thatte borne[1] vase conteyne
Thilke swotie[2] excremente of poete's leare[3];
Encaled[4] was thie hearte as carnes[5] ybene,
Soe to asterte[6] hys sweft-kerved scryvennere[7];
Thy synne doe Loverde[8] Advocate's surpasse,
Starvation bee thou nempte[9], thou broder[10] of Dundasse.

XIII.

Enough of thilke adrames[1], and strains like these,
Speckled wythe uncouth words like leopard's skin;
Yet bright as Avon gliding o'er her mees,
And soft as ermine robe that wraps a king;
Here, furste of wiseggers[2], I quit thy gloss,
Nor more with Gothic terms my modern lays emboss.

For

STANZA XII. [1] Burnished, or polished. [2] Such sweet, or delicate. [3] Learning. [4] Cold, or frozen. [5] Stones, or rocks. [6] Neglect. [7] Short-lived transcriber. [8] Lord. [9] Called. [10] Brother.

STANZA XIII. [1] Such churls, or rather dreamers. [2] Philosopher, but here put for a person skilled in antient learning, *furste of Wiseggers* being synonymous to *President of the Antiquarian Society*. They are not to be regarded, who derive the contemptuous term *Wisacre* from this radix.

XIV.

For vearse lyche thysse been as a puddynge fayre,
At Hocktyde[2] feaste by gouler[3] cooke besprente
Wythe scanty plumbes, yat shemmer[3] heere and there,
Like estells[4] in the eve-merk[5] fermamente,
So that a schoolboie maie with plaie, not paine,
Pycke echeone[6] plumbe awaie, and leave the pud-
dynge playne.

XV.

Yet still each line shall flow as sweet and clear,
As Rowley's self had writ them in his roll;
So they, perchance, may sooth thy sapient ear,
If aught but obsolete can touch thy soul;
Polish'd so pure by my poetic hand,
That kings themselves may read, and courtiers
understand.

O mighty

STANZA XIV. [2] Shrovetide, or any tide Mr. Bryant pleases, who has written most copiously on the term, and almost settled its precise meaning. [3] Stingy, or covetous. [3] Glimmer. [4] Stars, from the French. [5] Dusky. [6] Every.

XVI.

O mighty Milles! who o'er the realms of sense
Hast spread that murky antiquarian cloud,
Which blots out truth, eclipses evidence,
And taste and judgment veils in sable shroud;
Which makes a beardless boy a monkish priest,
Makes Homer string his lyre, and Milton ape his jest.*

XVII.

Expand that cloud still broader, wond'rous Dean!
In pity to thy poor Britannia's fate;
Spread it her past and present state between,
Hide from her memory that she e'er was great,
That

* The reverend Editor proves, in his manner, that numberless passages, in the Battle of Hastings, are not only borrowed from the original Greek of Homer, but also greatly improved. In the same way he has, with peculiar sagacity, found out, "that the *grave* Milton, in his PENSEROSO, *amused* himself by *reflecting* on the *buskin'd* tale of Chaucer in these lines:

Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold.

Just as Rowley had reflected on him before for not finishing his stories." See note on the Epistle to Mastre Canynge, p. 167.

O ye venerable Society of Antiquaries, whatever ye in your wisdom shall think fit to do with the rest of your President's notes, inscribe this, I beseech you, in letters of gold over your new chimney-piece at Somerset House.

That e'er her trident aw'd the subject sea,
Or e'er bid Gallia bow the proud reluctant knee.

XVIII.

Tell her, for thou hast more than Mulgrave's wit,
That France has long her naval strength surpast,
That Sandwich and Germaine alone are fit
To shield her from the desolating blast;
And prove the fact, as Rowley's being, clear,
That loans on loans and loans her empty purse will bear.

XIX.

Bid all her lords, obsequious to command,
As lords that beſt befit a land like this,
Take valiant Viscount Sackville by the hand,
Bid Bishops greet him with a holy kiss,
For forming plans to quell the rebel-tribe,
Whose execution foil'd all bravery, and all bribe.

XX.

Teach her, two British armies both subdued,
That still the free American will yield;

Like

Like Macbeth's Witch, bid her " Spill much more blood,"
And stain with brethren's gore the flooded field;
Nor sheath the sword, till o'er one little isle
In snug domestic pomp her king shall reign and smile.

XXI.

So from a Dean'ry " rising in thy trade,"
And puff'd with lawn by Byshoppe-millanere[1],
Ev'n glommed[2] York, of thy amede[3] afraid,
At Lollard's Tower[4] with spyryng[5] eye shall peer,
Where thou, like Ælla's spryte, shalt glare on high,
The triple crown to seize, if old Cornwallis die.

STANZA XXI. [1] Byshoppe-millanere—the word is formed from horse-millanere, and means the robe-maker, or semstress, of the lords spiritual. [2] Sullen, cloudy, or dejected. [3] Reward, or preferment. [4] The highest tower in the palace of Lambeth. [5] Aspiring, or ambitious.

All readers of true classical taste will, I trust, applaud this concluding stanza, which returns to the style in which the epistle began, in judicious subserviency to the rule of Horace:

——————— Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

OBEREA, QUEEN OF OTAHEITE,

TO

JOSEPH BANKS, Esq.

(Now the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K.B. P.C.
President of the Royal Society, &c. &c. &c.)

Translated by T. Q. Z. *Esq.*

Professor of the Otaheite Language in Dublin, and of all the Languages of the undiscovered Islands in the South Sea.

Enriched with historical and explanatory Notes.

Published originally in the year 1774.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Editor of the following Epistle has only to inform the Public, that he has translated it with all the fidelity which the different idioms of the two languages will admit of. He is sensible that it is impossible in English to convey any idea of the beauties of the Otaheite tongue. It abounds with dipthongs and tripthongs, and every word of it begins with a vowel. Upon this account it is infinitely harmonious, to which if we add the beauty and sublimity of its metaphors, we shall only do it justice if we pronounce it to be one of the noblest languages which has ever been spoken since the confusion of tongues.

The Editor is in hopes that this little specimen will excite the curious to the study of it; and he takes this opportunity of informing them, that he is going to facilitate their labours by the publication of a compleat Grammar and Dictionary. This work will be printed on the same paper, and with the same letter as Doctor Hawkesworth's celebrated Voyages, and will be ready to be delivered next Spring for the *moderate* price of three guineas. It will be highly useful to such gentlemen as propose to visit the South Seas, and to make the Grand Tour. *

Dublin, Sept. 20th, 1773.

* If the impression of this work shall not be sold so soon as the Author flatters himself it will, he engages to publish it in weekly numbers, at one shilling each.

AN

EPISTLE,

&c.

READ, or oh! say does some more amorous fair
Prevent *Opano* (*a*), and engage his care?
I *Oberea* (*b*), from the southern main,
Of slighted vows, of injur'd faith complain.
Though now some European maid you woo,
Of waist (*c*) more taper, and of whiter hue;
Yet oft (*d*) with me you deign'd the night to pass,
Beneath yon bread-tree on the bending grass.

Oft

(*a*) The people of Otaheite could not pronounce Mr. Banks's name, but called him *Opano*.

Perlegis, an conjux prohibet nova, &c.

(*b*) *Pegasis Oenone, Phrygiis celeberrima silvis.*

(*c*) It appears that Oberea was rather plump and round, and not of the faireſt complexion. See *Hawkesworth's Voyages.*

(*d*) *Sæpè greges inter requievimus arbore tecti,*
Mistaque cum foliis præbuit herba torum.
Sæpe super stramen, &c.

Oft in the rocking boat we fondly lay,
Nor fear'd the drizly wind, nor briny spray.
Who (*e*) led thee thro' the wood's impervious shade,
Pierc'd the thick covert, and explor'd the glade;
Taught thee each plant that sips the morning dew,
And brought the latent minerals to thy view?
Still to thy glades, those coverts I repair,
Trace every alley—but thou art not there.
Nor (*f*) herb, nor salutary plant I find,
To cool the burning fever of my mind.

Ah! (*g*) I remember on the river's side,
Whose babling waters 'twixt the mountains glide,
A bread-tree stands, on which with sharpen'd stone,
To thy dear name I deign'd unite my own.
Grow, bread-tree, grow, nor envious hand remove
The sculptur'd symbols of my constant love.

To

(*e*) *Quis tibi monstravit saltus venatibus aptos,*
Et tegeret catulos quâ fera rupe suos?

(*f*) *Me miseram! quod amor non est medicabilis herbis,*
Deficior prudens artis ab arte meâ.

(*g*) *Populus est (memini) fluvialî consita ripâ,*
Est in quâ nostri littera scripta memor.
Populе vive precor, &c.

To the vast (*h*) main a rock projecting lies,
Where tempests howl, and roaring billows rise;
There first at eve thy opening sails I spy'd,
And eager glow'd to cleave the briny tide.
My faithful senate sat in wise debate,
And weigh'd the dubious interests of the state.
Though some with brandish'd lance for war declare,
With all the frantic signs of wild despair;
Yet I more soft to gentle peace inclin'd,
And sooth'd the terrors of Tupia's (*i*) mind.
Send them, I cry'd, twice twelve delicious dogs,
And give them cocoas, women, bread, and hogs.

'Twas

(*h*) The South Sea.

Aspicit immensum moles nativa profundum,
Mons fuit, æquoreis illa resistit aquis.
Illic vela tuæ cognovi prima carinæ,
Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fecit.

(*i*) Tupia was Prime Minister to Oberea. She consented that he should come to England with Mr. Banks, and thereby gave the strongest proof of her attachment to that gentleman. Unfortunately this great politician and philosopher died on the voyage. *Luctuosum hoc suis; acerbum patriæ; grave bonis omnibus.* Cic.

'Twas morn, the gallant vessel steers to land;
On the moist beach the marshall'd sailors stand;
Then first the pangs of conscious love I knew,
My eyes, my longing soul was fixt on you:
To gain thy love I practis'd every art,
And gave my kingdom as I gave my heart,
Alas! what streams of scalding tears I shed,
When you surpris'd (*k*) Obàdee in my bed;
From (*l*) my chaff'd temples strait my locks I twitch,
And with the prickly shell *tatàow* my breech.

In the soft dance if e'er I chance to move,
How throbb'd thy bosom with impatient love!
Now slow I sail'd, and stole my easy way
With sweet, reluctant, amorous delay;
Then (*m*) in brisk circles glanc'd around, and beat
The measur'd cadence with my quivering feet;

My

(*k*) On the 29th, not very early in the afternoon, Mr. Banks went to pay his court to Oberea, and was told that she was still asleep under the awning of her boat. Thither he went, and upon looking into her chamber, he found her in bed with a handsome young fellow about twenty-five, whose name was Obàdee. *Hawks. Voyages.*

(*l*) *Tum vero ruptique sinus, et pectora planxi,*
Et secui mœstas ungue rigente genas.

(*m*) *Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat,*
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco.

My eyes refulgent beam'd with wanton fire,
And all my limbs were brac'd by fierce desire.
Not Hella's self, with all her curious *pas*,
Her *Rigadoons* and motley *Entre-chas*,
With such luxuriant grace displays her thigh,
Or *temerédes* (*n*) with such ease as I.

Oft on thy lips, those lips of love, I hung,
To hear thee greet me in my native tongue;
Meetee atira (*o*), sweetly you exprest,
Your eyes all-eloquent explain'd the rest.
Say, fondest youth, canst thou forget the night,
When starting from your sleep in wild affright;
Rise *Oberea*, rise my Queen, you said,
Some thief (*p*) has stol'n my breeches from my head.

Sorrowing

(*n*) The Temeredee is the lascivious dance. *See Hawkesworth's Voyages.*

I had some difficulty to find out who Oberea meant by Hella, but an ingenious friend and critic suggested to me that it must be Mademoiselle Heinel, whose skill and fame we may suppose were highly exaggerated to Oberea by Mons. Bougainville.

(*o*) *Anglice*, Come here to kiss me—See the Vocabulary of the Otaheite language, which may serve till my Dictionary is published.

(*p*) Upon their visit to Tootahah, Mr. Banks thought him-

Sorrowing (*q*) I went beside the billowy main,
Search'd the long-winding coast, but search'd in vain:
My choicest garment strait I shar'd with you,
And fondly cloath'd you with my own *Perou* (*r*).

Nor strove not other suitors to impart,
A mutual passion to my royal heart;
My neck, my jetty eye-brows charm'd *Teetee* (*s*),
And *Otapairoo* pink'd his bum for me:
Their tears, their warmest vows could ne'er prevail,
Nor gift of chequer'd beads, nor proffer'd nail.
To these fond hands, when first we went to view
The magic wonders of thy vast canoe;
A curious (*t*) image did *Opano* give,
Whose eye-balls glisten'd, and which seem'd to live:
With

self fortunate in being placed by Oberea in her canoe. She *insisted* upon taking his cloaths into her custody. Awaking about eleven he found they were stolen, upon which he awakened Oberea, who starting up and hearing his complaint, ordered lights, and prepared in great haste to recover what he had lost. In the morning Oberea brought him some of her country cloaths.

(*q*) Βη δ' ἀχεων παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης.

(*r*) *Perou* signifies a petticoat in the Otaheite tongue.
Eque tuis demptos humeris mihi tradis amictus.

(*s*) ——————————— *despectus Irabas*
Ductoresque alii ———

(*t*) I received her *(Oberea)* with such marks of distinction,

as

With this I talk beneath the plaintain shade,
As tho' it heard, and answer'd what I said;
In amorous dalliance place it on my knee,
And lavish all the raptures due to thee.

Oft to my eyes the well-known scenes appear,
Which image all that past when thou wast near.
Here *Teropoa* (*u*), wretched widow, stood,
And ting'd the ocean with her livid blood;
Thrice with the shark's sharp tooth she pierc'd her head,
Exclaim'd *Tehüi* (*v*), and in triumph bled.

There

as I thought would gratify her most, and was not sparing of my presents, among which this *august Personage* seemed particularly delighted with a child's doll. *Vol.* II. p. 106.

Illi blanditias, illi tibi debita verba,
Dicimus, amplexus accipit illa meos;
Hanc specto teneoque sinu pro conjuge vero,
Et tanquam possit verba referre, queror:
Crede mihi plus est, quam quod videatur, Imago;
Adde sonum ceræ, Protesilaus erit.

(*u*) *Tibora*, *Tumaida*'s wife.

(*v*) An exclamation of grief which signifies, *where is he!* Early in the morning on the 28th, a great number of women came down to the fort, and Teropoa being observed among them on the outside of the gate, Mr. Banks went out and

There to yon plain *Oorattoa* (*w*) came;
And paid just honours to *Opano*'s name;
Three scarlet robes her tall attendants bore,
And gently spread them on the winding shore:
Graceful she mov'd, and with majestic ease,
Pull'd up her petticoats above her knees,
Then thrice turn'd round with measur'd steps and slow,
Proud the curv'd (*x*) arches of her bum to shew.

Here

brought her in. He saw that the tears stood in her eyes, and as soon as she entered they began to flow in great abundance. He enquired earnestly the cause, but instead of answering, she took from under her garment a shark's tooth, and struck it six or seven times into her head with great force. *Vol.* II. p. 104.

(*w*) Friday 12th of May was distinguished by a visit from some ladies. Having laid some pieces of cloth on the ground, the foremost of the women, who appeared to be principal, and who was called Oorattoa, stepped upon them, and taking up her garments all round her to the waist, turned about three times with great composure and deliberation. When this was done she dropped the veil, and stepping off the cloth, three pieces more were laid, and she repeated the ceremony. The three last were laid, and the ceremony was repeated the same manner the third time. *Vol.* II. p. 125.

(*x*) The part on which these ornaments are lavished is the breech; this in both sexes is covered with a deep black, above which arches are drawn one over another. These arches are their pride, and are shewn with great ostentation. *Hawks. Voyages.*

Here *Tirahoow-diée* (*y*) dar'd to prove,
The impetuous transports of *Toofuah*'s love:
Scarce twelve short years the wanton maid had seen,
The youth was six foot high, or more I ween;
Experienc'd matrons the young pair survey'd,
And urg'd to feats of love the self-taught maid;
With skill superior she perform'd her part,
And potent nature scorn'd the tricks of art.

Curst be the envious gales that wafted o'er
Those floating wigwams to our peaceful shore;

With

(*y*) A young man near six feet high performed the rites of Venus with a little girl about eleven or twelve, before several of our people and a great number of the natives. Among the natives were several women of superior rank, particularly Oberea, who may properly be said to have assisted at the ceremony. For they gave instructions to the girl how to perform her part, which young as she was she did not seem much to stand in need of. *Vol.* II. p. 12.

Blanda truces animos fertur mollisse voluptas,
Constiterant uno fœmina, virque loco.
Quid facerent ipsi nullo didicere magistro,
Arte Venus nullâ dulce peregit opus.

The translator intended to have suppressed all passages of this nature, which might offend the chaste ear of a British reader. But as Doctor Hawkesworth's very luscious descriptions have been considered rather as sallies of his prurient imagination, than the transactions of real life, he thought it a piece of justice due to that *great man* to authenticate his narrative.

With specious gifts a crew insidious came,
And left us *bitter pledges* (z) of their flame.
'Till then was nature free and love sincere,
Nor generous passion quench'd by slavish fear;
No pining maiden knew the venom'd kiss,
But all was genuine extacy and bliss.

Oft have I wish'd, for such you love, that I
Were metamorphos'd to some curious fly;
Beyond the main I'd speed my eager way,
And buz around you all the live-long day.
Nor would I not be some umbrageous tree,
That shades thy grot, and vegetate for thee;
At thy approach I'd all my flowers expand,
And weave my wanton foliage round thy hand.

Think (*b*) not I covet what you riches call,
Your houses, land, estates—I scorn them all.

I crave

(x) I suppose this alludes to the introduction of the venereal disease among them by Mons. Bougainville, which they emphatically call *the Rottenness*. See *Hawkesworth's Voyages*.

(*a*) ——————— αιθε γενοιμαν
A βομβευσα μελισσα, και ες τεον αντρον ικοιμαν. THEOC.

(*b*) *Non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit.*

I crave (*c*) no jointure of five hundred skins,
Nor twice as many pounds to buy my pins;
Nor yet shall I the tardy fates reproach,
Pant for the lozenge on my lacker'd coach,
Or waste the produce of your doating will,
At sordid Loo, or Dowager Quadrille

With you, thrice dear *Opano*, oft I lay,
Within the wigwam 'till the dawn of day;
Then from my pack, with anxious care, for you,
Chose the best dog, and stew'd the nice ragout.
Ah! how I strove thy curious taste to hit,
From the bak'd viands carv'd the brownest bit;
To grace thy table spread my finest smocks,
And pour'd the fragrant *Monoe* (*d*) o'er thy locks.
For thee each morn I cull'd the bread tree's fruit,
And with (*e*) my nostrils blew the dulcet flute.

Thrice

(*c*) It is surprising that Oberea should be so well acquainted with the manners of Great Britian; but as she appears to have had such fine parts, we may easily imagine that she did not fail to profit by her frequent conversations with Mr. Banks.

(*d*) The people of Otaheite have a custom of anointing their heads with what they call Monoe, which is an oil expressed from the cocoa nut.

(*e*) It appears that music is cultivated in Otaheite to no small degree

Thrice happy youth! what bliss with thine could vie,
To feed on dog's flesh, and with Queens to lie!

Parting (*f*) you wept, this truth at least you'll own,
Nor think that weakness, which was love alone.
Stedfast I gaz'd, till from my aching view,
Your lessening canvass gradually withdrew;
Then to my tent I ran in wild despair,
And e'en in dreams renew'd my anxious care.
Whene'er I strove my slumbering eyes to close,
Terrific phantoms, dread illusions, rose;
Now o'er the waters I appear'd to float,
And fondly clasp you in the crazy (*g*) boat;
Culling (*h*) choice simples, now I seem'd to go,
O'er barren wastes, a wilderness of woe!

Where'er

degree of perfection. Indeed this method of blowing the flute with the nostrils is admirably calculated for the *chromatic*. We have heard, with great pleasure, that the ingenious Dr. Burney intends to take a voyage to the South Sea to inform himself, and afterwards to give some account to the public, of the state of music in those parts.

(*f*) *Flesti discedens, hoc saltem parce negare.*

(*g*) *Gemuit sub pondere cymba*
Sutilis———

(*h*) *Semper longam incomitata videtur*
Ire viam.

Where'er I turn'd the dread *Morais* (*i*) appear'd,
And the wild shrieks of frantic grief were heard;
At length you beckon, and I leave the shore,
Then tempests 'gan to rage, and winds to roar;
The billowy surges seem'd to lash the skies,
And *Otaheite* vanish'd from my eyes.

Perhaps *Oparo*, (*k*) (be the omen vain!)
If ere thy ships shall reach these shores again,
You'll seek the wigwam where we fondly lay,
And in its place will find my sad *Morai:*
Yet think at least my copious tears (*l*) you see,
And spare one thought from Botany for me.

And

(*i*) The sepulchres of the people of Otaheite are called *Morais*. See *Hawkes. Voyages.*

(*k*) *Tempo verrà ancor forse*
Ch' all' usato soggiorno
Torni la fera, bella e mansueta;
E là, ov' ella mi scorse
Nel benedetto giorno,
Volga la vista desiosa e lieta
Cercandomi: e o pietà
Gia terra infra le pietre
Vedendo, amor l'inspiri
In guisa che sospiri
Sì dolcemente. PETRARCA.

(*l*) The people of Otaheite are remarkable for their *fine feelings*,

And when with curious search thine eyes explore
The waving forest, or the marshy shore;
When in strong gin thy skilful hands shall steep
Some unclass'd fowl, or monster of the deep;
Think on the raptures which we once have known,
And waft one sigh to *Otaheite*'s throne,

feelings, which generally produce a copious effusion of tears upon every affecting occasion. *See Dr. Hawkesworth passim.*

THE END,

THE

WREATH OF FASHION,

OR, THE

ART OF SENTIMENTAL POETRY.

——— *Demetri, teq. Tigelli,*
Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.

HORACE.

BY RICHARD TICKELL, ESQ.

Author of the very celebrated Pamphlet called, "ANTICIPATION."

Printed originally in the year 1780.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following lines were occaſioned by the Author's having lately studied, with infinite attention, several fashionable productions in the *Sentimental* stile; in most of which, a misapplication, not a defect, of talents seems to have betrayed their Authors into some degree of false Taste. For example. A Noble Author has lately published his works, which consist of *three* compositions: *One*, an Ode upon the death of Mr. Gray: the *two* others, upon the death of his Lordship's *Spaniel*.

But the reigning fashion in modern *poesy* is *Sentimental Panegyric* on *Married Beauties*. This appears in a thousand various shapes; from *Bouts Rhimeès* on the *wou'd-be Sappho* of Bath, up to *Doggerel Epistles* to the lovely *Amoret*.

In attempting to ridicule this modish folly, it is scarcely necessary to apologize to the several personages of the *Sentimental train*, for introducing their names. When a Poet announces himſelf, and publicly wears his laurels, he is lawful game for the Critics: and it makes no difference, whether his works come from the press, or, according to Sir *Benjamin Backbite*'s system, "*circulate in manuscript*." Besides, to canvas the *slighter imperfections*, either of stile or of conduct, seems to be the limit of poetical censure. It is only the desperate Satyrist, whose invenomed pen strikes at the character and honour of individuals, that per-

verts and disgraces poetry: such aspersions, if well founded, are too gross for the tribunal of the Muses; and if (as is generally the case) they are utterly false, they recoil not only on the Author, but on the very art itself, which can so easily be perverted to so bad a purpose. But who can be hurt by a critique on his *Charades* and *Rebusses?* An imputation of false taste may not be very pleasant, but it never can seriously offend men of sense and good-breeding: both which qualities, as the Author agrees with all the world in acknowledging *his personages* to possess in the highest degree, so he requests that not only they, but the few others who may happen to read his Poem, will acquit him of any intention to give the slightest offence.

THE

WREATH OF FASHION.

WHEN first the Muse recorded Beauty's praise
In glowing numbers, and enraptur'd lays,
Sweet was the Poet's song; undeck'd by art;
For love was Nature, and his theme the heart.
At Beauty's shrine how brightly Genius glow'd!
There, her wild wreaths luxuriant fancy strew'd;
Whose flowrets, wak'd by Love's enliv'ning ray,
Scatter'd with native sweets the artless lay.
Such were the strains th' enamour'd *Ovid* sung;
Such the fond lays that flow'd from *Prior*'s tongue;
Nor of its best reward was verse beguil'd,
When *Julia* own'd its pow'r, and *Chloe* smil'd.

Far other lays denote the modern Bard:
Nor love his theme; nor Beauty his reward:
His temp'rate verse a gentler homage pays,
And sighs serenely for unfeeling praise.

This purer taste, this philosophic art,
(If thou, O Sentiment! thy aid impart)
The Muse shall sing—attend ye glitt'ring train
Of sighing Beaux, nor scorn the votive strain;
Tho' harsh the verse, tho' rude the unpolish'd lay,
Soft is the tender science they display.

First, for true grounds of Sentimental lore,
The scenes of modern Comedy explore;
Dramatic Homilies! devout and sage,
Stor'd with wise maxims, "both for youth and age;"
Maxims, that scorning their old homely dress,
Shift from plain proverbs to spruce sentences.
But chief, let *Cumberland* thy Muse direct,
High Priest of all the Tragic-comic sect!
Mid darts and flames his Lover *coolly* waits;
Calm as a Hero, cas'd in *Hartley*'s *plates*;

'Till

'Till damp'd and chill'd by sentimental sighs,
Each stifled passion in a vapour dies.

Hence form thy taste, hence strew thy temp'rate lays
With moral raptures, and sententious praise.

Thus skill'd, with critic care, thy subject choose,
A kindred theme, congenial to thy Muse;
No giddy Nymph, of youth and beauty vain,
But some fair Stoic, link'd in Hymen's chain,
Serene and cold; by wise Indiff'rence led
To a rich title, and a—sep'rate bed.
Now, sick of vanity, with grandeur cloy'd,
She leans on Sentiment, to sooth the void;
Deep in Rousseau, her purer thoughts approve
The Metaphysics of Platonic Love.
Thine be the task, with quaint, fantastic phrase,
To variegate her unimpassion'd praise.

Poetic Compliments from Sonnets cull,
Harmonious quibbles, logically dull!

True to their age of Paradox, they chime
Problems in verse, and sophistry in rhyme.
Yet, thro' these *lymbecks*, Cowley's patient Muse
From mimic sighs distill'd Castalian dews;
So Spencer toil'd, to sooth the Royal Maid;
So hapless Petrarch wept his Laura's shade.

But hence, tame Precept! let example lead
The modish Poet to his glorious meed:
Haste, to the radiant shrine of Fashion, haste!
There form thy genius, there correct thy taste.

And lo! the glitt'ring Altar stands confest!
Loose o'er the Goddess floats her motley vest,
As Flora, gay, as Iris, wildly bright,
Its varying lustre strikes the dazzled sight.
Here, Vanity, with flow'rs and feathers crown'd,
Sports with the Seasons thro' their airy round;
Here, spurious Art and mimic Science pour
Whims of a day, and theories of an hour.
The Goddess smiles; for, lo! even Poets trace
Her local charms, her temporary grace:

Above the rest, how fondly she regards
Her fav'rite train, the Sentimental Bards!

On a spruce pedestal of *Wedgwood ware*,
Where motley forms, and tawdry emblems glare,
Behold she consecrates to cold applause,
A Petrefaction, work'd into a *Vase*:
The Vase of Sentiment!—to this impart
Thy kindred coldness, and congenial art.
Here, (as in humbler scenes, from *Cards* and *Gout*,
Millar convenes her literary Rout)
With votive song, and tributary verse,
Fashion's gay train her gentle rites rehearse.
What soft poetic incense breathes around!
What soothing hymns from Adulation sound!

Here, placid *Carlisle* breathes his gentle line,
Or haply, gen'rous *Hare*, re-echoes thine:
Soft flows the lay; as when, with tears, He paid
The last sad honours to his—Spaniel's shade!
And lo! he grasps the badge of wit, a wand;
He waves it thrice, and *Storer* is at hand;

Famish'd as penance, as devotion pale,
Plaintive, and pert, he murmurs a Love-tale.
Fitzpatrick's Muse waits for some lucky hit;
For, still the slave of Chance, he *throws* at wit:
While *Townshend* his pathetic bow displays,
And Princely Boothby silent homage pays.

With *chips* of wit, and mutilated lays,
See *Palmerston* fineer his *Bout*'s *Rhimeès*;
Fav'rite of ev'ry Muse, elect of Phœbus,
To string Charades, or fabricate a Rebus.
Bereft of such a guide, old Ocean, mourn
Thy fading glories, and thy laurels torn! (*a*)
'Twas *Palmerston* repell'd each hostile wrong,
Like Ariel, wrecking Navies with—a Song;
But see, by pitying Fate his loss supplied;
For *Mulgrave* joins where sense and *Sandwich* guide.
Mulgrave! whose Muse nor winds nor waves controul,
Could bravely pen Acrostics—on *the Pole*,

Warm

(*a*) Upon Lord Palmerston's appointment to the Treasury, Lord Mulgrave succeeded to his place at the Admiralty Board.—"*Mira canam; Sol occubuit, nox nulla secuta est.*"

Warm with poetic fire the Northern air,
And sooth with tuneful raptures—the great Bear;
Join but his poetry to Burgoyne's prose,
Armies shall fall asleep, and Pirates doze.
So when the rebel-winds on Neptune fell,
They sunk to rest, at sound of Triton's shell.

" If *Placemen* thus poetic honours prize,
" Shall I be mute?" (the laureat Whitehead cries.)
" What, if some rival Bard my empire share!
" Yet, yet, I tremble at the name of Clare (*b*).
" Pindar to Clare had yielded—so did I—
" Alas, can Poetry with Poplin vie!
" Ah me! if Poets barter for applause,
" How Jerningham will thrive on flimsy gause!

" What

(*b*) Whoever has read his Lordship's verses, presented to her Majesty, with a gift of *Irish Poplin*, and that too on a *New Year's Day*, will not wonder at the jealousy and apprehension the Laureat expresses of so formidable a rival. The recollection of the Poplin leads to a digression, in the Pindaric stile of all Laureats, on the fatal consequences that might follow from establishing Lord Clare's method of tacking a present to every Poem; but the Laureat recovers his spirits, by thinking of the last production of his own Muse—*the Goat's Beard*—spun from ten lines of Phædrus, to four hundred of Whitehead.

" What tatter'd tinsel Luttrell will display!
" Carmarthen, sattin—Carlisle, paduasoy!
" Garrick will follow his old remnant trade;
" He'll buy my place with Jubilee-brocade.
" While Anstey, the reversion to obtain,
" Vamps his Bath drugget, till he spoils the grain.
" Perish the thought! hence visionary fear!
" Phœbus, or Phædrus, shall old Whitehead cheer.
" Behold their nobler gift: be this preferr'd!"
He said; and proudly brandish'd the *Goat's beard*,
Then dropt it in the Vase: immers'd it falls
Mid Sonnets, Odes, Acrostics, Madrigals;
A motley heap of metaphoric sighs,
Laborious griefs, and studied extasies.
Yet hence how warm each tuneful Suppliant's claim!
What palpitations for his *mite* of fame!
Alas! regardless of their equal toils,
Fashion still wildly scatters random smiles;
And Colman may (if Billy Woodfall's by
To prop him up) attract her vagrant eye.

Behold, one dunce, by her profound decree,
Supreme Dictator of the Coterie:

Prim,

Prim, plausible, oracular, and sage,
The native *Texier* of the wond'ring age!
The solemn coxcomb never talks: his frown
Is constant obloquy, his smile renown;
Words would degrade this literary God;
He gives his fiat with a silent nod.

Another's fame more gentle honour, tell;
Familiar Critic of each bright *Ruelle!*
Soon as the orient beam of Beauty's ray
Discloses, just at noon, the dawn of day;
And Dev'nshire wakes!—" and Piccadilly's gay;"
Perch'd at her Grace's toilet, *Minim* sits,
The little Scholiast of the Female Wits.
Tir'd of conjecture, and perplex'd with doubt,
To him they fly—to make a riddle out;
To pierce a paragraph's mysterious vail;
And eke out Scandal's hesitating tale.
With conscious pride the flippant Witling shares
His motley task of miscellaneous cares;
Expounds *Charades*, thro' close detraction pryes,
Construes initials, and the blanks supplies.

And oft, with varied art, his thoughts digress
On deeper themes—the documents of dress:
With nice discernment, to each stile of face
Adapt a ribbon, or suggest a lace,
O'er Granby's cap bid loftier feathers float,
And add new bows to Devon's petticoat.

Others, resolv'd more ample fame to boast,
Plant their own laurels in the Morning Post;
Soft Evening dews refresh the tender green:
Pass but a month, it swells each Magazine;
'Till the luxuriant boughs so wildly shoot,
The Annual Register transplants the root.
But these are spurious honours, not the true,
Who shall obtain *The Wreath of Fashion*—who?

The wily Charles long flourish'd o'er the rest;
Expert to argue or to flatter best;
For, born a disputant, a sophist bred,
His nurse he silenc'd, and his tutor led:
But hail'd, with filial duty's pious sense,
His Sire's best gift—delusive Eloquence.

That

That art to cherish, with a lavish pride
His kindred Genius ev'ry pow'r supplied:
Persuasion's breath, to swell the Statesman's sail;
Or, if his fancy veer, retard the gale.
Soft words, to mollify the Miser's breast,
And lull relenting Usury to rest;
Bright beams of wit, to still the raging Jew;
His black'ning mists dissolve to golden dew,
Teach him to dun no more, and lend anew!

Here, *Charles* his native eloquence refin'd;
Pleas'd at the Toilet, in the Senate shin'd,
And North approv'd, and *Amoret* look'd kind;
'Till, fond too soon his selfish pride to trace,
He lost at once his laurels and—his place.

At Fashion's shrine, behold a gentler Bard,
Gaze on the mystic *Vase* with fond regard:
But see, Thalia checks the doubtful thought.
"Can'st thou (she cries) with sense, with genius fraught,
"Can'st thou to Fashion's tyranny submit,
"Secure in native, independent wit?
"Or yield to Sentiment's insipid rule,
"By Taste, by Fancy, chac'd thro' *Scandal's School*?
"Ah,

" Ah, no! be Sheridan's the comic page;
" Or let me fly with Garrick from the Stage."

Haste then, my Friend, (for let me boast that name)
Haste to the op'ning path of genuine Fame:
Or, if thy Muse a gentler theme pursue,
Ah, 'tis to Love, and thy Eliza, due!
For sure the sweetest lay she well may claim,
Whose soul breathes harmony o'er all her frame;
While wedded Love, with ray serenely clear,
Beams from her eye, as from its proper sphere.

But thou, for whom the Muse first tun'd the lyre,
Vot'ry of Sentiment, do thou aspire,
With studious toil, to win that bright reward,
The Wreath of Fashion for her chosen Bard.
Not rudely wove with Nature's short-liv'd store,
(The simple meed her humble Poet wore)
But spruce and trim, as suits thy kindred pow'rs,
With mimic buds, and artificial flow'rs.

Blest Wreath! whose flowrets dread no vulgar doom
Of fading hues, or transitory bloom;

Above

Above the fleeting pride of Flora's day,
Thy vivid foliage never can decay!
There, vi'lets, pinks, and lilies of the vale,
Despise the sultry beam, or chilly gale;
There, fix'd as *Archer*'s rouge, the mimic rose,
With persevering blush, for ever glows;
There, myrtles bloom, that shame the Cyprian fields;
There, bays, immortal as Parnassus yields.

Triumphant art! Let vanquish'd nature mourn
Her lost simplicity, o'er *Shenstone*'s urn:
With sympathetic sorrows, on *his* tomb
Let the pale primrose shed its wild perfume;
The cowslip droop its head; and all around
The with'ring violet strew the hallow'd ground;
For, mute the swain, and cold the hand, that wove
Their simple sweets to wreaths of artless love:
Simplicity with *Shenstone* died!—

THE END.

AN EPISTLE IN VERSE

TO THE

REV. DR. RANDOLPH,

ENGLISH PRECEPTOR TO

H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

OCCASIONED BY THE

PUBLICATION OF THE CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN THE

EARL AND COUNTESS OF JERSEY,

And the Doctor,

UPON THE SUBJECT OF SOME LETTERS BELONGING

TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Enriched and illustrated with Notes and Extracts from the original Correspondence.

Ecquid, UT INSPECTA EST studiosæ LITERA dextræ,
Protinus est oculis cognita NOSTRA tuis?
An NISI LEGISSES Auctoris nomina Sapphûs,
Hoc breve nescires UNDE movetur opus?
FLENDUS AMOR MEUS EST.—

SAPPHO to PHAON.

First published in 1796.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A VERY few words will be sufficient to introduce my Epistle. It is an "*ex noto fictum carmen*," or a Poetical Composition formed upon *a well-known story*, according to the advice of the best critics. In the conduct of it, there was no necessity *to hurry the reader into the midst of things*, as *though* they were *known;* for *the things*, from the beginning to the end, are already actually known. Nor had I any occasion *to hasten to the event*, as the event is notorious to the whole nation, and is anticipated in *such a manner*, *as to prevent any discovery*. In regard to my Reverend Hero, the qualities which originally recommended him at Carlton House, have endeared him in my eyes. He appears, by his letters, to be *a perfect pattern of conjugal affection*, and a model of *a clear*, *easy*, *unaffected*, *and simple style* of writing. I have only to regret, that Dr. Randolph never published an account of his tour in Germany, as I think many parts of it would have appeared to great advantage in my poetry.

Reader, farewel; and *enjoy* MY Epistle!

JULY 24, 1796.

AN EPISTLE IN VERSE

TO

THE REV. DR. RANDOLPH,

ENGLISH PRECEPTOR

TO H. R. H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

FOND (*a*) Sir! tho' now, in these degenerate days,
Few brows are circled with a poet's bays,
Yet still no lyre's unstrung, no voice is mute,
To war's rough breathings, or Æolia's lute;
From fam'd Macgregor, whose heroic strain
Confirm'd Sir William in his Chinese reign,

To

(*a*) *Fond.*—This word is *not* used in the sense of Shakspeare's Lear, "I am a very foolish, *fond* old man; nor as Roger Ascham, *Greek* Preceptor to Queen Elizabeth, says, "He was "beaten out of all love of learning by a *fond* schoolmaster:"—but it is here used to express Dr. Randolph's unremitting conjugal tenderness, which *pants and bleats* in almost every line of his affectionate writings.

To Him who, in his serious hour of prime,
For Kien built the bold imperial rhyme,
And smil'd, when Pitt disdain'd the palanquin,
The dusky nymph, and love-lorn Mandarin. (*b*)
And who shall now of barren themes complain,
When Jersey writes, and Randolph will *explain?*

Though Rome, bereft of all her classic store,
With Mantua mourns her Virgil, now no more,
And cloven-footed Pan, again in scorn, (*c*)
To Buonaparte lends his pagan horn,

Still,

(*b*) See, lately published, "The Imperial Epistle from Kien "Long, Emperor of China, to George the Third, K. of G. Bri- "tain, transmitted from the Emperor in 1794, by the Ambassa- "dor, the Right Hon. George Earl Macartney, and translated "into English Verse, from the original Chinese." I allude to the visionary view (drawn by the Emperor in his highest colouring) of the Right Hon. William Pitt's triumphal entry into the court of Pekin; which description had no charms to allure Mr. Pitt from his situation in England. Mr. Pitt even resisted a private letter, in the Emperor's own hand-writing in Chinese, inviting him to accept the office of *Supreme Choulah*, a sort of Vice-Emperor over, as I am told, near three hundred million of subjects, in that vast empire. But I know not how it is, this little island, with all its embarrassments, has still some charms for a Prime Minister. *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*— we all know the rest.

(*c*) "And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn."——Pope.

Still, still, without a faint poetic hope,
I claim one sigh for Randolph from the Pope.
But how shall I *your* secret springs explore?
How match *your* prose, no verse e'er match'd before?

Wondrous fond man! who could from state retire,
At home to fan the chaste connubial fire:
For Venus (trembling, should the ocean wave,
Her billowy birth-place, prove her Randolph's grave)
Taught you, though but *occasional the tear*, (*cc*)
Which *Absence* drops in many a show'r sincere,

Yet

(*cc*) If the Reader should be inclined to blame this and the three following lines, as *not quite intelligible*, (which however I shall take very unkind, as they were written merely for *his* amusement) I must shelter myself under the Doctor's *own* prose, the sense of which, as far as I could collect it myself, I have given most faithfully.

I do not however mean to dissemble, that when an author, like Dr. Randolph, verges upon sublimity, if he does not take particular care, he is often in very great danger of talking nonsense.

Dr. Randolph having put off his foreign journey, which I, as a Poet, suppose to have happened by the instigation of Venus, thus writes to Lady Jersey, (Correspondence, p. 5 and 6.) "On my return to London I found letters, "which would fill my departure for Germany with much "*anxiety*. Mrs. Randolph, who in the original plan was "to have accompanied me early in the summer, found her-"self *in a situation that rendered void* every such intention;

Yet *fancy* oft can raise, as poets sang,
To real danger separation's pang.

Wondrous fond man! on whom no god shall frown,
The pride of Paphos, envy of the gown!
Whose very shade might fructify the ground,
While streams uxorious (*d*) murmur all around:
Whose *sole return produc'd*, (*e*) by playful stealth,
No influence small on Mrs. Randolph's health,
Who yet, though conscious *of the best effect*,
Her situation scarcely *could suspect*. (*f*)

I praise

" and though, when I left her, it was only *with the tear of* " *occasional absence*, yet I find (though *she is silent* on the subject) " that *the imagination* has been too busy, and *magnified the pang* " *of separation into the misery of real danger*."

Lugete O Veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum!

(*d*) Vagus et sinistra
Labitur ripa, *Jove non probante*, UXORIUS *amnis*.

(*e*) " I *am* happy to say, that *my return has had no small influence on Mrs. Randolph's health*."——Correspondence, p. 11.

(*f*) " I am *happy* to say, that *my return has been productive of* " *the best effects* to Mrs. Randolph, *who, till lately, did not sus-* " *pect her situation*——Correspondence, p. 16.

I praise the husband and those virtuous fears,
The less your sense, the more your love appears:
Attend, *from Brighton* while the Muse I bring,
Safe in the mail, your studious cares to sing;
Let Lockman (*g*) in the closet pray or doze;
Read *you* my verse, or Tommy Tyrrwhitt's (*h*) prose.

Come then, one glance from Love and Hymen steal,
And all you know, and all you think, reveal;
Yet ah! beware, and in affection's spite,
Spare Mrs. Randolph's blushes, as you write;
Then turn to Bolton, (*i*) and his Cross of Gold,
A name the Muses with surprise behold.

Say,

(*g*) The Rev. Dr. Lockman, Clerk of the Closet to the Prince of Wales.

(*h*) Thomas Tyrrwhitt, Esq. Private Secretary to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. His style is said to be *nervous;* but upon his being asked if he thought the Royal Correspondence might ever be published, he acknowledged that the *Epistolæ ad Familiares* were by no means adapted for public inspection, and that there was not one letter to *Atticus* in the whole collection.

(*i*) Mr. Bolton is Master of the Golden Cross Inn, at Charing Cross, and Proprietor of the Brighton mail-coach; at this inn the Rev. Dr. Randolph *book'd* the parcel in question.

N. B. This note has its pathos, but not in any exquisite degree.

Say, how the royal hand the trust resign'd,
The trust you *book'd*, (*k*) and wisely left behind;
Or call on Anstruther (*l*) the charge *to state*,
For Graham would but waste the time (*m*) in prate;
Or e'en to Doctor Hallifax (*n*) submit,
He has good-nature, and a little wit;

Or

(*k*) "I attended at *the Golden Cross*, previous to the departure "of the coach; and, having first seen it *regularly book'd*, de- "liver'd my parcel, inclosing the Princess's packet, addressed "to your Ladyship, at the Pavillion."——Correspondence, p. 32.

(*l*) R. Graham, Esq. Attorney General, and J. Anstruther, Esq. Solicitor General to the Prince of Wales. MR. ANSTRUTHER's speech in one of the charges on Mr. Hastings's Trial, consisted of the words *state*, *stated*, *stating*, at every third sentence at the least. The Lords and the audience never heard such a *Stater* or *Statist* before.

(*m*) It is well known among the Lawyers, that if they want to keep the House of Lords sitting till there is a fuller attendance, or till a material witness arrives, they wish for Mr. Graham *to chat* to them about a turnpike, or an inclosure bill, for an hour or two, which he does with the greatest fluency imaginable. N. B. Mr. Christie can say as much on a ribbon as a Raphael.

(*n*) A very pleasant, easy man, and an excellent Apothecary, *made into a Physician* by the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose *faculties* are infinite.——Well, well; the Archbishop may make as many Doctors as he pleases; "Nature and Sick- "ness debate it at their leisure." Dr. Hallifax and Dr. Warren are the Physicians to the Prince of Wales.

Or if, *fond* Sir! a stranger yet at court,
Bid Warren write, and *frame a strong report*;
Warren, whose well-fee'd hand, in dubious case,
The Æsculapian (*o*) serpent best may grace;
For him no title Pitt or Heard shall forge,
Sir Charles, Sir Luke, Sir Walter, or Sir George. (*p*)

Say, when for Brunswick first you hop'd to steer,
How lagg'd the months of the long lingering year;
Nor if forbid that secret now to name, (*q*)
Say—*if* the Duke of York to Windsor came,
To

(*o*) "To *beguile* the time,
"Look like the time; look like the innocent flower,
"*But be the serpent under it.*"——MACBETH.
I only quote Shakspeare: I am no commentator; but remembrance will be busy.

(*p*) The rage or frenzy of Knighthood and Baronetage has invaded and seized the college. Sir Charles Blagden, M. D. and Knight of—I don't know what. He was made so for a German tour, to figure away as a *Chevalier*, and for no other reason that I can tell: Sir George Baker, M. D. Baronet, for his skill, reputation, and learning: and SIR WALTER *Farquhar*, Physician, Surgeon, Man-midwife, Apothecary, and Baronet.

Momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama: Papæ! *Marco* spondente recusas
Credere tu *vitam?* &c.

But, "as Sir Walter knows all this, I shall not go on telling him."——See the Critic.

(*q*) I must give the whole passage relating to his departure,
and

To whom *you owe* that solace of your life,
And, *source of all anxiety*, your wife.
Say, *if* the Duke his letters chose to send
By the Dutch mail, or by his reverend friend,
Happy to bless your parting, not perplex,
And e'en *some sense of duty to annex.*
Say,

and all the Doctor's *hypothetical* reasoning, on which this part of my Epistle is founded; the Doctor's words cannot be sufficiently attended to or admired. "To think of pleasure, which "in its pursuit would give a moment's pain *to one, whose happiness I am proud to say, is far dearer to me than my own, is a* "*lesson, thank God, I have still to learn*, and I throw myself "upon your Ladyship's goodness *for a proper explanation.* "One thing I would however premise, that *if any consequence* "*should attach to the delivery of her R. H.'s letters, or in case the* "*Duke of York*, whom *I hope* to meet *at Windsor* to day, *should* "*have* any thing of importance *to intrust me with*, gratitude and "esteem, (for even *the object of my anxiety I owe* in a great "measure *to their goodness*,) will then *annex a sense of duty to my* "*departure, and* consequently *overcome every scruple.* Again "then trusting my cause in your Ladyship's hands, and with "the hopes of renewing my plan at the expiration of a few "months; and *may I not* add of *then* repeating the exultation of "a grateful people from *the increased sum of a nation's blessings*, "&c. &c." The *P. S.* "May I request the favour of a line "by Sunday night's post, to meet me in town on Monday, "*because from that* I shall *regulate my* future *motions.*" Letter to the Countess of Jersey.—Correspondence, page 7 and 8.

N. B. I request the reader to *make himself perfect* in this whole passage, before he reads my weak imitation of it. Who shall ever talk again of the "Venator *teneræ conjugis immemor?*"

Say, how your scruples vanish'd; times to come,
A nation's blessings in increased sum,
Brighten'd your soul, and varnish'd high your style,
To antedate the raptures of our isle!
You still on Jersey call'd, like other men,
To regulate your motions—by her pen:
Then say, how well all writing may be spar'd,
How nothing can be known, when nothing is declar'd.

Sweet are the gifts of learning and of ease,
That teach *fond* man to reason and to please,
With grace a simple subject to adorn,
To strike with truth, and tinsel glare to scorn!
Such thoughts my youthful fancy best could move,
When first I wander'd in the studious grove:
Now with experience blest, and riper days,
And sense to weigh the candidates for praise,
I feel that sleep must wait at wisdom's close,
And students work, that doctors may repose.

Well-pleas'd I read, on state affairs intent,
How clear your words! how close your argument!

E'en

E'en he may understand the simple tale,
Who runs *to book* his parcels in the mail.

But oh that void, *from August to July*, (r)
What journals or what fancy may supply?
What streams you cross'd, the Elbe, or blood-stain'd Rhine,
Or with Prince-bishops if you chose to dine,
Felt o'er your temples the suspended sword,
By Gallic threads, at KLEBER's thund'ring word,
What German towns you travers'd, who can tell?
Towns, that a British Muse ne'er learn'd to spell;
(Oh that their very names might JOURDAN throttle)
Eisenach, *Ehrenbrehtstein*, or *Wolfenbottle*.
Such tempting themes unwilling I forego,
Nor strive to paint, what I can never know;
And why abroad should idle fancy roam,
When the gay scene is only found at home?

Methinks

(r) Dr. Randolph received the packet from the Princess at Brighton on the 30th of August 1795, (Correspondence page 30,) and the Dr's. last letter to Lady Jersey is dated July 5, 1796.—The great hiatus or chasm, which I so feelingly regret, might be supplied if the Doctor would but publish an account of his tour in Germany, for which I wait with something more than mere impatience.

Methinks with you I stroll by Brighton's main,
With belles and loungers on the crowded Steine,
Where Jews (*t*) and Jobbers give the ton to taste,
And Marlborough (*u*) fears a nation's wealth to waste;
Where now the Muses Hamilton (*w*) deplore,
And Grafton joys, that Junius is no more.

With you I seek the light Pavilion's dome,
Where Holland thought to fix a Prince at home,
Whose base the majesty of ocean laves,
And friendly Halcyons (*x*) *fain would calm* the waves.
I see the Princess (*y*) bend her graceful hand,
And Darnley smirks, and Chom'ley waves his wand;
There

(*t*) Messrs. Goldsmidt, all the Solomons, Nathan Solomon, E. P. Solomon, and Solomon Solomon, Boyd, Thellussons, &c. in short, *hoc genus omne, mœstum ac sollicitum.*

A bargain *for the opening* may be made on the Steine as well as in the Stock Exchange, or *a Jobber* can study Hemmings on the *Fourth Payment*, or look *an eighth better*, or *worse*, for *dipping* in the funds, as well as in the sea.

(*u*) The D. of Marlborough has a house on the Steine at Brighton, which his Grace *lets out* for a great part of the season.

(*w*) The Rt. Hon. William Gerard Hamilton.

(*x*) The part of the *Halcyons* by the Earl of Moira, Lord Cholmley, Lord Thurlow, &c. &c.

(*y*) "I need not recall to your Ladyship's recollection, the "interview

There stands the heavy St. Leger apart,
Once highly favour'd with *the hand* and heart;
Hulse, call'd in vain the treasure to disburse,
And Seymour, dangling with an empty purse;
Stanhope's hard phyz, and Aston's easy air,
With Viscount Villiers by the royal chair;
Of Chaplains (z) too a melancholy store,
Whose names the Muse ne'er knew, or heard before.

Say now, my Randolph, for *the trust* prepar'd
Who felt the nod, or who the whisper shar'd;
Say next, what converse in the presence pass'd,
When each bon mot was brighter than the last,
Say, for your prose may best adorn my rhyme,
How high they reason'd of fate, chance, and time;
And

" interview I had with the Princess at Brighton, *when she deli-*
" *vered to me the packet in question;* ALL *her attendants* in waiting
" *were*, I believe, *present.*"—Correspondence page 30.—The names and offices of all the personages, from Lord Darnley, to the Chaplains, may be found in the Red Book, which should be consulted.

(z) Some of the names, (chosen with care from the whole body of the Clergy for so high a distinction, as we may fairly conjecture,) the Red Book gives—" Barker, Hodson, Nugent, Wilgress, Perkins, Barnard Foord, &c. &c. I believe I am rather poetical in supposing them present.

" Of all the branches of the race august, (*aa*)
" *How* some must sprout, some moulder in the dust;
" And *how*, alas! in ten revolving years,
" Some grace in royal features disappears."
Say, *how* you took *the trust*—I say no more,
Nor will I sing again, what I have sung before.

Thus, as the summer sun-beams round me play,
With state and farce I sooth my various day;
Nor groan, with Morgan, at the fall of ſtocks,
But sing *the rape of packets*, or of locks.

While you, my Randolph, dews Castalian sip,
Or inspiration wait from Jersey's lip;
'Tis your's the Royal Stranger's mind to teach,
To form her accent, and direct her speech,
Yourself the bright example of your art,
How best simplicity may reach the heart:
Lo, Secretary Murray (*bb*) deigns a smile,
And hails his Brother Tully of the isle.

'Tis

(*aa*) " *The conversation* generally turned upon the various " branches of her august family, and *the alteration* I should find " in them *after an absence of ten years*." Correspondence, p. 30.

(*bb*) *Secretary Murray*.—Not the late Lord Mansfield, nor any

'Tis your's, to sing the royal cares to rest,
With Langhorne's tales, or plays from Ireland's chest,
Or lullabies of old or modern time;
No prose from Swift to take, from Pope no rhyme,
No fire from Milton, strength from Dryden's strain,
But all, save baby Jerningham, disdain;
E'en Gray shall fall, nor o'er his rustic urn
In pensive mood *your* CAROLINA mourn.

Lo, at your nod shall Clarendon retire,
And Gillies rule o'er all th' historic choir;
Scotch *Mirrors*, and Scotch *Loungers* in the rear,
In right of Addison shall charm *her* ear,
With namby-pamby preachers of the age,
Blair in the pulpit, Greathead on the stage;
Nor Locke, nor Bacon raise the studious head,
And Darwin for Lucretius shall be read;

And

Secretary of State, but SIR JAMES MURRAY (Pulteney) Adjutant General, and Secretary to the Duke of York when H. R. H. commanded the British forces in Flanders, at the beginning of the war. Secretary Murray's style was universally admired for its *perspicuity, simplicity, and lucid arrangement*; and the Secretary's official dispatches are preserved for posterity. *Great writers* in future times will say to each other;

" Yes, I'm content, allow me *Murray's* strains,
" And you shall rise up *Randolph* for your pains."

And Newton's self shall yield, with pious Boyle,
To Hartley's whims, and Priestley's flimsy toil.
Dulness shall re-assume her ancient right,
And pert conceit, and diction's darkest night
Involve all meaning, and absorb the ray
That beam'd from light's full orb in ANNA's day.

But oh, yet conscious of your charge, impart
This English lesson to a Brunswick's heart:

Tell her, that virtue Britain *still* shall own,
And Love shall guard th' hereditary throne;
Before the eye of youth though meteors run,
The star of Venus fades before the sun;
The morn has dews, when shadowy vapours gleam,
Our noon-day claims a stronger steadier beam.
Tell her, for 'tis *your* office best to know,
Virtue, like her's, is peace, and guilt is woe;
Tell her, there is a voice, nor faint nor dull,
That in the desert cries, and city full,
In high-vic'd courts, and on the sea's lone shore,
" Awake to righteousness, and sin no more!"

That angels *still* shall guide her spotless breast
In downy dreams to fix'd connubial rest,
Returning virtue sign the blest release,
Confirm'd by love and penitential peace.
Then, waving high o'er Carlton's pillar'd porch,
No more the flame all dim, revers'd the torch,
Shall Hymen his unchanging trophies rear,
And life and joy Favonian gales shall bear.

I cease, my Randolph, oh, forgive the Muse,
Her plume yet fragrant with celestial dews,
Forgive her fears, her serious passing strain,
She ne'er was school'd to murmur or complain.
For Wisdom taught her, e'en from earliest youth,
To feel, with you, this great unalter'd truth;
" That oft a Nation's fondest hope is crost,
" And that—*a Packet may be book'd*, and lost."

THE END.

NEW MORALITY.

From the Anti-Jacobin.

Printed originally in the year 1798.

NEW MORALITY.

(From the Anti-Jacobin.)

From mental mists to purge a nation's eyes;
To animate the weak, unite the wise;
To trace the deep infection, that pervades
The crowded town, and taints the rural shades;
To mark how wide extends the mighty waste
O'er the fair realms of Science, Learning, Taste;
To drive and scatter all the brood of lies,
And chase the varying falsehood as it flies;
The long arrears of ridicule to pay,
To drag reluctant Dullness back to day;
Much yet remains. To you these themes belong,
Ye favour'd sons of virtue and of song!

Say, is the field too narrow? are the times
Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Yet, venial vices, in a milder age,
Could rouse the warmth of Pope's satiric rage:
The doating miser, and the lavish heir,
The follies, and the foibles of the fair,
Sir Job, Sir Balaam, and old Euclio's thrift,
And Sappho's diamonds with her dirty shift,
Blunt, Charter's, Hopkins; meaner subjects fir'd
The keen-eyed Poet, while the Muse inspir'd
Her ardent child, entwining, as he sate,
His laurell'd chaplet with the thorns of hate.

But say, indignant does the Muse retire,
Her shrine deserted, and extinct its fire?
No pious hand to feed the sacred flame,
No raptur'd soul a poet's charge to claim?

Bethink thee, Gifford, when some future age
Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;
" (a) The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools away,
" Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant prey!"

Think

(a) See the motto prefixed to " the Baviad," a satirical poem, by W. Gifford, Esq. unquestionably the best of its kind, since the days of Pope.

——————Nunc in ovilia
Mox in reluctantes dracones.

Think then, will pleaded indolence excuse
The tame secession of thy languid Muse?

Ah! where is now that promise? why so long
Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song?
Oh! come, with Taste and Virtue at thy side,
With ardent zeal inflam'd, and patriot pride;
With keen poetic glance direct the blow,
And empty all thy quiver on the foe:
No pause, no rest, till weltering on the ground
The poisonous hydra lies, and pierc'd with many a wound.

Thou too!—*the nameless Bard*, (*b*)—whose honest zeal
For law, for morals, for the public weal,
Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes
The stream of verse, and many languag'd prose;
Thou too!—though oft thy ill-advised dislike,
The guiltless head with random censure strike;
Though quaint allusions, vague and undefin'd,
Play faintly round the ear, but mock the mind;

Through

(*b*) The Author of "The Pursuits of Literature."

Thro' the mix'd mass yet truth and learning shine,
And manly vigour stamps the nervous line,
And patriot warmth the generous rage inspires,
And wakes and points the desultory fires!

Yet more remain unknown: for who can tell
What bashful genius, in some rural cell,
As year to year, and day succeeds to day,
In joyless leisure wastes his life away?
In him the flame of early fancy shone;
His genuine worth his old companions own;
In childhood and in youth their chief confess'd,
His master's pride, his pattern to the rest.
Now, far aloof retiring from the strife
Of busy talents, and of active life,
As, from the loop-holes of retreat, he views
Our stage, verse, pamphlets, politics, and news,
He loaths the world; or, with reflection sad,
Concludes it irrecoverably mad,
Of taste, of learning, morals, all bereft,
No hope, no prospect to redeem it left.

Awake!

Awake! for shame! or e'er thy nobler sense
Sink in th' oblivious pool of indolence!
Must wit be found alone on falsehood's side,
Unknown to truth, to virtue unallied?
Arise! nor scorn thy country's just alarms;
Wield in her cause thy long-neglected arms:
Of lofty satire pour th' indignant strain,
Leagued with her friends, and ardent to maintain
'Gainst Learning's, Virtue's, Truth's, Religion's foes,
A kingdom's safety, and the world's repose.

If Vice appal thee; if thou view with awe
Insults that brave, and crimes that 'scape the law;
Yet may the specious bastard brood, which claim
A spurious homage under Virtue's name,
Sprung from that parent of ten thousand crimes,
The *New Philosophy* of modern times,
Yet, these may rouse thee!—With unsparing hand,
Oh, lash the vile impostures from the land!

First, stern Philanthropy: not she, who dries
The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes;

Not

Not she, who, sainted Charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide:
But *French* Philanthropy; whose boundless mind
Glows with the general love of all mankind;
Philanthropy, beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.

Taught in her school to imbibe thy mawkish strain,
Condorcet, filter'd through the dregs of Paine;
Each pert adept disowns a Briton's part,
And plucks the name of England from his heart.

What shall a name, a word, a sound control
Th' aspiring thought, and cramp th' expansive soul?
Shall one half-peopled Island's rocky round
A love, that glows for all Creation, bound?
And social charities contract the plan
Fram'd for thy Freedom, UNIVERSAL MAN?
No—through th' extended globe his feelings run
As broad and general as the' unbounded sun!
No narrow bigot *he: his* reason'd view
Thy interests, England, ranks with thine, Peru!

He

France at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
But heaves for Turkey's woes the' impartial sigh;
A steady Patriot of the World alone,
The Friend of every Country—but his own.

Next comes a gentler Virtue. Ah! beware
Lest the harsh verse her shrinking softness scare;
Visit her not too roughly; the warm sigh
Breathes on her lips; the tear-drop *gems* her eye.
Sweet Sensibility, who dwells enshrin'd
In the fine foldings of the feeling mind;
With delicate Mimosa's sense endued,
Who shrinks instinctive from a hand too rude,
Or, like the *anagallis*, prescient flower,
Shuts her soft petals at the' approaching shower.

Sweet child of sickly Fancy! her of yore
From her lov'd France Rousseau to exile bore;
And, while midst lakes and mountains wild he ran,
Full of himself, and shunn'd the haunts of man,
Taught her o'er each lone vale, and Alpine steep,
To lisp the story of his wrongs, and weep;

Taught

Taught her to cherish still in either eye,
Of tender tears a plentiful supply,
And pour them in the brooks that babbled by;
Taught by nice scale to mete her feelings strong,
False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong;
For the crush'd beetle *first*; the widow'd dove,
And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;
Next for poor suff'ring *guilt*; and *last* of all,
For Parents, Friends, a King's, and Country's fall.

Mark her fair votaries, prodigal of grief,
With cureless pangs, and woes that mock relief,
Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower;
O'er a dead jack-ass pour the *pearly* shower;
But hear, unmov'd, of Loire's ensanguined flood,
Chok'd up with slain; of Lyons drench'd in blood;
Of crimes that blot the age, the world with shame,
Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with Freedom's name;
Altars and thrones subverted; social life
Trampled to earth; the husband from the wife,
Parent from child, with ruthless fury torn;
Of talents, honour, virtue, wit, forlorn,

In

In friendless exile; of the wise and good
Staining the daily scaffold with their blood;
Of savage cruelties, that scare the mind,
The rage of madness with hell's lusts combined,
Of hearts torn reeking from the mangled breast,
They hear—and hope, that ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

Fond hope! but JUSTICE sanctifies the pray'r
JUSTICE! here, Satire, strike! 'twere sin to spare!
Not she in British Courts that takes her stand,
The dawdling balance dangling in her hand,
Adjusting punishments to fraud and vice,
With scrupulous quirks, and disquisition nice:
But firm, erect, with keen reverted glance,
Th' avenging angel of regenerate France,
Who visits ancient sins on modern times,
And punishes the Pope for Cæsar's crimes. (c)

Such

(c) The Manes of Vercengetorix are supposed to have been very much gratified by the invasion of Italy and the plunder of the Roman territory. The defeat of the Burgundians is to be revenged on the modern inhabitants of Switzerland. But the Swiss were a free people, defending their liberties against a tyrant. Moreover, they happened to be in alliance with France

at

Such is the liberal JUSTICE which presides
In these our days, and modern patriots guides;
JUSTICE, whose blood-stain'd book one sole decree,
One statute fills; "The People shall be Free."
Free by what means? by folly, madness, guilt,
By boundless rapine, blood in oceans spilt,
By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils
The poor man's pittance with the rich man's spoils,
Mix'd in one common mass, are swept away,
To glut the short-liv'd tyrant of the day;
By laws, religion, morals, all o'erthrown:
Rouse then, ye sovereign people, claim your own:
The licence that enthrals, the truth that blinds,
The wealth that starves you, and the pow'r that grinds.
So JUSTICE bids. 'Twas her enlighten'd doom,
Louis, thy holy head devoted to the tomb!
'Twas JUSTICE claim'd, in that accursed hour,
The fatal forfeit of too lenient pow'r.

Mourn

at the time. No matter, Burgundy is since become a province of France, and the French have acquired a property in all the injuries and defeats which the people of that country may have sustained, together with a title to revenge and retaliation to be exercised in the present, or any future centuries, as may be found most glorious and convenient.

Mourn for the Man we may; but for the King,
Freedom, oh! Freedom's such a charming thing!

"Much may be said on both sides." Hark! I hear
A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear,
The voice of CANDOUR. Hail! most solemn sage,
Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
CANDOUR, which softens party's headlong rage.
CANDOUR, which spares its foes; nor e'er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
CANDOUR, which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of *acting foolishly*, but *meaning well*;
Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
Convinced that *all* men's *motives* are the same;
And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
BLACK's not *so* black; nor WHITE *so very* white.

"Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong;
"But then Pitt's words, you'll own, were *rather* strong;
"Both must be blamed, both pardon'd; 'twas just so
"With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago!
"So Walpole, Pulteney; factions in all times,
"Have had their follies, ministers their crimes."

Give me th' avow'd, th' erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good heav'n, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the *Candid Friend!*

" Barras loves plunder; Merlin takes a bribe;
" What then? shall CANDOUR these good men
" proscribe?
" No! ere we join the loud-accusing throng,
" Prove, not the facts, but, that *they thought them wrong*.

" Why hang O'Quigley? he, misguided man,
" In sober thought his country's weal *might* plan:
" And, while his deep-wrought Treason sapp'd the throne,
" *Might* act from *taste in morals*, all his own."

Peace to such Reasoners! let them have their way;
Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day.
Priestley's a Saint, and Stone a Patriot still;
And La Fayette a Hero, if they will.

I love

I love the bold uncompromising mind,
Whose principles are fix'd, whose views defin'd:
Who scouts and scorns, in canting CANDOUR's spite,
All *taste in morals*, innate sense of right,
And Nature's impulse, all uncheck'd by art,
And feelings fine, that float about the heart;
Content, for good men's guidance, bad men's awe,
On moral truth to rest, and Gospel law.
Who owns, when Traitors feel the' avenging rod,
Just retribution, and the hand of God;
Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs that rise,
Of him who mock'd, misled, betray'd his King,
Hears unappall'd: though Faction's zealots preach,
Unmov'd, unsoften'd by Fitzpatrick's speech.

(*d*) That speech on which the melting Commons hung,
"While truths divine came mended from *his* tongue;"
How

(*d*) The speech of General Fitzpatrick, on his motion for an address of the House of Commons to the Emperor of Germany, to demand the deliverance of M. La Fayette, from the

How loving husband clings to duteous wife;
How pure religion sooths the ills of life;
How Popish ladies trust their pious fears
And naughty actions in their chaplain's ears.
Half novel, and half sermon, on it flow'd;
With pious zeal THE OPPOSITION glow'd;
And as o'er each the soft infection crept,
Sigh'd as he whined, and as he whimper'd wept;—
E'en Curwen dropt a sentimental tear,
And stout St. Andrew yelp'd a softer "Hear!"

O! nurse of crimes and fashions! which in vain
Our colder servile spirits would attain,

How

prison of Olmutz, was one of the moſt dainty pieces of oratory that ever drew tears from a crowded gallery and the clerks at the table. It was really quite moving to hear the General talk of religion, conjugal fidelity, and "such branches of learning." There were a few who laughed indeed, but that was thought hard-hearted, and immoral, and irreligious, and God knows what. Crying was the *order of the day*. Why will not the OPPOSITION try these topics again? La Fayette indeed (the more's the pity) is out. But why not a motion for a general goal-delivery of all State Prisoners throughout Europe?

How do we ape thee, France! but blundering still
Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill.
The borrow'd step our awkward gait reveals:
(As clumsy Courtney mars the verse he steals,)
How do we ape thee, France! nor claim alone
Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals for our own,
But to thy Worthies render homage due,
Their (*f*) "hair-breadth scapes" with anxious interest view,
Statesmen and heroines whom this age adores,
Tho' plainer times would call them rogues and whores.

See Louvet, patriot, pamphleteer, and sage,
Tempering with amorous fire his virtuous rage!
Form'd for all tasks, his various talents see,
The luscious novel, the severe decree.

Then

(*f*) See *Récit de mes Perils*, by Louvet; *Mémoires d'un Detenu*, by Riouffe, &c. The avidity with which these productions were read, might, we should hope, be accounted for upon principles of mere curiosity (as we read the Newgate Calendar, and the history of the Buccaneers), not from any interest in favour of a set of wretches, infinitely more detestable than all the robbers and pirates that ever existed.

Then mark him welt'ring in his nasty sty,
Bare his lewd transports to the public eye.
Not *his* the love in silent groves that strays,
Quits the rude world, and shuns the vulgar gaze;
In Lodoiska's full possession blest,
One craving void still aches within his breast,
Plunged in the filth and fondness of her arms,
Not to himself alone he stints her charms;
Clasp'd in each other's foul embrace they lie,
But know no joy, unless the world stands by:
The fool of vanity, for her alone
He lives, loves, writes, and dies but to be known.

His widow'd mourner flies to poison's aid,
Eager to join her Louvet's parted shade
In those bright realms, where sainted lovers stray,
But harsh emetics tear that hope away. (*g*)

Yet

(*g*) Every lover of modern French literature, and admirer of modern French characters, must remember the rout which was made about Louvet's death, and Lodoiska's poison. The attempt at self-slaughter, and the process of the recovery, the arsenic, and the castor oil, were served up in daily messes from the French papers, till the public absolutely sickened.

Yet hapless Louvet! where thy bones are laid,
The easy nymphs shall consecrate the shade. (*h*)
There, in the laughing morn of genial spring,
Unwedded pairs shall tender couplets sing;
Eringoes o'er the hallow'd spot shall bloom,
And flies of Spain buzz softly round the tomb. (*i*)

But hold, severer virtue claims the Muse;
Roland the just, with ribands in his shoes; (*k*)
And Roland's spouse who paints with chaste delight
The doubtful conflict of her nuptial night;
Her virgin charms what fierce attacks assail'd,
And how the rigid Minister (*l*) prevail'd.

And ah! what verse can grace thy stately mien,
Guide of the world, preferment's golden queen,
Neckar's fair daughter, Stael the Epicene!

Bright

(*h*) *Faciles Napeæ.*

(*i*) See Anthologia passim.

(*k*) Such was the strictness of this Minister's principles, that he positively refused to go to court in shoe-buckles.—See Dumourier's Memoirs.

(*l*) See Madame Roland's Memoirs—"*Rigide Ministre,*" Brissot à ses Commetans.

Bright o'er whose flaming cheek, and pumple (*m*) nose,
The bloom of young desire unceasing glows!
Fain would the Muse—but ah! she dares no more,
A mournful voice from lone Guyana's shore, (*n*)
Sad Quatremer, the bold presumption checks,
Forbid to question thy ambiguous sex.

To thee, proud Barras bows; thy charms control
Rewbell's brute rage, and Merlin's subtle soul;
Rais'd by thy hands, and fashion'd to thy will,
Thy pow'r, thy guiding influence, governs still,
Where at the blood-stain'd board expert he plies,
The lame artificer of fraud and lies;

He

(*m*) The "pumple" nosed attorney of Furnival's Inn.—Congreve's Way of the World.

(*n*) These lines contain the secret History of Quatremer's deportation. He presumed in the Council of Five Hundred to arraign Madame de Stael's conduct, and even to hint a doubt of her sex. He was sent to Guyana. The transaction naturally brings to one's mind the dialogue between Falstaff and Hostess Quickly in Shakspeare's Henry IV.

Fal. Thou art neither fish nor flesh—a man cannot tell where to have thee.

Quick. Thou art an unjust man for saying so—thou or any man knows where to have me

He with the mitred head and cloven heel,
Doom'd the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel, (o)
To stand the playful buffet, and to hear
The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear;
While all the five Directors laugh to see
" The limping priest so deft at his new ministry." (p)

Last of the' ANOINTED FIVE behold, and least,
The Directorial Lama, Sovereign Priest,
Lepaux! whom atheists worship; at whose nod
Bow their meek heads *the men without a God.* (q)

Ere

(o) For instance, in the course of a political discussion, Rewbell observed to the Ex-bishop—" *that his understanding was* " *as crooked as his legs*"—" Vil Emigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus " droit que les pieds"—and therewithal threw an ink-stand at him. It whizzed along, as we have been informed, like the fragment of a rock from the hand of one of Ossian's heroes; but the wily apostate shrunk beneath the table, and the weapon past over him, innocuous and guiltless of his blood or brains.

(p) See Homer's description of Vulcan. First Iliad.

Inextinguibilis vero exoriebatur risus beatis numinibus
Ut viderunt Vulcanum per domos *ministrantem.*

(q) The men without a God—one of the new sects.—Their religion is intended to consist in the adoration of a Great Book, in which all the virtuous actions of the Society are to be entered and registered. " In times of Civil Commotion they are to " come forward, to exhort the Citizens to unanimity, and to read " them a chapter out of the Great Book. When oppressed or " proscribed,

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonish'd Isle,
Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
Shall Bonaparte's victor fleet protect
The genuine Theo-Philanthropic sect,
The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,
Led by their Pontiff, good La Reveillere.
Rejoic'd our Clubs shall greet him, and install
The holy Hunch-back in thy dome, St. Paul!
While countless votaries thronging in his train
Wave their Red Caps, and hymn this jocund strain;

" *Couriers* and *Stars*, Sedition's Evening Host,
" Thou *Morning Chronicle*, and *Morning Post*,
" Whether ye make the Rights of Man your theme,
" Your Country libel, and your God blaspheme,
" Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
" Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux.

" And ye five other wandering Bards, that move
" In sweet accord of harmony and love,
" Coleridge and Southey, Loyd, and Lambe and Co.
" Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!

" Priestley and Wakefield, humble, holy men,
" Give praises to his name with tongue and pen!
" Thelwal,

" proscribed, they are to retire to a burying-ground, to wrap
" themselves up in their great coats, and wait the approach of
" death," &c.

" Thelwal, and ye that lecture as ye go,
" And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux!

" Praise him each Jacobin, or fool, or knave,
" And your cropp'd heads in sign of worship wave!

" All creeping creatures, venomous and low,
" Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft, praise Lepaux!

" ——— and ——— with ——— join'd,
" And every other beast after his kind.

" And thou *Leviathan!* (*qq*) on ocean's brim
" Hugest of living things that sleep and swim;
" Thou in whose nose by Burke's gigantic hand
" The hook was fix'd to drag thee to the land,
" With ——, ———, and ——— (*r*) in thy train,
" And ——— wallowing in the yesty main, (*s*)
" Still as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,
" In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux!"

(*qq*) The D. of B——rd. See the political Print of LEVIATHAN, by Gilray.

(*r*) The Reader is at liberty to fill up the blanks according to his own opinion, and after the chances and changes of the times. It would be highly unfair to hand down to posterity as followers of *Leviathan*, the names of men who may, and probably will soon, grow ashamed of their leader.

(*s*) Though the *yeasty* sea
Consume and swallow navigation up. *Macbeth.*

Britain, beware; nor let the' insidious foe,
Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow.
Thy peace, thy strength, with devilish wiles assail,
And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.
True, thou art rich, art pow'rful! thro' thine Isle
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile;
Far seas are studded with thy countless sails;
What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails!
True, thou art brave! o'er all the busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand;
Thy foes behold with impotent amaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze!

But what avails to guard each outward part,
If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart,
Spite of thy courage, of thy pow'r, and wealth,
Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?

So thine own Oak, by some fair streamlet's side
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
Tow'rs from the earth, and rearing to the skies
It's conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies;
It's ample branches shield the fowls of air,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair;
The treacherous current works its noiseless way,
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay,

Prostrate

Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies, and all
That shar'd its shelter, perish in its fall.

O thou! lamented Sage! whose prescient scan
Pierced through foul Anarchy's gigantic plan,
Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose
The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes;
Thou, on whose name each distant age shall gaze,
The mighty sea-mark of these troubled days!
O large of soul, of genius unconfined,
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind!
Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd;
Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness flow'd;
Well hast thou found (if such thy Country's doom)
A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb!

As, in far realms, where Eastern kings are laid,
In pomp of death, beneath the cypress shade,
The perfum'd lamp with unextinguish'd light
Flames thro' the vault, and cheers the gloom of night;
So mighty Burke! in thy sepulchral urn,
To Fancy's view, the lamp of Truth shall burn;
Thither late times shall turn their reverent eyes,
Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise.

There *are*, to whom (*their* taste such pleasures cloy)
No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy.

Peace

Peace to their heavy heads, and callous hearts,
Peace—such as sloth, as ignorance imparts!
Pleas'd may they live to plan their Country's good,
And crop with calm content their flow'ry food!

What though thy vent'rous spirit lov'd to urge
The labouring theme to Reason's utmost verge,
Kindling and mounting from th' enraptured sight;
Still anxious wonder watch'd thy daring flight!
While vulgar minds, with mean malignant stare,
Gaz'd up, the triumph of thy fall to share;
Poor triumph! price of that extorted praise,
Which still to daring Genius Envy pays.

Oh! for thy playful smile, thy potent frown,
To' abash bold Vice, and laugh pert Folly down!
So should the Muse in Humour's happiest vein,
With verse that flow'd in metaphoric strain,
And apt allusions to the rural trade,
Tell of *what wood young* JACOBINS *are made*;
How the skill'd Gardener grafts with nicest rule
The *slip* of Coxcomb, on the *stock* of Fool;
Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,
A thing to wonder at, (*t*) perhaps a *Whig:*

Should

(*t*) *i. e.* Perhaps *a Member of the* WHIG CLUB—a Society which

Should tell, how wise each half-fledg'd pedant prates
Of weightiest matters, grave distinctions states;
That rules of policy, and public good,
In Saxon times were rightly understood;
That Kings are proper, *may be* useful things,
But then some Gentlemen object to Kings;
That in all times the Minister's to blame;
That British Liberty's an empty name,
Till each fair burgh, numerically free,
Shall choose its Members by *the Rule of Three.*

So should the Muse, with verse in thunder cloth'd,
Proclaim the crimes by God and Nature loath'd;
Which, when fell poison revels in the veins,
(That poison fell, which frantic Gallia drains
From the crude fruit of Freedom's blasted tree)
Blots the fair records of Humanity.

To feebler nations let proud France afford
Her damning choice, the chalice or the sword,
To drink or die; oh fraud! oh specious lie!
Delusive choice! for *if* they drink, they die.

The

which has presumed to monopolize to itself a title to which it never had any claim, but from the character of those who have now withdrawn themselves from it.—"*Perhaps*" signifies that *even* the WHIG CLUB *sometimes* rejects a candidate, whose PRINCIPLES *(risum teneatis)* it affects to disapprove.

The sword we dread not: of ourselves secure,
Firm were our strength, our Peace and Freedom sure,
Let all the world confederate all its pow'rs,
" Be they not back'd by those that should be ours,"
High on his rock shall BRITAIN's GENIUS stand,
Scatter the crowded hosts, and vindicate the land.

Guard we but our own hearts: with constant view
To ancient morals, ancient manners true,
True to the manlier virtues, such as nerv'd
Our fathers' breasts, and this proud Isle preserv'd
For many a rugged age: and scorn the while
Each philosophic atheist's specious guile,
The soft seductions, the refinements nice,
Of gay morality, and easy vice;
So shall we brave the storm; our 'stablish'd pow'r
Thy refuge, Europe, in some happier hour.
But, French *in heart*, tho' victory crown our brow,
Low at our feet though prostrate nations bow,
Wealth gild our cities, commerce crowd our shore,
London may shine, but England is no more.

THE END.

THE

SHADE

OF

ALEXANDER POPE

ON THE

BANKS OF THE THAMES.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

WITH NOTES.

Occasioned chiefly, but not wholly, by the residence of HENRY GRATTAN, Esq: Ex-Representative in Parliament for the City of DUBLIN, at TWICKENHAM, in November, 1798.

Voce fu per me udita,
Onorate l'altissimo Poeta!
L'Ombra sua torna.

Dante Inf.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

FIRST PRINTED IN 1799.

Αστοις και Βασιλευ-
σι διακρινειν ετυμον λογον ανθρωπων.

Pindar. Pyth. 1.

PREFACE.

THIS Poem was *chiefly* occaſioned by the peruſal of Dr. Patrick Duigenan's Anſwer to the Addreſs of Mr. Grattan to his Fellow Citizens of Dublin. (*a*) I considered the Address and the Answer with that attention, earnestness, and zeal which the importance of such a Cause, at this present hour, requires and demands; and I considered it in this manner, because whatever affects Ireland, *must* affect the existence and safety of Great Britain, and of all the dependencies, territories, and possessions annexed to the Crown. I think

(*a*) See "An Answer to the Address of HENRY GRATTAN, Ex-representative of the City of Dublin in Parliament, to his fellow Citizens of Dublin, by Patrick Duigenan, L. L. D. a Citizen of Dublin, and one of the Repreſentatives of the City of Armagh." 3d edit. with Additions. Dublin, printed for Milliken, Grafton-street, 1798. and for J. Wright, Piccadilly, London.

I think Dr. Duigenan might have adopted the very words of Cicero against Antony. That Orator requested indulgence and attention when he spoke of himself; but as to the enemy of his country, he exclaimed with confidence, "Contra illum cum dicam, faciam ut attenté audiatis.(*b*)" A more masterly, just, and irresistible piece of argument has seldom appeared; and if the eloquence suffers any abatement, it is from the admission of some expressions which might, and should, have been avoided. But a mind intent on great and national matters, urgent in their nature and allowing of no delay, cannot always attend to the minuter elegances and graces of diction.

In Dr. Duigenan's Answer, I perceive the vigour, the manlineſs, the courage, the impetuosity, the indignation, and the thunder of an orator, feeling for the wrongs of his country, and the horror of rebellion, against a Man, whose political conduct and character have ranked him among the domestic enemies of Ireland. Againſt a man, who appears to have impoſed himſelf upon his credulous country, under the pretence of brilliant talents and rhetorical exertions. Against a man who boasts that in the hour of distress, HE EXTORTED from the timid and feeble Minister of the day, and from an improvident Britiſh Parliament, such *conceſsions*, as have been since proved to be inconvenient, and sometimes in direct opposition to the essential welfare of Ireland. Against a man, who received the most extravagant and disproportioned rewards for very equivocal services, and who has now (*c*) fled to England from his own country, from that hue and cry of every loyal subject, which pursued him from the Castle, to the ſhop and to the cottage.

I have no concern with Mr. Grattan but in his public capacity, as his actions, his writings, and his speeches have

(*b*) Philipp. 2. (*c*) Nov. 1798.

have demonstrated and declared it to the world. He has signed with his own hand all the doctrines, which have been discussed, exposed, and confuted.

In Mr. Grattan's Address we find, as I think, false facts, even of the day, false history, false reasoning, false premises, and false conclusions. There is inanity of sound, and shallowness of argument. We observe the glosses of the sophist, and all the purple patches in the rhetorician's cloak. It is such a tissue of the most unfounded assertions, rebellious doctrines, and treasonable sentiments, as have discovered, and proved to the loyal subjects of Great Britain and Ireland, WHO AND WHAT MR. GRATTAN IS. But I refer to the caustic discussions of Dr. Duigenan, whose answer, I hope, will be read in this country; for it does not concern Ireland alone.

When William Wood and his associates had been confounded by the eloquence and energy of Dean Swift, (a man to whom Mr. Grattan bears not the least resemblance in the powers of his mind,) the Copper Captain of that day continued his calumnies in the newspapers. I think that Mr. Grattan has been so examined, so exposed, so probed to the quick in his political capacity by Dr. Duigenan, that his letters, full of sound and fury in the Dublin and London Newspapers, and signifying little, can be considered only as shrieks similar to those of William Wood, in similar agonies. Some of his doctrines, and public conduct, are briefly exposed in this Poem; as *such* statesmen should be held up to the public in every point of view, that we may always know who and what they are, and judge them from their own mouths. " Licet omnibus, licet etiam mihi,

" dignitatem Patriæ tueri: potestas modo veniendi in pub-
" licum sit, dicendi periculum non recuso (*d*)."

I have observed, that this Poem was occasioned chiefly, but *not wholly*, by the appearance and residence of Mr. Grattan in the village of Twit'nam on the banks of the Thames, the ancient and favourite abode of our great Poet. It is not unnatural to imagine his indignation at such vicinity. No man could have felt greater horror at the scenes of democratic France, the *papal fanatics*, and rebellious disorganizers of Ireland, and the projected, but baffled, plots of the Jacobins in Great Britain, than Mr. Pope.

To suppose indeed, that the spirits of departed Poets are acquainted with the passing scenes of this lower world, is an indulgence which has always been granted. I think no apology for the supposition can be required or expected. But if any person should be so very reasonable, and so very unpoetical as to demand it, I must consign him to the custody of the Governor of Tilbury Fort in the days of Queen Elizabeth, who declared, that no man can see what is not to be seen, or hear, what is not to be heard. (*e*) A sentence indeed of great truth, but which, I fear, would overthrow from their foundation, some of the best poetical fabrics in every language.

It has been declared of SATIRE, (*f*) that " She alone
" of all her poetical sisters is *unconquerable*, never to be
" silenced, when truly inspired and animated, as should
" seem

(*d*) Cicero, Philipp. 1.
(*e*) Mr. Sheridan's Critic, Act 2. (*f*) By Warburton.

" seem from above, for this very purpose, to oppose (the " power and influence of) dulness, (conceit, democracy " and wickedness) to her very last breath." In these days, the various objects which offer, or rather force themselves upon our notice, are very numerous, and many of them are considered in this Poem. But no subject whatsoever is introduced which has not some reference to the welfare, support, and stability of these kingdoms, and their constitutional government, in this hour of danger and experiment. There is no subject in it which the great moral and national Poet, who is *supposed* to speak, would not have thought worthy either of his casual notice, or of mature consideration, or of jocular allusion and easy pleasantry, or of his most severe and most powerful Satire. If I have read Mr. Pope's works aright, I think he would, at this hour, have adopted the patriotic words of him, who declared that a Poet was nearly and closely allied to an Orator; " Erigite animos; " retinete vestram dignitatem. Manet illa in Republicâ " bonorum consensio; dolor accessit bonis viris, virtus " non est imminuta."(g)

Upon this consideration, if Satire should exalt herself, and if her language should become bold and of ancient potency, it is unjust to attribute it to ill-nature, or to malignity. It is the deliberate, keen sensation of a mind feeling for the human nature and the human character, for the ruin, the degradation, the confusion, or the disturbance of a well-ordered state, and of that morality, and of those principles which can alone uphold it. It must then be regarded, (as a man whose thoughts were deep, and whose views were clear and comprehenfive, once expressed himself,) " Not as malice, " but

(g) Fragment Orationis in Clodium: ap. Cicer. Epist. ad Attic. L. 1. E. 16.

" but indignation and resentment against vice and wicked-
" ness. It is one of the common bonds, by which Society
" is held together; a fellow-feeling, which each individual
" has in behalf of the whole species, as well as of himself.
" And it does not appear that this, generally speaking, is at
" all *too high* among mankind." When the sustaining principles are in danger, we must look and act beyond ourselves. The connection of the well-disposed must be closer than ever; for safety is in coherence alone, and in the order of the state. It is well expressed by Plato, I think in his Timæus, when he is discoursing on the œconomy of the Universe, the arrangement, the disposition, and the consequent stability of the whole;

Διεκοσμησε, διεταξε, ΞΥΝΕΣΤΗΣΕΝ.

We should feel all selfishness of spirit subdued by the time. We should cast away the petty interests and low considerations of mere literary prudence, and the contemptible submission to half-measures. We should feel them sinking and giving way, when we acknowledge in common with every man who will reflect deeply, what a debt of gratitude we owe to our ancestors who established our Constitution; and how great the duty is of each individual to lend his support to his own country, when publicly attacked, or secretly undermined. Resistance must be bold, determined, and unshrinking, or it is ineffectual; nay, it is worse than no resistance at all. With political knowledge, well or ill understood, is now involved every thing which is valuable and worth preservation. Morality, religion, the laws, literature, our domestic safety, and individual property must perish in the common shipwreck.

In whatever we are at present engaged, THE CAUSE is just and righteous. It is a war unsought and unprovoked by

by our aggressions; a war just, justifiable, and necessary for self-defence, but extended beyond all powers of our original conception. I hope and trust we shall still be the instruments of a general preservation, and of the deliverance of Europe from the overbearing, desolating, and UNRELENTING TYRANNY OF FRANCE, by a mighty co-operation and an inflexible league. But above all, the internal peace, the quiet, the safety, the authority of the legal powers, the institutions, the manners, and the laws, within the precincts of our own Island, are the most immediate and dearest objects of all our labours, our expences, our arms, and our trophies; worthy of unremitting vigilance, and of united vigour!

Upon the general issue; upon the great united contest; upon the powers of the North, and the strength of the East; on the Isles and the Continents of Europe, and of Asia; on the shores of the Mediterranean; through the Indian and Atlantic waves; on the states of America, and the invaded deserts of Africa, the Cause ONE AND THE SAME is now to be maintained, or lost for ever. There is a voice, (it was the voice of an Imperial Poet, the friend of the Minister of his day,) which may be *now* heard with effect by every Nation, but by none with more peculiar emphasis and propriety than by Great Britain and Ireland:

Credite nunc omnes, quas dira *Britannia*, Gentes,
Quas *Ister*, quas *Rhenus* alit!
Uno tot prælia vincite Bello;
Romanum reparate decus, molemque labantis
Imperii fulcite humeris: Hic omnia Campus
Vindicat; HÆC MUNDO PACEM VICTORIA SANCIT!

November; 1798.

THE END OF THE PREFACE.

THE

SHADE of ALEXANDER POPE

ON THE

BANKS of the THAMES. (a)

"WHAT accents, murmur'd o'er this hallow'd tomb,
Break my repose, deep-sounding through the gloom?
Would mortal strains immortal spirits reach,
Or earthly wisdom truth celestial teach?
Ah! 'tis no holy calm that breathes around:
Some warning voice invites to yonder ground,
Where once with impulse bold, and manly fire,
I rous'd to notes of war my patriot lyre;

While

(a) A Satirical Poem; occasioned chiefly, but not wholly, by the residence of HENRY GRATTAN (Ex-Representative in Parliament for the City of Dublin,) at Twit'nam; November, 1798.

While Thames with every gale, or soft, or strong,
Sigh'd through my grotto, and diffus'd my song.

Whence bursts that voice indignant on my ear?
To Britain ever faithful, ever dear,
E'en *now* my long-lov'd, grateful Country's Cause,
Her fam'd pre-eminence, her state, her laws,
Can touch my temper of ethereal mould,
Free as great Dryden, and as Milton, bold.
Sadly the scene I view, how chang'd, how lost!
The statesman's refuge once, and poet's boast;
I hear the raven's hoarse funereal cry,
Since all, whom Ireland spares, to *Twit'nam* (*aa*) fly.

The polish'd Nestor of the classic shore,
Mendip, (*b*) *my* green domain can guard no more;
E'en Cambridge (*c*) droops, who once with tuneful tongue
The gifts of science, and her wand'rings sung;
With

(*aa*) Mr. Pope generally spelt the word in this manner.

(*b*) The Right Hon. Welbore Ellis, Baron Mendip, the present possessor of Mr. Pope's villa at Twit'nam.

(*c*) Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. a distinguished veteran in

With Him, whom Themis and the Muses court,
The learned Warden of his little Fort. (*d*)

For their best task *my* Sylphs are all unfit,
While more than Gnomes along the meadows flit:
No more my fabled phantoms haunt the plains,
Where Moloch *now*, in right of Umbriel, reigns;
His bands from their Hibernian Tophet pass,
And clash the cymbal's visionary brass,
Or round my groves, sublime on murky wing,
Spells of revolt and revolution fling;
And as they glide, unhallow'd vapours shed
On that false Fugitive's inglorious head.

Whence, and what art thou, GRATTAN? has the shock,
And terror low'ring o'er the sable rock,
Hurl'd

in literature and the polite arts. His poem entitled "*The Scribleriad*" is a work of great fancy, just composition, and poetical elegance; but above all, of mature judgment conspicuous throughout. It should be read as well for instruction, as amusement; and the preface is entitled to much attention.

(*d*) George Harlinge, Esq. a man of genius, learning, and eloquence,

Hurl'd thee astounded with tumultuous fears,
From Ireland's mutter'd curse, from Ireland's tears?
For thee no vistos ope, no friendly glade,
No Muse invites thee to *my* sacred shade;
No airs of peace from heav'n thy presence greet;
Blasts from Avernus, in respondence meet,
Hoarse through the leafless branches howl around,
And birds of night return the' obscener sound.

From thee, whate'er thy fame, I spurn all praise;
My lyre ne'er answer'd to Rebellion's lays:
With other lore my purer groves resound,
With other wreaths these temples once were bound;
Nor shall my green sepulchral laurel stand
By Gallic mercy, and a Marian hand.

Hence, and thy baffled Gallic jargon try
On coward slaves, in abject tyranny:

Know

eloquence, M. P. one of the Welsh Judges. He is the present possessor of the villa, called "*Ragman's Castle*" at Twit'nam, by the banks of the Thames. (Nov: 1798.)

Know, thy *twice-conquer'd* (*d*) Britons still advance;
No chains from Pitt they fear, nor humbled France;
From their best source each mingled blessing draw,
Content with freedom, property, and law;
Secure they own their monarch's rightful rod,
His friend, the people; his Creator, GOD. (*e*)

Hear then *thy* doctrines, and *thy* patriot love:
"Kings are but satellites; (*ee*) the people, Jove;
Priestcraft's

(*d*) "The English have been conquered, *first*, by the Minister, and *afterwards*, by the French." Henry Grattan's Address to his Fellow-Citizens of Dublin. p. 37.

(*e*) "In the people it would *only* be rebellion against *their creature*, the King; in the other (i. e. in the King) it would be rebellion against *his Creator*, the People." Grattan. p. 12. Such is the unblushing doctrine of a Rhetorician. Cicero says to Lucceius, *Epistola non erubescit*; and Mr. G. (if he has read Cicero) believes the doctrine.

(*ee*) "Kings are but satellites; and *your freedom* is the luminary which has *called them to the skies*." Grattan. p. 40. It would perplex any understanding, to explain the meaning of these words; or to tell, (if art could tell) *how* the *satellites* of a metaphorical planet are *called to the skies* by *a Luminary?* I have in charity given the Satellites a primary planet, which Mr. G. forgot in the fervor of his political astronomy. But after all, I suppose, it is only a beautiful rhetorical expression alluding to the murder of Louis the Sixteenth, or the modern democratic mode of "*calling Kings to the skies.*"

" Priestcraft's a falling cause, (*f*) from folly sprung,
" When Saturn reign'd, or when the Pope was young;
" Religion boasts no more a royal rule, (*g*)
" Or great Mathèsis an imperial school.
" Self-legislation (*gg*) to the mob restore; (*h*)
" This is Reform; corruption is no more:

" *Reason*

(*f*) " Priestcraft is a falling cause, and a superannuated " folly." Grattan. p. 22.—If Priest*craft* means the juggling or deceit of Priests, I hope it is falling, and will fall for ever. But I think, no man of sober enquiry and of a cultivated understanding, who admits the truth of Christianity, can ever apply with sense, honesty, or justice, the term Priestcraft, to such an *Establishment* of it, as the Church of England, dependent, as it is, on the general law of the land for its support, rights, and constitution. I am here speaking only of the modes of religious worship as they affect civil society, between which there is an important relation, and a close connection. Mr. Grattan's " popular and energetic *Romanists*," could tell him what *Priestcraft* is.

(*g*) " We know of no royal rule for religion or mathematics." *Grattan.* p. 21. I only notice this, to mark the folly of the rhetorician in it's application.

(*gg*) One peculiar feature of Mr. Grattan's inconsistency (now a favourite term) is this: In his Address to the Citizens of Dublin, he recommends and enforces self-legislation, absolute and unqualified, to Ireland; and in his speech on Mr. Fox's motion in the British House of Commons, he asserted and maintained the propriety (and consequently the legality) of Appeals from the Parliament of Ireland to the British House of Commons.

" *Reason* commands; go, fix *her* limit strong,
" Monarchs are bound, but councils never wrong.

" What

(*h*) " What method (says Mr. Grattan,) remains to limit the monarchy of these kingdoms, Great Britain and Ireland, (it has now no limits) but by reforming Parliament (i. e. the House of Commons)? What method to *prevent* a Revolution, but a Reformation?" (i. e. of the H. of C.) What is the Reformation of Parliament? (i. e. of the H. of C.) but *the restoration* TO THE PEOPLE of *self-legislation?*—Without which there is no liberty, as without Reform, no self-legislation. *So* WE REASONED!!!" Grattan, p. 40. In a preceding part of his Address, Mr. Grattan says, " It is the object of the Reform, that Parliament (i. e. the H. of C.) should continue *in contact* with the people always, and with the Minister never, except the people should be *in contact* with him." Grattan, p. 28. The beautiful ambiguity, equivocation, or rather the absolute nonsense, of the word *contact* suits such an understanding as that of the Ex-Representative of the City of Dublin. " Tantamne rem tam negligenter, tam indiserte, tam impudenter?" Perhaps Mr. Grattan may be of the same opinion with a seditious scribbler, one M'Cormick, concerning the many headed monster, THE IRISH DRAGON, " whose teeth (as " M'Cormick tells us) are sown, and must *ere long* spring up " in *hosts of armed Patriots*, not with frantic rage to point their " spears at each others breasts, but *to fertilize the soil* and " renovate the proverbial *verdure* of their Country, BY THE " BLOOD of it's cruel oppressors."†—N. B. In the rural œconomics of Democracy, *Blood* is always the manure.

† See a large pamphlet in 4to. published in 1798, which M'Cormick calls, " The Life of Burke," p. 231.

" What *Rights*, by thee proclaim'd, are equal (*i*) shewn?
" Hussey's (*k*) to freedom, BRUNSWICK'S to the crown.
" Britain no commerce spreads from pole to pole,
" Oppress'd, without an empire to console; (*l*)
" For her no ports expand beneath the line,
" No friendly flags in Arctic splendours join;
" Since Ocean's self republican (*m*) is grown,
" She holds, like Delos, but a floating throne.

" No

(*i*) " The Catholics have, in truth and reason, *as good* " *a right to Liberty as* his Majesty has TO THE CROWN!" Grattan, p. 21. Such is the sport of a rhetorician with the term *Liberty*.

(*k*) Hussey, the Roman-Catholic, democratic, and seditious, titular Bishop of Waterford. See his *Pastoral* Letter, &c. &c.

> *Pastorale* canit signum! cornuque recurvo
> Tartaream intendit vocem.

(*l*) " The project—to put France at the head of Europe, instead of Great Britain, while her people *crouch* under a weight of debt and taxes, *without an Empire to console*, or a constitution *to cover* them." Grattan. ib. 38.

(*m*) " We saw that these Islands, Great Britain and Ireland, were now two kingdoms in A REPUBLICAN OCEAN." &c. Grattan, p. 39.

" No wisdom in finance, no patriot scheme,

" No modern care in borrowing to redeem,(*n*) So

" No Constitution *for a cover* (*o*) left,

" Of

(*n*) If Mr. Pitt's principle of *Redemption* in all loans had been originally adopted at the Commencement of the Funding System, the national debt would have been but small even at this period.

(*o*) See above; Note (*l*)—I would here briefly consider Mr. Grattan's pretensions to credit, as a Writer and an Orator, from his own expressions. If indeed putting down sentence after sentence in succession, however unconnected, confers on a man the character of a Writer, Mr. Grattan has a claim to that honour. If a torrent of " wild and whirling words" uttered vehemently and ungracefully, and of metaphors jostling and supplanting each other, and wondering at their union in the same sentence, constitute an Orator; who shall refuse that title to the Ex-Representative of the City of Dublin? His Address is printed throughout with dashes (———) at the end, and frequently in the middle, of almoſt every sentence in it, for stage effect, as I suppose. If these dashes do not beget an awful attention, (like Mr. Sheridan's (*a*) *Morning-Gun*,) they certainly create surprise. But even the Shakespeare Commentators would tell him, in their little way, that such tricks are but " Laquei Ridiculosi, (*b*) or Springs for Woodcocks," which can only take effect in " The Isle of Gulls."(*d*)

Mr. Grattan first tells his Fellow Citizens, that " they are kind and gracious *Masters*;" such he has found them. He

 also

(*a*) Critic, Act 2.

(*b*) A Collection of (Irish) Epigrams, &c. so called; printed in 1616.

(*d*) Name of a Comedy in 1606.

" Of rights, of liberty, of laws bereft.

" State-

also acquaints them, that " They have found in Him *an unprofitable* Servant;" (*e*) and they agree to the doctrine without demurring. I know not from what part of his Address to begin a selection of *fine* writing; or to produce instances of what Thomas Aquinas and " the energetic, but not popular Romanist" Schoolmen, term " the grace of congruity."

" Attend! the curtain wide the Muse shall draw,
Nor shade from light, nor cover *Him* from Law."

In the discussion of an important subject Mr. Grattan first describes THE STATE, as " a furious Wrestler;" then suddenly it becomes " an angry Father," and " an old fool;" and then, in the very same sentence, by a rapid transition from an attempt at sense to mere sound, we are informed, *how* Mr. G. " saw the Minister retreating from the enemy with " as rapid a step as he advanced upon the people, going *back*, " *and back*, *and back*, while the democratic principle was going " *on*, *and on*, *and on*, like *a mist* at the heels of a countryman," &c. Then follows a beautiful description of the properties of *a Mist*, which nobody understands better than the Ex-Representative. He then tells his Fellow-Citizens, with the best and most peaceable intentions, and all in the same sentence, that " A *naked* man oppressed by the State is an *armed* Post;"—that " A few *decent* Bishops sent to the Tower against " Law, *produced* (*g*) *the Revolution*:"—that " Mr. Hampden, " and *four* other *innocent* persons arraigned for High Treason,

" *produced*

(*e*) Grattan, p. ii.

(*g*) A *Production* of which Mr. G. seems to be particularly fond.

" State-quacks still hold thy prophylactics good,

To

" *produced* the Civil (*h*) War:"—that *Grey-coated* men, and *green* men (in certain circumstances,) " have their political conse-" quence." And then, in the true style of a modern animal-magnetizing Quack, he gravely assures them, that, " *Sensible* " acts of violence operate *by sympathy*;"—that " They *possess* " the air, as it were, by certain *tender influences*, and spread the " kindred (I wonder he did not also add, *the tender*) *passion* " through *the whole* of the Community." (*i*)

But if the reader wishes to observe the eye of this Rhetorician and Sophist rolling in his finest metaphorical phrenzy, and with more than poetical boldness, let him hear the following sentence, and perpend. Mr Grattan says: " In the Ame-" rican contest we saw, that REFORM, which had been *born* " in England and *banished* to America, (*k*) advanced *like the* " *Shepherd Lad in Holy Writ*, and overthrew Goliath. *He* " (that is, the *Shepherd Lad David*,) " returned *riding on the* " *waves of the Atlantic*, and his Spirit moved upon *the waters* " *of Europe*." Yet attend: " The royal Ship of France went " down—the British man of war labours—Your vessel is affected.

 Throw

(*k*) Another favourite *production* of Mr. Grattan's.

(*i*) Grattan. p. 19.

(*k*) Throughout the whole of Mr. Grattan's Address, by the word or image, of REFORM, he always means, " A Reform in " the House of Commons." How this Reform " was *born* in England and *banished* to America," remains for the Ex-Representative to explain to Country-Gentlemen, and reconcile it to common sense. But the transitions of meaning in a Rhetorician's words are frequent, and always suited to the moment. " REFORM (of the H. of C.) says Mr. G. is the principle of " attraction, *round which* the King and People would *spin on* " quietly and *insensibly* in *regular movements*." &c. &c. Grattan p. 40.—How pretty! *Trossulus exultet*.

" To starve the spirit, (*p*) they remove the food."
Divine

" Throw your people overboard, say your Ministers, and " *ballast* with your abuses.—Throw your abuses overboard, " we said, and ballast with your People." This is certainly tne prime eloquence of the Quarter-Deck. It is however but a specimen; for I could proceed in this manner, from page to page.

The more I consider Mr. G. as a writer, an orator, a scholar, or in his *pretensions* to be a man of sense, the more I discover in his Address talents without cultivation, knowledge without discernment, and history without truth. The whole as a Composition, with all its " mob of Metaphors, unlike " Similes, and ill-paired Figures," is beſt described in Mr. Popes's lines.

" All these the Rhetor, like Bœotia's Queen,
Beholds through frogs that magnify the scene;
He, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause his wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with his own fools colours gilds them all."(*q*)

Such is the ADDRESS, parts of which would disgrace the exercise of a school-boy, delivered and published *for the use of* A GREAT NATION, by a Rhetorician who received FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS, as a national reward for his *eloquence*, abilities, and exertions, voted by a *most discerning* Parliament, in an hour of epidemic zeal, or phrenzy. The Address pretends to be the production of an Orator, a Statesman, and a Scholar, in a day of the most instant peril, and of general national distress, never before experienced or conceived;—by A PATRIOT, retiring from the scene of public affairs, to give publiq

(*q*) Dunciad, B. 1.

Divine Machaon! should thy views extend,
Baker (*q*) must bow, and learned Milman (*r*) bend.

Hence then, and trace the Rhine's polluted flood,
The ruffian plunder, and the price of blood:
Mark the mild guardians of the Gallic land!
Justice, the lion's portion in her hand;
Mercy, in tears o'er fallen sparrows shed,
Beneath her feet the murder'd Monarch's head;
Philanthropy

public counsel, and infuse wisdom, good sense, knowledge, discretion, and the motives *to action* in his Fellow-Citizens, when the fleets and armies of the Directory of France were hovering on the Coast of Ireland, fraught with desolation, rebellion, revolution, and misery beyond all calculation. Such is the patriotism, such is the discernment, such is the rhetoric, of HENRY GRATTAN, Ex-representative of the City of Dublin!!! (1798.)

(*p*) "It appeared to *us*, that the *best* way of starving that spirit, was *to remove the food*." Grattan. p. 16.

(*q*) Sir George Baker, Bart. Physician to the King, of high professional character and learned accomplishments.

(*r*) Francis Milman, M. D. a Physician in London, of great skill and eminence, and extensive practice; a gentleman of classical erudition, polite manners, and of a well-cultivated understanding.

Philanthropy, that fain would fold the globe
With arms fraternal, in a tyrant's robe!
See Directorial Chanceries elate
Stamp their diplomas for each neutral State;
Licenciate Kings in humbled order stand,
Till Rewbell nods, to sweep them from the land.

With horror *now* my purer fancy paints
Ierne's clans, and democratic saints; (*t*)
Relics and rags on Gallic standards fly,
And the *green* rabble of the papal sky. (*tt*)
Oh, if Helvetia yet thy soul alarms,
Who mourns her late resolve, and tardy arms;
Pause o'er the fragments of that vengeful storm,
Lo, Rocks, and Ruins, *Rhetors*, and Reform!
Then if one honest pang should rend thy breast,
Look *homeward*—and let Conscience tell the rest.

Hence

(*t*) "The popular and energetic Romanists, the United Irishmen." Grattan.

(*tt*) See at large Dr. Duigenan's masterly and irrefragable arguments on the subject of the Roman Catholic religion and principles, in his answer to Mr. Grattan's Address. P. 41 to 45. and p. 123 to 141.

Hence to the field with Treason's victim's strewn;
Reap the dread harvest which *thy* hand has sown:
The robe Prætorian, (*u*) and the learned gown,
The' insulted Senate, and the loyal town,
(Each smuggled honour from thy temples torn,)
Brand thee alike with epidemic scorn.
Now loyal flames extend from sire to son;
CORNWALLIS (*w*) shall compleat, what CLARE begun;
The storm, by awful justice taught to roll,
With Patrick's (*x*) lightning shoot through Grattan's soul;

One

(*u*) The freedom of the City of Dublin, &c. &c. &c. has been taken from Mr. Grattan by the vote of the Citizens, Freemen, &c. and his picture removed from the College.

(*w*) MARQUIS CORNWALLIS, Lieutenant Governor, &c. &c. of Ireland, 1798. I cannot better characterize this great and good man, when the tenor of his virtuous and honourable life, and of his public conduct military and civil, taken upon the whole, is impartially considered, than in the following lines:

"Non qui præcipiti traheret simul omnia casu;
Sed qui maturo vel læta, vel aspera, rerum
Consilio momenta regens, nec tristibus impar,
Nec pro successu nimius, *spatiumque morandi*,
Vincendique modum mutatis nosset habenis."

One heart, one hand unite each sister realm,
Direct the force, and guide ONE COMMON HELM. 129
Hence, nor presume with hateful steps to rove
By Twitnam's shore, or Windsor's royal grove.

Go rather, and thy wayward measures fill,
" Where *the young Wantons* sport on Anna's hill;"(z)
Blue-bells and red-caps on each bush shall blow,
While Erſkine prattles, and while Seine shall flow.
See there the midnight solemn tapers shine,
(So Gilray's (a) patriot pencil rais'd the Shrine;)
While

(x) See the Answer of Dr. Patrick Duigenan to Mr. Grattan's Address.—I refer to what is said in the preface to this poem.

(z) " Or where ye, Muses, sport on Cooper's Hill;
On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, and while Thames shall flow."
Pope's Windsor Forest.

N. B. St. Anne's Hill is the seat of the Hon. Charles James Fox.

(a) James Gilray; the political Hogarth of the present day. His pencil has been, and continues to be, of essential service in the public cause of Great Britain and Ireland. In some of the higher efforts of his genius, such as, " The Sun of the Constitution,—The Homage of Leviathan—The Shrine at St. Anne's

While choral Dæmons, from the gulph beneath,
Marseilles' dire notes in hoarser accents breathe,
Tartarian anthems! mix'd with sullen moans
Of bleeding martyrs, and rebellious groans.
Mark well the couch, whence Charles from slumber starts
At heads, which Treason join'd, and Justice parts;
Blood-bolter'd Hamilton (*b*) for vengeance calls,
Vengeance re-echoes from the Castle walls.
Then view the scene, where Charles with senates tir'd
Stung by contempt, with Gallic phrenzy fir'd,
Shunn'd by the Nobles, by the Commons spurn'd,
While with infuriate thought his bosom burn'd,
In treason-taverns bold, address'd the ring,
Bow'd to *his Sovereign*, (*c*) and forgot his King.

But

Anne's Hill," and others which might be named, it is justice to say, that the design, skill, execution, and intention deserve the highest praise. *Multæ Veneris, cum pondere et arte.*

(*b*) The Rev. and unfortunate Dr. Hamilton, one of the first victims of the Irish Rebellion.

(*c*) Le Peuple Souverain! as the French Jacobin tyrants term it, and, "The Sovereignty of the People," as the English Jacobins echo it. I am astonished that such nonsensical democratic babble can be endured any longer, even at a tavern from Mr. Barrister Erskine.

But soft; prepare the' unwelcome truth to hear;
That Botanist (*cc*) may whisper in your ear,
Few plants will bear the test of English ground,
It proves the *race* (*d*) corrupt, the root unsound;
And GRATTAN, mark'd for ever, shall retain
Hibernian forehead, and Hibernian brain.

Time was, when Statesmen, high in fame and place,
With proud distinction *my* retreat would grace;
Would court my friendship, soothe my aching head,
By study soften'd, and, "with books well-bred;"
Fond to unbend, they sought familiar ease;
I never flatter'd, yet could always please.
Then oft with Ministers would GENIUS walk:
Oxford and St. John lov'd with Swift to talk;
Dorset with Prior, and with Queensb'ry, Gay,
And Hallifax with Congreve charm'd the day;
The Muse her Addison to Somers join'd,
The noblest Statesman to the purest (*e*) mind.

But

(*cc*) Mr. Fox, the Linnæus of St. Anne's Hill.

(*d*) i. e. The *flavour* of the soil; the word *race* is applied by Sir W. Temple to the *natural force* of the intellect. See Temple's Essay on Gardens.

But in these dark, forlorn, distracted days,
Though D'Arcy smil'd, and foster'd Mason's lays,
Few friends are found for poetry and wit,
From North well-natur'd to imperial Pitt.
Yet when his Country's deep-felt interest calls,
Himself shall plant the standard on the walls;
Duty (*ee*) shall urge, what talents vainly claim
By native lustre, and untitled name.

But oh, what scenes, what varied wonders press,
What visionary forms my fancy bless!

Now

(*e*) Mr. Pope is here supposed to speak of Mr. Addison without remembrance of their jealousies and disagreements; and as Mr. Addison deserved of mankind.

"Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their *human passions* now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb."

Gray.

(*ee*) From some late attentions, which have done the Minister honour, and even from the dedication of Mr. Maurice's Second Volume of the History of Hindostan to Mr. Pitt, I am inclined to express the wish of the Poet;

Hinc priscæ redeant artes; felicibus inde
Ingeniis pandatur iter; deapectaque Musæ
Colla levent!

Now fears deject, now blessings round me smile,
The follies, and the glories of the Isle.

Supplies are prompt for Pitt's directing hand;
Pactolus rolls through all the wealthy land;
May PITT with Tully's speech his wisdom hold,
He never said, *Œconomy is cold* (*f*)
No, 'tis the life-blood, feeding all the state,
The source of all that's safe, and all that's great:
Hence palaces for Bankrupt-Bankers rise, (*ff*)
And Monarchs wonder with enquiring eyes.

A voice exclaims, in dread financial search,
"*Commute the Tythes*," and, lo, a falling Church!

On

(*f*) An expression of Mr. Pitt's in the H. of C. in November, 1798, but imprudent, however qualified. "Magnum Vectigal est Parsimonia," were the words of Cicero. The want of œconomy, (I know what I advance) is the *chief* and prominent defect of Mr. Pitt's administration. With what ease might it be remedied!

But in the great and master principles of government, by which *alone* the constitution of these kingdoms, and of all civilized society in Europe can be maintained, I am ready, with every loyal and reflecting subject, to declare and to style Mr. Pitt, the

EVERSO JUVENIS NATUS SUCCURRERE SÆCLO!

(*ff*) Some abuses of this kind should be looked into: what is granted liberally, should be expended wisely.

On sabbath's violated (*g*) eve I see
The' unhallow'd combat, by the murderer's tree:
Reflect, State-Suicides, while Empires nod,
None serve their country who forget their God.

By Scott unaw'd, behold Ambrosio (*h*) stand;
And Lewis braves the justice of the land:
Avonius sneaks, his daily progress known,
A rustic hermit peering o'er the town;
Carlisle is lost with Gillies in surprize,
As Lysias (*i*) charms soft Jersey's classic eyes:
Knight (*k*) half recants; the luscious Darwin sings;
The Baby (*l*) Rhymer flaps his flimsy wings;
While,

(*g*) Excidat illa dies ævo, ne postera credant
Sæcula! nos certé taceamus.—

(*h*) Ambrosio, or The Monk, a Romance, by M. Lewis, Esq. M. P.—See the Remarks upon it in the Preface to the the Fourth Dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature.

(*i*) An Athenian Orator, whose works attracted Lady Jersey's attention through the medium of Dr. Gillies's translation. The Oration on Eratosthenes is rather singular.

(*k*) See his Preface to the Second Volume of the Ionian Antiquities published by the Dilettanti Society.

(*l*) Edward Jerningham, Esq. of whom Mr. Gifford thus sings in the Baviad;

"See sniveling Jerningham at fifty weep
O'er love-lorn oxen, and deserted sheep."

While He, whose lightest works might soothe the land,
Like the dull ostrich drops them in the sand.

Through air, fire, earth, how unconfin'd we range!
What veil has Nature now? what works are strange?
All mark each varied mode of heat and light,
From the spare Rumford to the pallid Knight;
Though Watson's aid in vain his Chemia calls,
The modest (*m*) Hatchett no fatigue appalls:
The Elements contract; the water (*n*) flies;
Balloons ascend, gas quickens, spirit dies.
Trace all the *rural* whims, that sprout and spread
In branches intricate through Sinclair's head,
Who ships, in ploughs, in oxen, Tritons sees,
The waves, in furrows, and in masts, the trees. (*o*)

Behold

(*m*) Charles Hatchett, Esq. F.R.S. a gentleman of ingenuity, and of liberal, intense application to the study of Chemistry. The R. S. presented him with their medal for his chemical researches in 1798. Much may be expected from the ability and patient labours of this gentleman.

(*n*) Alluding to the experiments of the learned and very ingenious Mr. Cavendish on Water, and it's constituent principles.

(*o*) In allusion to Sir John Sinclair's *novel* ideas on marine subjects, delivered in the House of Commons some time in Nov. 1798.

Behold from Brobdignag that wondrous Fleet,
With Stanhope's (*t*) keels of thrice three hundred feet!
Be ships, or politics, great Earl, thy theme,
Oh, first prepare the navigable stream.

The healing Art, to maxims seldom true,
Changes with ease old fancies for the new:
See Jenner (*q*) there, the laurel (*r*) on his brow,
Leads up Sabrina's Commutation-Cow! (*s*)

While,

(*t*) The present Earl Stanhope is one of the first experimental Naval projectors in England. He will possibly recollect the proposition he made to an eminent Ship-builder.

(*q*) I allude to the present important controversy in the medical world. See the Inquiries by the Doctors Jenner and Pearson, "into the causes and effects of the Variolæ Vaccinæ, or *Cow*-Pox, principally with a view to supersede and extinguish the Small Pox." London, 1798.—The evidence appears as yet to be wholly negative; but it is not my intention to examine all the cases and writings, "*Vaccinus* quæcumque recepit *Apollo*." Dr. Pearson's Treatise is inscribed to Sir George Baker, Bart. which entitles the subject to the consideration of the Faculty. (Nov. 1798.)

(*r*) This appears from the sublime and poetical words of the ingenious Dr. Pearson; "I would not pluck a sprig of *laurel* from THE WREATH *which decorates the brow* of Dr. JENNER!" Enquiry on the Cow-Pox, p. 3. But still—Et *Vitulâ* tu dignus et Hic.

While Home sheds brazen tears, and Earle (*t*) complains,
Pasiphäe (*u*) smiles at Syphilitic stains.

Mark now, where bold, with fronts metallic shine
William and *Mary*, (*x*) on one common coin :
Full

(*s*) Dr. Jenner is a Physician in *Gloucestershire*, and I very naturally suppose that *Sabrina*, the tutelar nymph of the Severn, pointed out to him the fair object of his discovery.

(*t*) Everard Home and James Earle, Esqrs. two Surgeons of eminence in London.

(*u*) Hic crudelis amor Tauri, *suppoſtaque* furto
Pasiphäe, mixtumque genus. *Æn.* 6.

It is impoſſible to say, how far the *Commutation Syſtem* may be carried in this country. It first began with a little *Tea*, which the celebrated Doctor William Pitt, (a Practitioner of great and extensive reputation, who settled in London about the year 1784, and still continues to give advice to the public in Downing-Street,) recommended to his Patients, as a cheap medicine in lieu of *light*, *air*, and some other non-naturals. The physicians are now beginning to pay their addresses to the Cow; and the Clergy are afraid that some State-Doctors may offer the same gallant attention to the calves, pigs, and lambs, merely by way of *change*. But if the medical commutation-act is to extend to *other* diseases, I fear that it will be easier for Sir George Baker, Bart. to appease the classical Manes of Fracastorius, than to console some of the medical profession on the extinction of the Nymph Syphilis. (Nov. 1798.) (*)

(*) I hope this pleasantry of the Poet on the Cow-Pox, is not well-founded; for the discovery appears to be of high importance. Publisher.

Full freedom to the genial bed restore,

And

(*x*) WILLIAM GODWIN and MARY WOOLSTONCRAFT GODWIN.—I refer the reader to the Notes in the third and fourth Dialogues of the Pursuits of Literature, for the exposition and exposure of Philosopher *William*. At present it is curious to compare the *living* works of Mr. Godwin, with the posthumous writings of the frail fair one; and above all with *the Philosopher's* unblushing account of his own Wife's † amours, life, and conduct. "Ego te ceventem, Sexte, verebor?" Mr. Godwin has fully explained and exemplified what he calls "the most odious of monopolies," Marriage; and has published all his philosophical transactions with *Mary*, previous to his *monopolizing* her. When Mrs. Bellamy's and Mrs. Baddeley's Memoirs were printed, we knew what we were to expect; but when a philosopher, a reformer of states, a guide in *fine* writing, belles lettres, morality, and legislation, like Mr. Godwin, publishes *such* Memoirs of *his own Wife*, what must we say?

"*Sic liceat tumulo scripsisse*, CATONIS
"MARCIA?"

I have been informed, that previous to the important, or as he thinks, unimportant nuptial *contract*, Philosopher Godwin consulted a descendant of Trouillogan in Rabelais, who states in two chapters, (*a*) "How the Philosopher Trouillogan *handled* "*the difficulty of marriage*; together with the answers of that "great Ephectic and Pyrrhonian Philosopher on that subject." A very short specimen of the doubtful doubts, as *handled* by Panurge and that great man, may not be unpleasant or inapplicable.

"Panurge.

† See "Memoirs of Mary Woolstoncraft Godwin, by William Godwin.

(*a*) Rabelais, Book 3, Ch. 35. and 36.

And prove whate'er Vanini (y) prov'd before.

Fierce

" Panurge.—Should I marry?
Philosopher Trouillogan.—There is some likelihood.
Panurge.—But if I do not marry?
Philosopher.—*I see in that no inconveniency:*
Panurge.—You do not?
Philosopher.—None truly; *if* my eyes deceive me not.
Panurge.—Yea; but I reckon *more than five hundred inconveniences.*
Philosopher.—Reckon them, &c. &c.

Panurge then complies with the Philosopher's demand, and enumerates some of the *five hundred* inconveniences of not being married, with intermediate remarks and suggestions by Philosopher Trouillogan, after which the Dialogue proceeds thus:

" Panurge.—Well then; *if* I marry, I shall be a Cuckold.
Philosopher.—*One would say so.*
Panurge.—But are *you* married, Philosopher Trouillogan, or are you not?
Philosopher.—Neither the one, nor the other; and yet *both together.*" &c. &c. &c.

At the conclusion of this Nuptial Dialogue, in which Panurge with all the keenness of his dialectics pushed the Philosopher home, and probed him to the quick, the great Gargantua, who had heard the whole disputation most patiently from the beginning to the end, non sine stupore, suddenly rose and exclaimed, "Praised be heaven! but above all for bringing the world to *that height of refinedness*, beyond what it was, when I was first acquainted with it; that now the most learned and prudent philosophers are *not ashamed* to be seen entering the porches of the schools of the Pyrrhonian, Aporrhetic, Sceptic, and Ephectic Sects! It will be henceforth found an easier enterprize

Fierce passion's slave, she veer'd with every gust,

Love,

prize to take lions by the necks, oxen by the horns, or goats by the beard, than to entrap *such* philosophers in their words!" By which it appears, that the great Gargantua made no allusion, by anticipation, to Philosopher Godwin, who certainly may be *entrapped* with great ease *in his words*, at least in such as he has thought proper to print. But as Panurge said, "Parlons sans disjunctives."

It is however certain, that many parts of this Dialogue must have administered great comfort to Mr. Godwin. But before I can persuade the reader to peruse the Memoirs of *Mary* by her own husband, and all Mary's own posthumous writings revised, and perhaps a little *improved*, by *Mary's* husband, on justice, marriage, rights, wrongs, and so on, to the end of the chapters by "*He and She*", the gentleman and the lady, the *two parties* in the contract; the philosopher and philosophess, the citizen and the citizette, recourse must be had to abler arguments than any which I can produce. I must request him to study the chapter in which it is shewn, "*How* Pantagruel per-"suaded Panurge to take counsel of a fool." Perhaps the Philosopher may here say with Panurge, "Je mettray *mes lunettes* "a cette oreille gauche, pour vous ouir plus clair.

I still think, that these memoirs and posthumous works of Mary Woolstoncraft Godwin should be earnestly recommended to every father and mother, to every guardian and every mistress of a boarding school throughout the kingdoms of Great Britain, as "A convenient Manual of speculative debauchery, with the most select arguments for reducing it into practice;" for the amusement, initiation, and instruction of young ladies from sixteen to twenty-five† years of age, who wish to figure in

 life,

† Doctors Commons extend the term.

Love, Rights, and Wrongs, Philosophy, and Lust: But

life, and afterwards in Doctors Commons and the King's Bench; or ultimately in the notorious receptacles of *patrician* prostitution. This is the end of the new school, certain, inevitable, irreversible.

The force of ridicule indeed on this subject can hardly be exhausted upon *the manner* in which these philosophers treat it seriously. The words of Shakspeare press upon the mind;

> "I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
> But that *their folly* drowns it."

Yet still the consequences are so fatal, and so extensive in their iniquity, that we must also strive to repress them by reasoning, and by every method which learning and reflection can supply or suggest. It is one nefarious system of philosophic *foolery*, which some persons suffer themselves to play with too long, till by flowery language, or rather by ridiculous terms, they are at last betrayed into a forgetfulness of original sound principles, and of sober sense. They read, till they persuade themselves, that they can see "the *tear* of affection (like Mr. Godwin's) "*chrystallized* by the power of *genius*, and converted *into a per-* "*manent literary brilliant*"!!! (*) But by this nonsense, by this *foolery*, by this substitution of words, aided by the general corruption of morals throughout Europe, the great revolutionary terrors have been brought into action.

Surely parents and guardians should, with the most affectionate earnestness, for the sake of their country, of themselves, of their

(*) In *such* language has public criticism been delivered to the world in the Monthly Review, on Mr. Godwin's Memoirs of his Wife.

But some more wise, in metaphysic air,

Weigh

their dearest hopes, and of every institution divine or human, warn and caution young female readers against such writings as Mrs. Woolstoncraft Godwin's; if they perceive an inclination in them to peruse her works. I hate literary prohibitions in such a case, which are generally ineffectual; but gentle admonition will always have some force on young minds and ingenuous tempers. It is a just and proper compliment to observe, that "if you speak to women in a style and manner "proper to approach them, they never fail to improve by "Counsel. (*)" Their instructors therefore should inform them, that such opinions and doctrines are founded upon the contempt and rejection of that system, which has *alone* given comfort and dignity to women in the social state, and placed them in honour, confidence, and security.

The Christian code speaks to them of no species of subjection to men, as to masters; but it teaches them to look for support, for affection, and for comfort from men, as fathers, brothers, and husbands. Is it any wonder, that the Creator should best understand the specific distinctions, and relations of his creatures? Whatever is consistent with the delicacy of their frame, the care of their minds, the cultivation of their talents, and the superintendence of their family and children, is offered and enjoyed freely and fully by women in this Christian kingdom. These philosophers, of either sex, first make marriage the object of their most peculiar ridicule, and then refine it into prostitution.

What can women expect to learn from such writings? To approach them, is to tread, perhaps without design and generally with original rectitude, in the vestibule of the Corinthian

(*) Tatler No. 139.

Weigh the man's wits (z) against the Lady's hair. (a)

Mark,

temple of seduction and adultery. To no other altars can they be conducted by such a priestess as Mrs. Woolstoncraft Godwin. But they should be reminded, that in the gloomy background they may plainly discern the cavern of suicide.

It is unpleasant to criticize, even in the gentlest manner, the works of the female pen. We have ladies of ingenuity, learning, and of every varied excellence; I would name Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Hannah More, in the most eminent sense. The genius of the authoress of the Elegy on Captain Cook, the poetry of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, and the sombrous fancy and high-wrought imagery of Mrs. Radcliffe, cannot be mentioned without admiration. But when female writers *forget the character* and delicacy of their sex; when they take the trumpet of democracy, and let loose the spirit of gross licentiousness, moral and political, in contempt of those laws, which are their best shield, and of that religion, which has invariably befriended and protected them; the duty which is owing to the defence of our country, and of all female virtue, comfort, and happiness, calls for strong animadversion on their writings and actions. When their softness is laid aside, when they appear as the *Minervas* (*) of the modern illuminated systems, and the Bellonas (†) of France; in such cases men must be excused, if they would avoid destruction even from *their* writings.

Young female readers often find in Mrs. Godwin's treatises a lively

(*) Baruel Memoirs of Jacobinism, Vol. 3.

(†) Αι τ' ανδρων πολεμον κατακοιρανεουσιν,
Ειτ' αρ' Αθηναιη, ειτε ΠΤΟΛΙΠΟΡΘΟΣ Ενυω.
Hom. Il. 5.

Mark next, how fable, language, fancy flies

To

lively fancy, a specious reasoning, a bold spirit, and flights of ideas to which they have been unaccustomed. The possession and the exertion of these ideas they sometimes, in a fatal moment, conceive to be effectual freedom from restraint, and the enthralment of prejudice. They drink deep, and are intoxicated with words and fancies, till they are tempted beyond their strength, and become "*incapable of their own* "*distress.*" Their weedy trophies of liberty, philosophy, and emancipation, fall into the stream together with themselves, their innocence, their comfort, their dignity, and their happiness,—to rise no more. (Nov. 1798.)

(*y*) Vanini, the celebrated atheist, who wished he had not been born in wedlock. "Utinam extra legitimum torum "procreatus fuissem, &c." Such is the blasphemous, idle rant on the subject in his treatise, "De Admirandis Naturæ Secretis."

(*z*) I shall take my leave of Mr. Godwin (for I have no present intention to examine any more of his writings specifically) with some observations on the general tendency of all such authors and their works.

In the present state of civil society, and of political order so wisely established, so vigorously maintained, and so honourably recommended in this still flourishing, opulent, and powerful kingdom; it is difficult to restrain the emotion of the breast, and the indignation of the understanding at such nefarious writings, and desolating principles. The arms, the instruments, and the agents are before us, and are now fully understood. It was the strong language of Cicero; "Demonstro vitia; tol-

"lite:

To Ghosts, and Beards, and Hoppergollop's (*b*)cries:

Lo,

"lite: denuncio vim, arma; removete."* We would recover the health which is gone, and the soundness which is lost. I am of opinion, that they may both be recovered. But we must all strive, in our several capacities, to direct the vessel of the public mind, and of the national understanding, in a straight and undeviating course; or, as it is well expressed in one of the Orphic fragments preserved by Clemens, (†) Ἰθυνειν Κραδιης νοερον κυτος.

In the sublime, but often fanciful theology, or as I would rather term it, the *Theonomy*, exhibited in the Timæus of Plato, and more fully in the commentary of Proclus, we read of the Εγκοσμιοι Θεοι, or superintending mundane deities. I would not insist upon the imaginary visions of any man, however great; but in the way of *adaptation*, they have often a force and analogy, which is neither unpleasing nor unfruitful. I am sure the present modern philosophical writers, such as Condorcet, and his mongrel disciples in England, Godwin and others, have no pretensions to the reverence of mankind, as mundane deities. Their aim is not to exalt the soul of man, but to depress and degrade it to the beast, or in Sir Thomas More's indignant language, "ad pecuini corpusculi vilitatem." (‡)

It is remarkable that Sir Thomas More, in his Republic of Utopia, declared that a person who entertained and professed such sentiments, as the modern philosophy holds forth and inculcates, was not worthy to be numbered among rational men, much

* Cic. Philipp. 1. Sect. 10.

(†) Clement. Alexandrin. L. 5. p. 443. Ed. Lugd. Bat. 1616.

(‡) Mori Utopia L. 2.

Lo, from th' abyss, unmeaning Spectres drawn, 229

The

much less to be enrolled among the Citizens. His reason was this; that a contempt of all laws and of all institutions was a necessary consequence of such opinions, when uncontrolled. His words are remarkable: "Illum ne hominum quidem ducunt "numero, *tantum abest ut inter Cives ponant*, quorum instituta "moresque, *si per metum liceat*, omnes floccifacturus sit,"† Now we have lived to see, that *fear* has not restrained *such Citizens* as Mr. Godwin and others; and they have accordingly vilified, set at nought, and held out to contempt the laws, the religion, the manners, and the institutions of their country, which defends and protects them, in conformity to the opinion of Sir Thomas More. Such Citizens maintain the doctrines of dissolution, not of compact; and the body of Society drops into pieces member after member, when the principle of continuity is withdrawn. "Nigidium vidi; Cratippum cognovi."‡

Men of the greatest minds and of the widest intellectual views, have frequently indulged themselves in forming Utopian Republics, and have often unadvisedly dwelt too much upon the unavoidable evils of Society. Such pure spirits are naturally offended with every species of evil. But when such men, as Sir Thomas More, suffer their minds to be amused (I fear it is but an amusement at best) with speculative or imaginary political excellence, or rather perfection, how different are *their principles*, and the result of their thoughts from those of sciolists and sophists. We all regret the loss of that Republic, which the genius of Cicero had constructed. There are indeed a few noble fragments of the building, preserved by

Lactantius,

† Mori Utopia, Lib. 2. p. 234. Ed. Glasg. 1750.
‡ Cicero in Timæo, Frag. de Universitate, Sect. 1.

The Gothic glaſs, blue flame, and flick'ring lawn!
Choak'd

Lactantius, Macrobius, and Augustine; though the plan of the entire edifice by the hand of that consummate practical Statesman, and experienced Philosopher, cannot be traced from the remains. I believe he would have corrected many of the errors of Plato.

But it is not without it's use to compare, (if we have leisure, and as far as we may compare them) the work of the sublimest Heathen Philosopher with that of the Christian Statesman Sir Thomas More. I speak upon the whole; for I am sensible of their errors, particularly in the Athenian: yet when we think of Plato, we must not forget the state of the Heathen world, antecedent to Christianity. These great men proceeded upon the true dignity of the human mind, when undebased by vice, and they bottomed their opinions upon the most solid science. Their views were large, comprehensive, connected. They knew the nature and the state of man; and they saw what it would admit, and what it would not bear. When they proposed some amendment, or some institution which did not then exist, it was in the way of suggestion, and not of dogmatical imposition. They never moved through the state with the sword, and the scythe in their hands. What they saw, was with the eye of a well-instructed mind, long prepared by study and exercised in discernment.

These persons, in their generations, were indeed among the superintending mundane deities of their country. Not so the modern *Directors* of human affairs; though they aspire to be thought, and to act, as the gods of this nether world. They would sit with the thunderbolt in their hands, and the storms under their feet. Yet even Mythology condemns them, and points

Choak'd with vile weeds, our once proud Avon strays;
When

points to her Salmoneus. But we stand not on the ground of fable: for what is the most extended and the most desolating power of tyrant and of rampant wickedness on the earth, for a few days or a few years, before HIM "who (for his own inscrutable purposes) putteth down and setteth up, and ALONE RULETH in the kingdoms of men!"

The consideration of these modern philosophers offers also the strongest argument for the vigorous and unremitting prosecution of *well-directed* study, in all the public seats of education in these kingdoms. Plato declared, that one of the causes of atheism is, "a certain ignorance very grievous, which notwithstanding has the appearance of the greatest wisdom."(*) This apparent wisdom must be combated, and overthrown by reason and erudition; the fallacy must be pointed out, and the effect of it, when perfected, shewn to be DEATH moral, mental, and political.

I am confident that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge will be still found to be the best and most solid bulwarks (I trust not the only ones) of true science, and of the legitimate cultivation of the understanding, if they adhere to their *original* principles; *but not otherwise.* By this method of reasoning, I should conceive, that the works of Hooker, Pearson, Stillingfleet, and Barrow, have been lately reprinted at the Clarendon press of the university of Oxford, with singular judgment and true discernment of the time. They have been sent forth again into the world, "rejoicing like giants, to run their course." We are in general either destroyed, or lost, or warped, or led
astray,

(*) Αμαθια μαλα χαλεπη δοκουσα ειναι μεγιστη φρονησις.
Plato de Leg. L. 10.

When Novels die, and rise again in plays:

No

astray, for want of this primal (†) knowledge. I speak not here of the great incontrovertible abstract sciences of the mathematics, and of natural philosophy founded on a severe and sublime geometry. These cannot be disputed. But I am speaking of the *moral* cultivation of the understanding, that the frame and good order of religion and government may be *still* supported in these realms, by a succession of young men well educated, and judiciously conducted in the paths of erudition. An acute and intelligent observer of history once inscribed a most valuable work (‡) in these emphatic words: "To the hope of England, its young gentry, is dedicated, the glory of it, its antient statesmen; a renowned ancestry, to an honourable posterity." I wish to see these words continued, and embodied with strength and energy in Great Britain; for her laws will never abhor such a perpetuity.

I have often, when discoursing on education, dwelt with peculiar earnestness on the dignity and wisdom of the Greek writers in almost every department of science, poetry, philosophy, politics, and morality. I think I have observed, that the modern political theorists, who are either not versed in them at all, or but superficially, and who therefore hold them in contempt, have generally wandered the widest and the wildest in these days of confusion, distraction, and convulsion.

(†) The words of Plato are worthy of observation. Προς τυτοις ὁταν Πολιτειαι κακαι και λογοι κατα πολεις ιδιᾳ και δημοσιᾳ λεχθωσιν, ετι δε μαθηματα μηδαμη τυτων ιατικα εκ νεων μανθανηται, ταυτῃ κακοι παντες οἱ κακοι. Ων αιτιατεον μεν τυς φυτευοντας μαλλον η φυτευομενυς, και τυς τρεφοντας, των τρεφομενων .Plato in Timæo. p. 87. Vol. 3. Ed. Serrani.

(‡) State worthies; from the Reformation to the Revolution, by David Lloyd; re-published by Charles Whitworth, Esq. in two volumes.

No Congress props our Drama's falling state,

The

vulsion. Aristotle, Plato, and Thucydides, to mention no others, well knew what was the tyrannical nature of a democracy, and all its appendages. None have more strongly or more justly characterized and depicted it; none have held it out to greater reprobation and abhorrence. They teach us alternately by reason, and by example.

The writings of these great men have a perpetual youth. Like the sun, their light is always new, yet always the same; it is the source of mental life, health, vigour, chearfulness, and fecundity; and as it guided our forefathers, it will guide us also if we attend to it. The Commentator, or rather the animated rival of Plato, has words which, on such a subject, it is neither unnatural nor improper to produce and to *adapt*. Οινοχοει αυτοις ἡ Ηϐη. Τον ὁλον αισθητον Κοσμον ὁρωσιν· ατρεπτοις και ακλινεσι νοημασι χρωμενοι, πληρωσι τα παντα της δημιυργικης αυτων προνοιας. Συνεστιν αυτοις χειριδη θεοτης, τη μεν νοησει το αχραντον επιλαμπουσα.(*)

I would yet add a few words on these modern philosophers. They sometimes tell us sneering, and in scorn, that the code of Christians is the code of *equality*. They have attempted to shew this more than once. But surely we may ask, what is the equality held forth in the Christian Scriptures? Is it not the equality of the creatures before THE CREATOR? the equality of men before GOD, and not before each other? They every where speak of the political distinctions and ranks in society; they ordain tribute to be paid to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, honour to whom honour; and they describe all *lawful* power, as derived from God. The great Founder

of

(*) Procli Comment. in Timæum Platonis, L. 5. p. 334. Ed. Basil. 1534.

The modern ultimatum is, " Translate."

Thence

of it himself acknowledged the image and superscription of Cæsar. His Apostles declare the gradations of power, delegated by authority; they inculcate submission to the ordinances of man, for the Lord's sake; to *the King*, as Supreme; to Governors and Magistrates, as unto them who are *sent by him*. Is this the political equality of the boasted deliverers or oppressors of the world? How long shall we *suffer* the tyrant, the blasphemer, the disorganizing Sophist, to triumph and to *deceive* us?

Finally; when the modern systems are delineated, and the chart of the opinions and doctrines laid out in departments, I would ask, What is the Picture? What are the objects? Are the things recommended and enforced, either true, or honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report? Is there any thing to be found and felt, but insolent domination, sanguinary and unrelenting ordinances, and the tyrannical suppression and overthrow of every existing Institution? Throughout the whole of their systems, Is there any virtue, or any praise, or any motive, which the good can approve, and the wise ratify!

I would say, Behold ye despisers, and tremble! I would much rather say to my countrymen; Behold and watch, that ye enter not into the porch and vestibule of their " Plutonian Hall," by the temptation of such Philosophy.

Through the gate,
Wide, open, and *unguarded*, SATAN pass'd,
And all about found, (or made) desolate!

(Nov. 1798.)

(*a*) Rape of the Lock, C. 5. v. 72.

Thence sprout the morals of the German school;
The Christian sinks, the Jacobin bears rule.
No virtue shines, but in the peasant's mien,
No vice, but in patrician robes, is seen; (*c*)

Through

(*b*) See an admirable piece of ridicule on the German nonsense of the day, by a man of parts and wit, in a pamphlet entitled, "My night gown and Slippers: or, Tales in Verse, written in an Elbow-chair, by George Colman the younger." (Printed for Cadell, 1797.) It is called, The Maid of the Moor; or, the Water Fiend, concerning Lord Hoppergollop's Country House.

But I would refer with still greater pleasure, and with the most decided approbation, to "The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement," a Drama in the German style, in the Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner, No. 30 and 31. A WORK which has been of signal service to the public, by the union of wit, learning, genius, poetry, and sound politics.

(*c*) The modern productions of the German stage, which silly men and women are daily translating, have one general *tendency* to Jacobinism. Improbable plots, and dull scenes, bombastic and languid prose alternately, are their least defects. They are too often the licensed vehicles of immorality and licentiousness, particularly in respect to marriage; and it should be remarked in the strongest manner, that all good characters are chiefly and *studiously* drawn from the lower orders; while the vicious and profligate are seldom, if ever, represented but among the higher ranks of society, and among men of property and possessions. This is not done without design.

It is indeed time to consider a little, *to what* and *to whom* we

give

Through four dull acts the Drama drags, and drawls,
The fifth is stage-trick, and the curtain falls.

Thence mark, where deep within that civic wood,
(No balm the trees distil, but lustral blood,)
An altar stands: there TOOKE his emblems lays,
Sandals, and constitutions, straps, and stays (*d*);
M'Cormick's (*e*) libel; Wakefield's sanguine gall;
Pitt's rise pourtray'd, (*f*) and the Third Charles's fall;
Historic

give our applause, in an hour of such general danger as the present. The Stage surely has the most powerful effect on the public mind. The Author of *The School for Scandal*, with the purest and most patriotic intentions, long ago endeavoured to make dishonesty, gambling, cheating, deep drinking, debauchery, and libertinism, *appear* amiable and attracting in his character of Charles Surface; and the German Doctors of the sock and buskin are *now* making no indirect attacks on the very fundamentals of society and established government, subordination, and religious principle; the vaunt-couriers of French anarchy, national plunder, and GENERAL MISERY.

(*d*) The *insignia* of Citizen Hardy, Citizen Kingsbury, Citizen Thelwall, Citizen Tom Paine, &c. &c. and all those philosophers, scribblers, and Lecturers, who serve us

"In a double
Capacity, to preach and cobble."

(*e*) The Life of Edmund Burke by one M'Cormick.

(*f*) Two pair of Portraits, of two Fathers and two Sons, by John Horne Tooke.

Historic scraps of Brunswick or Berlin,
From flimsy Tow'rs, and Belsham's (*g*) Magazine.
There Porson, who the tragic (*h*) light relumes,
And Bentley's heat with Bentley's port assumes; 250
Dramatic

(*g*) Mr. Belsham and Dr. Towers, two Dissenting Compilers of some information and ingenuity, who, by a figure of ſpeech, would be thought Historians.—"They make lame miſchief, but they mean it well."

(*h*) RICHARD PORSON, M. A. The most learned and acute Greek scholar of the present age. I allude to his late accurate and most valuable editions of the Hecuba, and Orestes of Euripides, whose integral works may be expected from the Profeſsor. He modestly says, that they are published "in usum studiosæ Juventutis, or, as I suppose, for the use of schools and Tiros.* But his notes and remarks are not adapted to school-boys, to their wants, or to their comprehension. He might as well have published them for the use of the Mamalukes in Egypt, or Bonaparte's Savants. The Professor should condescend to give some more general illustrations, and a selection of the Greek Scholia, if he would confer a real favour, as it is in *his* power to do, on the Masters of Schools and the Tutors of Colleges.

I have still a partiality for a Latin Translation, executed with care, and placed at the bottom of the page of every Greek Author. It may now and then promote idleneſs in mere boys; but it is of signal service to men who are studious, if a learned Editor will give the full meaning of the words, and correct the errors of preceding Translators. I am sure, few men

* Tironum usibus potissimum destinata.

Dramatic Bardolph in his nuptial noose;
And wiser Perry, (*i*) from his prison loose,
Starts at the Diligence, that tells the tale
How blithe French printers (*k*) to Guiana sail:

There

men can read Greek Tragedies without consulting a Lexicon; and as *utility* should be the motive of an Editor, I think a Latin Translation indispensable. I cannot submit to argue from the abuse of any convenience.

I hope Mr. Porson will proceed in this important revision, and perhaps effect the final establiſhment of the Greek text of all the Tragedians. This HE can do, or no man can. He will be entitled to the public gratitude of the learned world.

Such a man, so gifted, so instructed, so adorned with various science, I could wish to number among the defenders of the best interests of his country. But at present most unfortunately, in many of our learned men there is, in regard to subjects of political and sacred importance, a something which, in the phrase of Hamlet "Doth all the noble substance often *dout*."(*)

Why is it so? If such men would commune with their own hearts, and in their chamber, and be still, I think it would be otherwise.

(*i*) Perry, the Editor of the Morning Chronicle, was imprisoned three months in Newgate, for a libel on the House of Lords.

(*k*) The example of the Caravan of *Deportation*, or as it is called from the place of banishment, the *Guiana Diligence* in Paris, should be a warning to the editors and printers of such seditious and democratic papers as the Courier, Morning Chronicle, the Star, &c. &c. how they abuse the patience and forbearance of the mild and lenient Government of England.

Under

* Mr. Malone's reading of the passage.

There reeling Morris, and his bestial songs;
Blaspheming Monks; and Godwin's female wrongs;
The Lawyer's strumpet, and *disputed* (*kk*) draft;
And Darwin, fest'ring from the Horatian shaft;
Blossoms of love descend in roseate show'rs,
And last, Democracy exhales in flow'rs.(*l*)

Behold La Crusca's Paridel advance,
From Courts, or Stews, from Florence, or from France:

Before

Under the blessings of French freedom and emancipation, what is the liberty of thinking, speaking, and writing in France? The authors, the printers and the booksellers, are crushed at once and equally, and either chained in dungeons, or seized and swept away from their native country, without hope and without judgment, unheard, unpitied, and unknown. Pro lege Voluntas!

But we have yet a NATION to save; we have millions of loyal men who have never bowed the knee to the Baal of Jacobinism; and we have also many who have *drawn back* from the bloody idol, and turned unto righteousness to the preservation of their souls, their bodies, and estates, and the general deliverance of their country.

In the event of A PEACE, I trust these observations will be attended to by all who have a desire to preserve England from the subtle and secret arts, and from the tyranny of France, and its contagious example. (1798.)

(*kk*) This *may* possibly be understood by some persons of the profession.

(*l*) See Dr. Darwin's Botanic Garden and Loves of the Plants.

Before him Swift and Addison retire,
He brings new prose, new verse, new lyric fire;
Proves a designer works without design,
And fathoms Nature with a Gallic line.

But hark! at Pearson's and at Hooker's voice,
The pillars of the sacred dome rejoice;
And hail the day, when Stillingfleet is join'd
To Barrow's vast, immeasurable mind! (*m*)
Geddès (*n*) may wave his dark Egyptian rod;
Britain still owns th' *inspiring* breath of GOD;
Sees Truth emerge from Oriental (*o*) dreams,
And Gospel treasures roll down Indian streams.

The

(*m*) Alluding to the judicious and well-timed republications of Hooker's Works, Pearson on the Creed, Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ, and a selection of Barrow's Sermons, at the Clarendon Press in the University of Oxford, in a convenient form, and for an easy consideration.

(*n*) Dr. Geddes, the Roman Catholic Divine, the new Translator of the Bible. See some remarks on the Doctor's attempt, in the Preface to the fourth Dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature.

(*o*) See the Asiatic Researches, in particular those by Sir William Jones, and Mr. Maurice's Indian Antiquities, and his History of Hindostan, which have afforded the most curious and important facts, if they are applied with judgment and soberly

The Dennes, and owlish Stukeleys of the day,
Retire abash'd at Lysons' (*p*) rising ray;
The Macedonian march, the Libyan state,
On Rennell's (*q*) keen decisive labours wait;
And see each grateful Muse on Vincent (*r*) smile,
His kindred talents, and congenial toil.

Pitt

soberly investigated.—But we may expect a work on the Sacred Writings, of the greatest importance, and of the deepest erudition and ingenuity, from a Gentleman, whom I shall not name. "Yet perhaps, Nunc intelligitur, olim nominabitur."*

(*p*) I cannot but observe, that the learned world has much to expect in the improvement, reform, and conduct of the study of our national Antiquities, from the genius, erudition, discernment, active age, and unceasing diligence of SAMUEL LYSONS, Esq. F. R. and A. S.

(*q*) I allude to the works so long and so eagerly expected by the learned, from that consummate Geographer, and most accurate investigator, Major JAMES RENNEL.

r) The Rev. WILLIAM VINCENT, D. D. Master of Westminster School. A Gentleman whose professional merits, deep erudition, and unwearied and successful application to science, in the intervals of a laborious and honourable calling, demand the most decided testimony of public approbation. I believe, I speak the general sense of every scholar in the kingdom. Surely an honourable retreat, and some distinguished mark of public gratitude, should be offered *in time* to such men, as Dr. Vincent, who have devoted their talents and attainments to the public

* The poet is supposed to allude to the very learned Mr. HENLEY; but the name of the work is not yet known. PUBLISHER.

Pitt once again revolves the Stagirite,
And bends o'er Plato by *Serranian* light;
Philosophy uprears her ancient head,
And Grecian truth in Grecian words is read;
Arts, Arms, and Policy maintain their course,
And Science flows from her primæval source.

But now I feel the' avenging thunder roar,
In British terror on the dusky shore;
The Bog Serbonian (r) yawns for Gallia's doom;
And Pompey points to Bonaparte's tomb! 290

There

public service, with unremitting diligence. The Masters of our great schools should be made *independent, in every sense, of their scholars.* This would stamp a dignity and firmness on their office and on their character, and the kingdom would derive great advantage from such a regulation. The Ministers of the Country and the Archbishops and Bishops should feel the force of this most serious truth.

I believe it is impossible to name such a work as Dr. Vincent's Translation of the Voyage of Nearchus, with all the learned illustrations, produced under the labour and constant pressure of so important an occupation, as the conduct of a great public school. It has been received at home and abroad with equal attention and honour.

(r) "That Serbonian Bog,
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where Armies whole have sunk." P. L. b. 2.

There, as in mournful pomp o'er Egypt's woes,
Th' embodied Majesty of Nilus rose,
In sounds of awful comfort NELSON spoke,
And the palm wav'd obedience to the Oak;
Firm, yet serene, the Christian Victor rode,
And on his flag inscrib'd, THE WILL OF GOD! (*t*)

The guilty Nation shakes; her trophies fall:
The Crescent nods; and Selim yields to Paul:
The Hellespont expands in timely pride;
Fleets not her own adown the current glide;
The North-Star beams on Europe's parting night,
And the dawn reddens with effectual light!

I go: my Country's fate no more I mourn;
And pleas'd revisit my august sojourn."

(*t*) Alluding to the Victory of Admiral Lord NELSON on the First of August, 1798, over the French Fleet on the shores of the Nile; that signal interposition of the Divine providence.

" Illi *Justitiam* confirmavere triumphi;
PRÆSENTEM DOCUERE DEUM! nunc Sæcula discant
Indomitum nihil esse pio, tutumve nocenti!"

November: 1798.

THE END.

MOCK-HEROIC POEMS,

&c. &c.

I. PATRIOTISM,

IN SIX CANTOS.

II. THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS,

IN THREE PARTS.

PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

"Behold thy Gods, O Iſrael!"

1 KINGS.

"Contra vitia aſperè, contra pericula animosè, contra fortunam superbè,
"contra ambitionem contumeliosè."

LUCILIUS.

"This verse shall live, to tell a better age,
That on a time when Party, swoln to rage,
Pour'd every stream of licence uncontroll'd,
And man and beast down the mad torrent roll'd;
One, whom the Muses rarely deign'd to fire,
To stem the headlong tide oppos'd his lyre;
That urg'd by truth, he turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from passion to the heart;
For Faction's mirror held up Reason's light,
Shew'd erring mobs that measures may be right;
That pow'r and place are Opposition's aim,
That Patriotism and Int'rest are the same,
That Order is, what gives us bliss below,
AND OUR BEST KNOWLEDGE, WHEN WE'RE WELL TO KNOW!

PATRIOTISM, Canto VI. at the end.

First printed in 1765.

October 1801.

THE interest and curiosity of the public are generally inconsiderable concerning *any* Ministers of state when deceased or out of office, whether their names are NEWCASTLE, Bute, Grenville, Grafton, North, or Pitt! The following poem exhibits the general tenor of false patriots, and the miseries which uniformly accompany anarchy, rebellion, and democracy, delineated by the hand of a master. It's merit as a composition is very great, and, without any regard to the party which the author supported, it is now republished, *because* it holds forth to the people of Great Britain a warning against the inevitable tendency of the encroachments or attacks of *any* statesmen, whose conduct, characters, and principles would lead this country to approve or adopt the principles of France, since the fatal revolution, under the military despotism of a successful, uncontrollable, usurped, and tyrannical power, now carrying on, in cruel mockery and audacious effrontery, by the specious appellations of Liberty and Equality, *in the name of the French People.*

PUBLISHER.

PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

CANTO I.

'Twas night; the voice of jollity was hush'd,
Doz'd all her vot'ries, reasonably flush'd;
Song, argument, invention, laughter, jest,
Wit, bawdry, criticism, had reel'd to rest;
Scandal had empty'd all his tub on Bute,
Abuse of *Royalty* itself was mute;
Sleep in his pleasing bands had all things ty'd,
All but the eyes of disappointed Pride.

She lay revolving in her anxious mind,
How *Resignation* had too much resign'd;
That places were dispens'd as others will'd,
And ev'ry gap of government was fill'd;
New Statesmen at the helm usurp'd her trade,
While glibly sail'd the ship without her aid.
Seeking repose from side to side she flings,
No change of posture pause of anguish brings,
Each grinding thought alleviation scorns,
And sharpens all the goose-down into thorns.

Forth from the loathed bed in haste she flew,
And round her weary'd limbs her veſtments threw.
Enwrought with gold, in lelac purple dy'd,
The velvet cas'd her endless length of side;
Two calveless bags of silk then stretch'd to see
If they could reach from heel to distant knee;
Next splay-foot shoes she to her insteps girt,
Shoes which disdain'd, yet still were doom'd to dirt;
Her thigh sustain'd a sword unknown to war,
And beam'd upon her breast a silver star,
Whose rays with magic influence could warm
Almost to consequence the languid form.

Accoutred

Accoutred thus, forth of her door she went,
And her dark visit was to FACTION bent;
Rosolv'd, like heav'n-rejected *Saul*, to try
What counsel t'other party might supply.
Onward she strides, impatient of delay,
Flound'ring thro' ev'ry kennel in her way;
Now Charing-cross, the Temple next she pass'd,
Then the dull, sable, Ditch, with equal haste.
Now reach'd St. Paul's, and bless'd the Lord that there
Tho' He was prais'd, 'twas with unwilling prayer.
Thence in a grateful rapture stretch'd to Bow,
And heard th' unmuffled tongue of night strike *two*.
Acknowledging the omen, she advanc'd,
While sudden vigour thro' each sinew danc'd.

High on a hundred columns, whose dead weight
Presses the rustic base in aukward state,
Where hardly they sustain, their shafts unbent,
The load of cornice, and of pediment,
Which, rough with sculpture in strong emblem clad,
Tells us, that riches make a city mad;
The pond'rous mansion-house of FACTION stands,
Rais'd by o'er-reaching heads and griping hands.

Before the gate, a giant fierce and fell,
Stalk'd OPPOSITION, watchful centinel!
And *Who goes there*, he cry'd, *yourself explain*;
A friend, she said, *to Denmark*, *not the Dane*.
Her well-known voice he recollected strait,
Quick every bolt shoots backward on the gate,
Bolts to endure which never own'd the power,
But only made to serve the present hour,
And yet the very best, for strength and size,
The blacksmith's *Place* and *Pension* could devise.

Of canker'd brass and rusty ir'n each door,
Stood massive, spirtled thick with human gore,
Which Popularity for ever draws
From fools, in Patriot-Rebellion's cause.
Open they burst, with desperate recoil,
The jarring hinges scream for want of oil,
Loud and discordant, as when civil rage
Incites two kindred armies to engage.
Near Aylesbury first caught the horrid sound,
And echo'd all its terrors with rebound;

CONCORD

CONCORD at *distant Stowe* perceiv'd the yell,
While down her ill-adapted vizor fell;
Extremest Exeter rock'd to the noise,
And aided its hoarse thunder with her voice:
At once her cyders sour, and all around
Her apple-blossoms strew the blushing ground

And now, where yawn'd the portal rude and vast,
To FACTION's residence the Goddess past.
Close to the door, in the first vestibule,
Sat Clamour, Riot, Insult, and Misrule,
Stern Menace, Licence grown to dang'rous size,
Reproach, and an infinitude of Lyes.

A thousand voices bellow through the room,
A thousand echoes clatter 'gainst the dome;
Copious, but unconnected eloquence,
Words of fierce import, but of little sense;
Not meant to mean, and therefore to appear
More irritative to the vulgar ear.
There might be heard, 'midst other piteous cries,
Liberty! Property! and no Excise!

Of Magna Charta the more dreadful roar;
Prerogative, and Arbitrary Power:
There Habeas-Corpus howl'd, from jail broke loose,
Slavery, and privilege, and wooden shoes,
Corruption, favourites, and no address,
And uncontroul'd the licence of the press:
Sounds that all sense of order could erase,
But get the man, who burst thro' all, a place.

Stunn'd with the deaf'ning peal she pass'd along,
(Yet passing would caress the friendly throng)
Thro' vast saloons which spoke *May'r-royal* state,
Rich without taste, and without grandeur great.
Yet here the chissel and the pencil strove
Best to record the objects of Mob-love.
Tribunes, and Ephori, and Demagogues,
By men call'd patriots, but by Gods plain rogues;
Such as, provided they themselves grew great,
Felt no remorse to overturn a State
Nor wanted here each dirty, dreadful job,
That *Faction* perpetrates to please the Mob.
To please the Mob, here mighty Strafford bled,
And Laud laid down his venerable head.

To please the Mob, here Portobello's wall
Before the boist'rous Vernon learns to fall;
At once, his SIX SHIPS ONLY batter down
The sympathetic Ministry, and town.
To please the Mob, Byng stains the blushing deep,
And Blakeney earns a peerage in his sleep.
To please the Mob, our fleets their canvas strain,
And expeditions hide the wond'ring Main,
The Main more wond'ring wafts us back, alas!
Thinn'd from the wars of Rochford and St. Cas:
What matter? since defeat our joy inspires,
And *Cassel* lost can light a thousand fires.

To please the Mob, PITT, prone with Mobs to mix,
Puts up to public sale his coach and six.
By having pleas'd the Mob, here *Cromwell* stood,
And shew'd how private thrives by public good;
And might have shewn us gulls, if gulls could see,
That *Slavery* tracks th' abuse of *Liberty*:
Confess'd at length the Patriot-Tyrant reign'd,
And snapt that freedom Charles had only strain'd.

Hampden* was here, in his *Eidòlon* here,
And would-be tutor to the Royal Heir,
But he himself dwells in the fields of Fame,
Wedded to Liberty's immortal name.

And here in tints more recent might be view'd
(Instructive picture of court gratitude!)
How round their prince his favour'd servants stand,
While fierce rebellion gores his bleeding land;
Faith, honour, duty, loyalty, the laws,
Urge them, no doubt, to perish in his cause?
No, but to serve with Granville they refuse;
So great a crime in Monarchs 'tis, to *chuse*!
A hundred other equal deeds appear,
Nay, half the English History was here;
While, over all the rest, conspicuous shines
Old Sarah's (*a*) legacy in golden lines.

Around in less compartments were beſtow'd
Of underling incendiaries a crowd,

Such

* Hollis was to be made Secretary of State, Pym Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Say Master of the Wards, the Earl of Essex Governor, and Hampden Tutor to the Prince. HUME.

(*a*) Sarah, Dutchess of Marlborough.

Such as employ'd the pulpit or the press,
T' enforce the doctrines of licentiousness;
Here *Party* canoniz'd such denizens,
Whose ears had paid the forfeit of their pens;
And while in all her glaring daub she paints,
Villains grow heroes, scoundrels turn to saints.

Our Goddess midſt the rest herself descry'd,
Mix'd with the leaders of the *other side*;
" And, ah! she said, the very walls can trace,
" How often we change principles for place."

END OF CANTO I.

PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

CANTO II.

In the Recess of something like a tomb,
Which Architecture, (sick of Greece and Rome,
And copying what never was at all,)
Is pleas'd to christen an *Egyptian Hall*;
Our Goddess, whom she sought, at length survey'd
In anti-kingly majesty array'd.
Busy she found him in this solemn place,
At solemn sacrifice, with solemn face;
He but to *Commerce* scorn'd to pour a prayer,
No other Deity employ'd his care.

Of solid gold, and of enormous size,
Yet not so big her belly as her eyes,

She

She stood; and seem'd as she would hide the Globe
Beneath the drap'ry of her flowing robe:
Fast by, with full extent of gullet grac'd
Her attribute, the *Cormorant* was plac'd.

The victims dire Religion bade him cull,
All without blemish, all of blackest wool,
All newly bought, all newly flay'd alive,
A hecatomb, of Negro slaves twice five.
He on their reeking muscles, red and blue,
Sharp vinegar, with salt and pepper, threw;
They writhe with pain convolv'd. As when to cram
Some citizen's unfathomable wem,
The Turtle, riven with his mail, poor fish!
Perceives himself begin to grow a dish;
Convuls'd, each undulating fibre plays
In waves of agony a thousand ways.
So fixt the inextinguishable soul,
That dress'd, perhaps he feels thy teeth, K**.
And thus, one knee down to the pavement laid,
Lowly, with supplicating voice he pray'd.

" Mover of Heav'n and Earth, whose vast embrace
" Spreads co-extensive with this nether space;

" Nature

" Nature opposes to whose thirst of gain
" Her Oceans, Alps, and Andes, all in vain!
" Whose iron sway each cow'ring Ind proclaims,
" And at thy counter buys its diadems.

" Or hear'st thou rather, mistress of the seas,
" Daughter of Neptune! round whose azure knees
" While in fond infancy thou sporting plaid'st;
" Give, give, oh give me all that is, thou said'st:
" He could not all: but peace with perj'ry made,
" Else heav'n have mercy on the fairest trade!

" Oh, by whatever name best call'd, give ear,
" Assist the *Needful* in this time of fear;
" And ere the Nation, pausing from its woes,
" Fold up its idle arms in soft repose;
" Ere Plenty cease to starve, ere Int'rest fall,
" And Privateering grow no trade at all;
" Ere, piercing thro' the cobwebs that we weave,
" Mankind this universal Truth perceive,
" That, load at pleasure the feign'd fav'rite's head,
" A PEOPLE'S FAV'RITE IS THE MAN TO DREAD;

" Diffuse

" Diffuse thy pride of riches ev'ry way,
" Till all would govern, not one soul obey:
" Then leave to me, Fears, Jealousies, Complaints,
" Not as of old, wrapp'd in the cloak of Saints,
" But given naked to the peoples arms,
" With all Licentiousness can boast of charms."

He ceas'd, the image neither speaks, nor rocks;
Our modern statues are the veryest blocks!

Civilities are ne'er so duely paid
To any folks, as when we want their aid;
The Goddess therefore patiently repress'd
Herself till now, then FACTION thus address'd:

" O Thou! for whom and from whom I was form'd,
" Whose counsel moulded, and whose spirit warm'd,
" Whose early whispers taught me first to know
" These purple honours, which around me glow,
" To thee I come my sorrows to impart;
" Rest shuns these eyes, and care corrodes this heart:
" But thou assist, in this conjuncture nice,
" The lab'ring Party with thy sage advice.

" Thus

" Thus far, indeed, success has crown'd our arms,
" BUTE quits; not shaken with our fierce alarms,
" For who wild, empty, clamour would regard,
" That in his conscience finds his own reward?
" But that the honest fool resolv'd before
" To make his long'd-for peace, and throw up pow'r,
" Resolv'd, like Phineas, in the gap to stand
" And staunch the spouting art'ries of the land;
" Convinc'd, the People still this truth would prove,
" That serve them, and you lose their fickle love:
" And now, for public quiet, yields that rein
" We quitted only to resume again.
" But we advance no higher than before;
" Our empty niches know us all no more;
" Still the State Truncheon flies our eager grasp,
" And Calumny is at its latest gasp.
" What to do next! Insult can do no more,
" Higher than *Forty-five* it cannot soar,
" Where, to full pitch of sturdy vigour grown,
" It fairly gives the lye home to the Throne:
" Nothing remains which farther we can drive,
" Or *Forty-eight* comes next to *Forty-five*.

" Then

" Then shall we idly sit, hand-cuff'd and dumb,
" And let Truth work, and purge away the scum
" We have fermented? let the dross deject,
" Till it's clear bosom shall all Heav'n reflect?
" Forbid it Fate! forbid it Ridicule!
" And all our boasts to ruin or to rule!

" We must and will have all: but how to seize,
" To spill the cyder, or cut down the trees,
" More suits at law commence, more papers write,
" To give more dinners, and more guests invite,
" I come to ask. Or if thy wond'rous art
" Some, yet untried, invention can impart,
" How to one common channel may be bent
" The shores that stink in private discontent.
" 'Till purify'd by Party all their mud,
" We pour resistless the impetuous flood;
" As roll a thousand rills down London streets,
" Each rank and black with all the filth it meets,
" Yet, in the river soon as join their streams,
" They instantly become the silver Thames;

" Deign

" Deign to advise, thy counsel be my guide."
She said, and FACTION to her thus reply'd:

" To raise the Mob by master-strokes of art,
" Inflame the passions, and mislead the heart,
" Make happy subjects surfeit on their ease,
" Repine at blessings, and grow sick of peace,
" To pour the multitude which way we list,
" And ere they're injur'd, set them to resist,
" Halloo them on, to roar with frantic zeal
" Against oppressions which no soul can feel,
" Till they desire to spill their desp'rate lives,
" For Printers' 'Prentices' prerogatives.
" To bid a little river flow along
" The sole criterion to know right from wrong,
" With ev'ry lash of infamy impel
" The farther side, because it *won't* rebel;
" On all who dare imply we do amiss,
" Point ready Obloquy's insulting hiss;
" Hold up, in whomsoe'er we disapprove,
" (And that means all who share their Master's love)
" Virtue or Genius, like th' Athenian Owl,
" To the blunt peck of ev'ry other fowl;

" All

" All the humanity of BUTE to blot,
" And all thy candour, MANSFIELD, sink in *Scot*:
" Recast the Royal Virtues, which before
" The Nation worshipp'd, and cry'd down the ore,
" To teach the People this indulgent Reign
" With ev'ry charge of Tyranny to stain;
" Unchoak'd to swallow contradictions down,
" In Antonine's mild look fear Nero's frown,
" Wrest his intention, and distort each fact,
" And lend them treason till they long to act;
" The Prince against his Counsellors to move,
" And while we only seem to beg, reprove:
" In terms of duty wrap each boist'rous deed,
" Kneel while we stab, and libel while we plead;
" FACTION has pow'r; nay, has already done,
" And yet but little of our course we've run,
" Much still remains; and we must toil and strive
" Ere the great days of Anarchy revive:
" A watchful eye scouls over all our game,
" And while it seems to wink, but takes its aim.

" Oh! had but Fate to HALIFAX decreed
" His seat of birth on t'other ſide the *Tweed*!

" Had some bleak Shire, of penury the reign,
" More starv'd than *Famine's Prophecy* can feign,
" But giv'n him Title, in the gen'ral ban,
" We with the country had o'erwhelm'd the man;
" There, like Enceladus, he'd lain oppress'd
" With half an Island bearing on his breast:
" While now, on its high basis, past our aim,
" This perfect statue rests without a maim.

" But could we hope his virtues to decry,
" And shew them blighted to the People's eye;
" Would not *Ierne* all their bloom renew,
" And call the blushing honours fresh in view?
" Recount, how lenity to prudence join'd
" Shone the reflexion of his Sov'reign's mind;
" How form'd to win by ev'ry honest art,
" Bless'd by each voice, and lord of ev'ry heart;
" Yet, when a Nation press'd him to receive
" All that a Nation's gratitude could give,
" The ſtrong allure of int'rest he withstood,
" Above reward, and paid by, doing good?

" Here then we stick; but still of hope a gleam
" Points thro' the dusky thought its trembling beam:

" The

" The Deities, from Heav'n self-exil'd, meet
" At a grand council, and a grander treat,
" To-morrow. Such AMBITION's high behest,
" And FOLLY does the honours of the feaſt.
" Be there, the beſt advice sure to receive,
" If multitude of Counsellors can give:
" Till then beneath this roof remain my guest,
" 'Tis break of day, and time to go to rest."

So saying, her attendants she bid spread
For her great visitant the lofty bed.
And first the Fox's skin began the Pile,
Next of the Bear was spread the shaggy spoil,
And over that the Lion's tawny hide
Finish'd the whole for disappointed PRIDE;
There ev'ry pore, as she extended laid,
Imbib'd instruction from the mystic bed.

END OF CANTO II.

PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

CANTO III.

O H, for the warning voice of him who saw
The ruin continental Measures draw,
What time by perjurable Styx he swore
To waste on them nor man nor guinea more;
That yet the People, made in time aware,
Might haply 'scape *Sedition's* dang'rous snare!

For now the rolling hours brought on, too soon!
The day, whose morn as usual rose at noon,
Wherein th' Arch-enemy to peace began
To meet in deep consult her dark Divan:
The Sun conceal'd in fogs his sullen ray,
And dreadful omens usher'd in the day.

Forth

Forth from his George-Street airy upward springs
The fierce *North-Briton* on audacious wings;
Th' encumber'd air could scarce sustain this Fowl,
Which dares an Eagle, tho' it looks an Owl:
Undazzled he beholds the tow'ring height,
And to Olympus lifts his desp'rate flight.

Next him uprose, and of as bad portent,
On wings, ah pity! by the Muses lent,
A black-bird erst in sober liv'ry drest,
Now party-colour'd plumage stains his breast;
Passion had chang'd his old appearance meek,
Had arm'd his talons, and hook'd down his beak:
His pinion strong, if dirt depress'd it not,
And sweet his throat—would it cry aught but *Scot*:
Neglected soon we let the Parrot roar,
Whose dictionary knows but Rogue and Whore.

Of lower flight, scarce hov'ring from the ground,
The *Monitor* his lesser circle wound;
The Vulture he, of old whom Jove severe,
(That Jove who would direct this nether sphere,)
Ordain'd thro' Holland's sides to bore his way,
And on his growing vitals weekly prey.

And these behind with boding, croaking cry,
The *Contraſt* flutter'd, for it could not fly;
While hopp'd on either side, pert, noisy, light,
The Magpye *Gazetteer*, half black, half white.

Around, on ev'ry part whole flocks arose
Of Rooks and Ravens, Chronicles, and Crows;
Fann'd by innumerable pens, the sky
Of Printer's ink assum'd the sable dye.

Now prone from his meridian, when the sun
Had more than half his evening journey run,
And Folly's board, with heap'd profusion press'd,
Had spread satiety from guest to guest;
PRIDE, in whose bosom, alien to repose,
Still carkled all her cares, to speak arose:
Thrice she essay'd; but from her elbow chair
As oft AMBITION nodded to forbear:
She stopp'd, so wont t'obey. Now forward comes
The baby-show of paper, glass, and plumbs,
Borne by a hundred servants thro' the space,
Who ne'er saw wages but in shape of Place.
And up they pile the vast desert in air;
(The plate of gold by rule of Court was there)

Where

Where Robinson had play'd his master part,
And in one job exhausted all the Art.

High in the midst of the whole fabric rais'd,
A barley-sugar Minister was plac'd,
His comfit promises who round him throws
On Dresden-china courtiers rang'd in rows:
So just the artist did his skill display,
E'en in the gifts they seem'd to melt away.

Close at his side, and wond'ring she was sweet,
Juſtice no longer stern, possess'd her seat;
The Master had her likeness hit so pat,
You'd swear she was the sister of Judge Pratt.

Beneath in sugar, as in crime, combin'd,
Were HALIFAX and EGREMONT design'd:
The noble robbers ſtood in flagrant act,
A ſtol'n brass candleſtick confess'd the fact.

And opposite in Naples-biscuit rose,
Whose moat in green and silver tissue flows,
The guilty tow'r of *Julius*; all around
In orange-peel its dreadful warders frown'd,

And seem'd to tread, sight horrid and unmeet!
A wafer MAGNA-CHARTA under feet.

There round a chariot, thro' the parted throng,
In bronze the threat'ning bruisers march'd along;
The decent Mob, such fear within them dwelt,
Retire to distance, and forbear to pelt.

Here, in the front, was form'd a sumptuous feast,
And seem'd both great and amiable the guest;
Giv'n to whose name the outward form appear'd,
But the sly honours at another leer'd:
Th' immense pile stood compleat; the whole to shape,
Quite round the ruddy apple mourn'd in crape.
All prais'd the hand, all the design admir'd,
Warm'd as they gaz'd, but when they tasted, fir'd.

Now *Loyalty* begins the sacred health,
On which *Sedition* only creeps by stealth:
The toasts, still as they wander from this source,
Shew more evanid its diluted force.

As when, all-graceful MARLBOROUGH, your dress
Tell us that Ranelagh you mean to bless,

While down your perfect form in rainbow rows,
The lutestring stripe with gay confusion flows;
The point insensible, (the diff'rence seen)
Where purple steals to yellow, or to green;
We find, deluded thro' the varying silks,
That what commenc'd with G—— concludes with Wilkes.

I trust that Heav'n the Thracian did destroy,
Perverter first of toasting, born to joy,
Who mingled Int'rest with the flow of soul,
And dash'd with Party, Friendship's smiling bowl:
Menace and fell Revenge lurk to be quaff'd
In the foul bottom of the dang'rous draught.

At Folly's board no mischief stalk'd behind,
For people out of place are of one mind,
Jointly they hunt; but diff'rence and debate
Come when they share the Bear's-skin of the State.

And now in general discourse they join,
Heated with healths, more potent than the wine,
Till custom, reason, fact, are chang'd and chopp'd,
To all that modern Patriots adopt.

All spoke, and all advis'd a thousand things,
To buoy up Citizens and weigh down Kings.
And some direct the matter how to mince,
And mean by evil Counsellors the Prince;
How turn Militia to a Counter-Guard,
And while disbanded valour they reward,
(Humanity can never be a crime,)
They kept it ready till a proper time.

Some mourn the injuries they groan beneath,
Who owe to courts the very air they breathe,
Who, one small boon deny'd, those courts resist,
And but for that, that only, are dismiss'd:
As to past favours—staunch State-Atheists say,
Duty, the soul, dies with its body, pay.
Some tell the ready way on mobs t'impose,
Whose sight extends no farther than their nose,
To whom conviction never found its way,
They still believe that Pulteney of the day.

Others advance how squabbles make us great,
And cutting throats gives vigour to a state;
What profits burgeon from domestic jars,
And all the blessings show'r'd on civil wars:
The song was partial, yet it took the ear
Of all who sought their thousand pounds a year.

When

When FOLLY, to give order to debate,
Stood up a mighty driveller of state,
Ridiculously grand, her cap and bells,
Important insignificance conceals;
A petticoated Nestor she appears,
Bending beneath unvenerable years:
A shrivell'd evidence how very small
A share of reason goes to rule this Ball.
Two reigns she'd blunder'd thro' still uppermost,
Quitted the third, nor gave the fourth for lost;
What manna still her tongue run o'er replete,
Thick, clammy, mawkish, purgatively sweet,
And fell her words like hail in summer day,
As hard, as cold, as apt to melt away.
The *Lingua-Franca* sediment of school,
Where she miss'd science, mark'd her still more fool;
Which with six Latin shreds conn'd o'er with pain,
Wove the loose texture of her flimsy brain.

She mumbled now tow'rds speech: but ere the course
Of tinkling nonsense guggled from its source,
PARTY, all-gracious mistress, who imparts
Sense to void heads, and worth to hollow hearts,
Trembling for her new proselyte, made haste,
With kind precaution, where the brain is plac'd

In

In skulls that have it, gently to distil
Three drops of sage prepar'd by Dr. Hill.

The clouds of dulness part, and just dispense
A wat'ry gleam of transitory sense;
New rays of tepid reason entrance find,
And short conceptions sprout within her mind.

Thus in Umæan* Lapland, when the ground,
From the long rigour of the frost unbound,
Receives the lowly sun in level line
Refracted, for he only seems to shine:
The wond'ring native new-learn'd culture plies
And sees lean harvests in pale verdure rise,
Thin-scatter'd spires of trembling bents appear,
And the wild barley shakes its bearded ear.
And thus she spoke, intelligible grown,
With utt'rance new, and meaning not her own.

" My voice shall be for open war, oh Peers!
" It suits so well my temper and my years,
" Which unimpair'd preserve their wonted fire,
" Demand employ, and scorn the word RETIRE;
" Nor

* The Sieur Martin Ereſvahre, the present governor of that province, has taken great pains to inſtruct the inhabitants in culture, writing and reading.

" Nor from my shoulders think their burthen great,
" Years press not from their number, but their
weight.
" Oh were I but as young, high in renown,
" As whenone Heir apparent to the Crown
" I, at a Royal christ'ning, dar'd provoke,
" Deserv'd his menace, tho' I 'scap'd its stroke;
" Or when, tho' somewhat doubled then with age,
" The next to him I glory'd to engage!
" Witness ye banks of *Cam*, that overthrow,
" When thy dull stream had doubts which way to flow,
" Till I triumphant won the laurell'd day,
" And the disputed Title bore away!
" Forgive the boasts, me, since they serve to shew,
" To insult, nor to opposition new.

" That glorious monarch, (so we call him now,
" Whom when alive we treated God knows how,
" Whom ev'n the City now reveres, yet then
" Disdain'd to hear the name of Dettingen.)
" Saw, when his sceptre trembled in his hand,
" Me in the front of his deserters stand.

" Nor think I single list in your design,
" The men who laugh at me, for me resign,

" Themselves

" Themselves from what they have in hand seclude,
" While hope of more appears like gratitude;
" These all increase your bands with ready aid,
" Forces the Court against itself has paid.

" Lead on, I follow, glad to have arraign'd,
" Whatever measures my whole life maintain'd:
" Convictive contradictions come about,
" Seen in the different lights of *in* and *out*.

" Did I its general extent allow?
" I see th' Excise in all its horrors now.
" Against the *Craftsman* did my writ prevail,
" And send poor *Franklyn* o'er and o'er to Jail?
" Now, perish'd Liberty! I mourn aloud,
" Thy fall by forms, which then the law avow'd!
" Made I, of heads like mine with numbers more,
" Such war and peace as ne'er were made before?
" The present peace with energy I hate,
" And kneel before the word INADEQUATE.
" Or was my judgment formerly inclin'd,
" To think addresses spoke the people's mind?
" Instructed, now I see their full import,
" Against they do, but never for, a Court:

" And

" And yet it hurts me that it is address'd,
" But when by *Cambridge*(*b*), more than all the rest."

Th' o'erwhelming thought she could no longer bear,
But sputt'ring still to speak, sunk to her chair.

(*b*) The Duke of Newcaſtle was the Chancellor of the university of Cambridge.

END OF CANTO III.

PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

CANTO IV.

IN study'd dignity of action slow,
Bespeaking favour with a winning bow,
AMBITION next arose. Her pow'rful lore,
Credulity preventive stepp'd before:
For *Eloquence*, the cheat, had brought her up
To all the slight-hand of the ball and cup;
Taught her to twist, and turn, and shew, and hide,
And make the worse appear the better side;
Shew'd her, to clash how contradictions ceas'd,
While fact and reason took what shape she pleas'd.

As the bright stream, which Nature loves to pour
Irriguous thro' the vale, had nurs'd each flow'r,

Had

Had charm'd the ear and eye thro' op'ning glades,
With untaught murmurs from unforc'd cascades;
But when compress'd thro' pipes, as whim prevails,
Squirts into fans, and suns, and peacocks tails:
The glitt'ring baubles who with wonder spies,
Receives the spout at last in his own eyes.

And thus she said: "O Thou, who dost preside
"O'er Britain's Isle, and all her measures guide,
"Whose doctrine Heav'n's own precept far outgoes,
"Bids us love, better than ourselves, our foes;
"O Janus-Party! now incline to hear
"Thy double face, and thy quadruple ear.
"And ye, now present, to my nod devote,
"Lords, and Lords betters, Aldermen! take note
"That FOLLY to my bosom here I bend,
"Her, my contempt till now, but now my friend,
"Link'd in the common cause she shall remain
"My firm confed'rate, till I rule again.

"'Twere needless here to tell, (what yet you see
"Draws its conceal'd, dim origin from me)
"The rage of Faction, when each nerve it moves,
"He, who disclaims not, tacitly approves.
"Behold! the cloud, I said, would threat the land,
"That cloud shall rise in likeness of this hand,

" Pour all its storms, directed as I please:
" And wash away the hateful works of peace:
" Peace, which myself I dar'd not bring about,
" I knew it right, but knew 'twould throw me out.
" Another ventur'd, foolish, or secure
" In his own soul, and above lust of pow'r,
" Seal'd the great deed to which his wish aspir'd,
" And unrewarded, but by that, retir'd.

" And could he think, of peace the foe profest,
" Title and pension had inclin'd to rest?
" That on AMBITION's eye repose would creep,
" Lull'd by those medicated sops to sleep?

" She who twin'd unanimity, and shew'd
" The wond'ring world how firm Britannia stood,
" Can the reverted wheel as quick incite,
" Till all the splitting fibres disunite.
" She, who fell Party's tortuous folds could break,
" And set her foot upon that dragon's neck,
" The deadly teeth, which from those jaws she drew,
" Can plant, and they can pullulate anew.
" Those grains of discord giv'n to fertile land
" Sprout rank, and faithful to the sower's hand.
" Yes, in ripe harvest see them nod again,
" A threat'ning crop of discontented men;

Which

" Which way to wave they from my breath expect,
" Blame as I point, and hate as I direct.

" It grieves me, FOLLY, nay it gives me fears,—
" This foul defection of your black Hussars,
" Whose wav'ring duty, truant from its string,
" Transfers itself from Chancellor to King.
" Now by the laurels of *Belleisle*, my boast,
" And the unnumber'd millions which they cost,
" Should e'er my Borough for addressing move,
" And honest *Allen* dare the peace approve,
" In such contempt the rebels I should hold,
" I'd toss them back their dirty box of gold!

" But ere the People languish, haste to use
" The daring spirit we have known t'infuse;
" The *English Oak-boy* as you bid him cries,
" And to roar louder firmly shuts his eyes:
" He's your's at pleasure clos'd while they remain,
" All's over if he opens them again.
" Employ him while, all enemies o'ercome,
" He longs for new ones in his friends at home,
" The proper catch-words *Party* shall provide,
" To range the fools on either foolish side;
" No previous injury need rouse their force,
" Match but the *Broughtons*, and they hate of course.

" Oh if we seize with skill the coming hour,
" And re-invest us with a robe of power,
" Rule while we live! let future days transmute
" To ev'ry merit while all we've charg'd on BUTE;
" Let late Posterity receive his name,
" And swell its sails with ev'ry breath of fame;
" Downward, as far as Time shall roll his tide,
" With ev'ry pennant flying, let it glide,
" And Truth, emerging from the clouds we raise,
" Gild all their orient colours with her blaze.
" Let his lov'd Arts, attendant on his way,
" Their wanton trophies to the gale display;
" While each dispassionate, each honest pen
" Deterr'd by clamour, nor allur'd by gain,
" Bard or Historian, shall from either shore
" Hail its approach, and its great course explore;
" Faithful to probity, and virtue's cause,
" Pursue its progress, and direct th' applause:
" Glad Gratulation shall with shouts approve,
" And own him worthy of his sov'reign's love."

She had proceeded, but the mingled sound
Of arguing voices spread the table round,
Some affirm'd positive, some ask'd perplext,
And some launch'd out in notes upon the text;

Till

Till one more audible than all the rest,
With strong exertion thus himself express'd:
" Why sit we here projecting some new blow,
" Since FATE determines all events below?
" On that tribunal let our envoy wait,
" And who so fit as FOLLY upon FATE?"

Th' advice was grateful to the gen'ral ear,
All begg'd that great commission she would bear,
Which, bowing low, she said should be atchiev'd,
Tho' trembling at the honour she receiv'd;
The point thus settled, from the board they move,
Dispers'd as pleasure led, or bus'ness drove.

But FOLLY sought her library with speed,
For one she had for show, but not to read,
There jumbling in her head what she thought, Thought,
How best to find the trackless road she sought,
She chose t' essay the force of her own prate,
Rememb'ring to how many once 'twas fate.

And now the mystic gibberish she tried,
Something that neither promis'd nor deny'd,
But drew one on to hope, " it wish'd so well—
" And though it doubted, yet—it could not tell—
" O! my dear *What's your Name*, of me be sure,
" I would a member had not ask'd before—

" You'll let me see you soon, by then I'll try"—
Then seem'd to squeeze a hand, and said, Good-by."

Strange force of charms! By this the solid ground
Grew mortal sick with the unmeaning sound,
In strong convulsions rock'd; at length it cleft,
And a wide opening towards the center left,
To regions unexplor'd, which, dark and great,
Are the domain of MYSTERY-OF-STATE.
Pond'ring awhile she stood, and wish'd to know
The *Calais*-passage to these realms below,
'Till curiosity her fears expung'd,
And she intrepid on her errand plung'd.

Now, as she journey'd, faded on her sight
The feeble glimmerings of distant light,
Faint and more faint the intercepted ray
Withdrew itself, and died upon her way.
And now thro' darkness, palpable, abhorr'd,
Her groping hands the doubtful path explor'd,
Till, nigh the confines where the lower sphere
Joins to our world, but yet is ne'er the near,
Thin streaks of budding day salute her eye
When the first dawnings of the nether sky;
For other suns they have and stars than we,
By which no mortal but themselves can see.

Now

Now the receding gloom her sight renew'd,
And cloath'd with form each bright'ning object stood.
The opening scene with wonder she surveys,
Not knowing that she travell'd her own ways.

Here for the upper surface she discern'd,
How flatt'ry lay to bubling lather churn'd,
Whose bottom form'd a thicker sediment
Of coarse and clumsy clergy compliment.
This happy compost with its supple oil
Invigorates and opes the fertile soil,
Calls forth each seed of dirt to bud and flow'r,
And trick itself in all the hues of pow'r;
While from her urn Partiality supplies
The stream to blood and merit she denies.
Hence blooms th' unlearn'd Divine in all the glow
His double-petal'd mitre can bestow,
Hence spreads the Under Clerk his ample shoot,
And strikes in the revenue deep his root,
Hence high his flourish'd head the Valet rears,
And hence Attornies blossom into Peers.

Still lower, in their different strata spread,
As Levity thought fit to range, were laid
Close in their shells involv'd, yet innocent,
The unhatch'd vermin of a government.

Here grubs and maggots Favour's sun-shine wait,
To get new shapes, and wing the world in state,
Or, more industrious, snug, and warm as milk,
Spin their soft nests, and wrap themselves in silk.
Hence snails of Office thro' their slimy tracks
Crawl off at last with houses on their backs.
Hence worms and earwigs in new figures sport,
And tinge themselves in ev'ry dye of Court,
'Till pinch'd with cold, another form they try,
And dip their varying films in LIBERTY.
Here yet unfang'd, wriggle the viper race,
Which fond Administration broods in place,
'Till fatten'd on herself, and fit for strife,
They thro her bowels gnaw their way to life.
Here public Zeal, the alligator, hides
Her selfish eggs, and for their birth provides,
Of incubation in no need they stand,
But hatch in Popularity's hot sand;
To prey with open mouths away they scour,
Yet seem to mourn the country they devour.

Now lower as she went, the hoary deep
Discovers where the seeds of metals sleep.

She

She saw, and lik'd to see, the plodding head
Do the world's business, yet be only lead;
That impudence, its copper birth forgot,
Grows brass, and is important on the spot;
That talk and pertness still succeed by din,
And shine and tinkle in the shape of tin;
That ignorance and meanness rais'd to pow'r,
Their low materials quickly silver o'er;
That Whig and Tory principles unfold
Their like constituence, and turn to gold.
But with the quick-silver, escap'd her view,
Or seeing what it was she little knew,
Last saw, where party-gems their rays refine,
How Patriotism inflames the blazing mine.

She now perceiv'd, from this instructive sight,
A kind of reminiscence, all was right.

The soul is never taught, but recollects
The traces of its prior intellects,
Acknowledges the state she held before,
And owns the beaming shield at Troy she bore.

END OF CANTO IV.

PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

CANTO V.

All-dreaded Nemesis! whose iron-rod
Obeys in Party's Star-chamber her nod,
Oh! keen to mark, with fierce but patient glance,
The angry hour of penalty advance,
Wherein t' express, vindictive of the wrong,
Severe exaction from the blabbing tongue;
May it be lawful! may th' advent'rous Muse,
Unscourg'd of Thee, her farther song effuse
From sacred ignorance to light which bears
Secrets, to uninitiated ears
Perhaps forbidden, which from human sight
Thick politics involve in treble night!

Shudd'ring she repursues her path and feels
In thought, thy Blood-hounds op'ning at her heels,
Yet whence her fears? what modern Bard that sings,
Thinks he can make too free with God and Kings?

Still FOLLY thro' the road abstruse, profound,
Her serious, tho' not thoughtful, footsteps wound,
To dissipate the fears which round her grew,
She would have whistled, but no tune she knew.
Yet that denied, its failure she repays
With scraps of Cambridge speeches in her praise,
Which little understood, but much believ'd,
The tedious error of her way deceiv'd.

When all at once, a Portico in sight,
Wild above rule, erects its daring height,
Bold architecture! in whose rough design
All orders, jumbled in confusion, join;
The huddled members cluster into state,
For Quantity of course appears like Great.

The boist'rous Roman Brothers plann'd its frame,
And wounded deep in brass the Gracchi's name,

But

But heap on heap while rose the desp'rate shell,
Its scaffold, faithless to its builders, fell.
This English hands, with better skill supplied,
New rear'd, and flung its arch from side to side.
Sacred to Opposition stands the mass,
And yields to Honour's temple easy pass,
Leaving poor Virtue's antiquated road
By painful fools, like AMHURST, to be trod.

Go, liquify the brass, bid it receive
The form of AMHURST, and attempt to live;
Raise the high car, relieve it with his deeds,
Thou, Terror, harness the impatient steeds,
Strew prostrate provinces his wheels beneath,
Behind, let Vict'ry, hov'ring with her wreath,
Spread her broad vans beyond the Roman stretch.
No, this, Posterity, 'tis thine to sketch:
Our housewife Britain, a much cheaper way,
Bids Obloquy her debts of honour pay.

Here FOLLY enter'd, dazzled to behold
The lofty coving flame with fretted gold,
Where some Copernicus had aim'd to trace
The system state-Astronomers embrace.

Thick

Thick intersections cross the puzzled score,
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er.

Here regal Pow'r, sun of the circling sphere,
Shorn of its fierceness, leads the temp'rate year,
Shedding mild radiance, which from pole to pole
Gives warmth, and life, and beauty to the whole.

Hardly subordinate, around this source
The wand'ring fires of *Party* whirl their course;
Each sullen Saturn to dark distance strays,
And envies ev'ry other star its rays.

Transverse, broke from their orbits, streaming fly
The angry comets of Ambition's sky,
Burns the whole hemisphere with sanguine glare:
Ye Monarchs tremble! and ye People stare!
Ah! whither drive these busts of threat'ning blaze?
Why NEWTON says they drive to Stow and Hays;
But one frail life was too confin'd t'explain
How wond'rously they come about again.

Nor wanted on the walls, rich artifice
Of Emblem, Hieroglyphic, or Device,

Grotesque

Grotesque or Heraldry, all wildly grac'd
In gaudy nothingness of modern taste.

Here, Eloquence pours forth her thun'dring tide,
And roars, like London Bridge, on either side;
There Public Spirit, swan-like, spreads his snow,
But hides the bosom grim with ooze below;
Here, Clamour, like the cramp, drowns Worth at once,
There, bladder Party swims the leaden Dunce;
Here, Liberty, turn'd Fish-wife, flings her dung,
Makes all her mouths, and shews her ell of tongue;
There, cleanly Satire, to preserve us sweet,
Rakes up her filth, and poisons all a street;
Here, medley monsters sprawl, mis-shapen things,
And Patriots rampant over muzzled Kings;
With these, the white-hors'd Saint, revers'd his fight,
For, sad! the furious Dragon slays the Knight:
And here (for Compliment would needs bestow
FOLLY's own, proper, crest in freshest glow,)
Gives his gay train the Peacock to the wind,
Unmindful of his naked rump behind;
While, lib'ral of th' immodulated note,
He screams thro' all his dissonance of throat.

Between,

Between, hang Collars, Coronets, and Swords,
And azure Circles charg'd with mystic words,
Each honour contraband that Faction yields,
Unsweated for in Glory's crimson fields.

Much she admir'd, for all was vast and grand,
But great admirers never understand;
Thro' her own medium view'd, to her they seem
Realizations of a fev'rish dream,
Dream she once dream'd! but cur'd by pestled wight,
And grateful in proportion to her fright,
She made the Public pay (it was not dear)
Her clysters with eight hundred pounds a year.

From hence an ample Court in proud parade
Extends to stretch of sight its colonade,
Where in full 'Change, and busy disarray,
Throng all who trade the *Constitution* way;
Throng all who seek to barter side for side,
All who oppose, or puzzle, or divide.
Throng Fav'rites, Ministers, in buzzing swarms,
And mighty Monarchs' insubstantial forms;

All mix with all, nor here resentment know,
For as they lov'd above, they hate below.

But, sep'rate from the hubbub, FOLLY view'd
Where her late Master's gracious figure stood.
" And, ah! great Sire, with falt'ring voice she cried,
" Things are extremely alter'd since you died.
" Now Hanover no more can cloud your fame,
" But ev'ry soul, that's out, adores your name.
" Did rancour on your living virtues wait?
" Extinct, we hail you, good, and wise, and great,
" Your Reign with this invidiously compare;
" 'Tis all the praise a British King can share—"
The injur'd shade, disdaining to reply,
Cried, Pooh! and stalk'd majestically by.

She would have blush'd, tho' following still to speak,
If blush could ever burn on FOLLY's cheek,
When, lo! the ghost of Pelham stopp'd her way.
" Alas! too soon review'd, sad sister say,
" Or is it piety could hither drive
" Thee, tho' without a body, still, alive,
" Or, eel-like slipp'd away beyond thy pow'r,
" Pursu'st thou here th' irrevocable hour?"

To

To whom in answer, FOLLY; "From above
" Nor piety conducts, (we did not love,)
" Nor yet some early hour elaps'd, again
" Hunt I thro' all the subsequent in vain;
" But solemn embassy to FATE that brings
" On deep embaras in the state of things:
" Lead on the unknown way, and as we go,
" Instruct me how you pass your time below."

When thus, at once advancing, Pelham said,
" Think not our manners quit us when we're dead,
" Secure to be, they mock Death's feeble shaft,
" Smile at the Doctor, and defy his draught;
" And hurrying downward (rather than survey
" The foolish farce their body has to play),
" The dry-eyed wife, the mutes dissolved in jokes,
" The hackney-coachmen-gentlemen in cloaks,
" Th' enfranchis'd son, the mercenary crowd;
" The tears that smile, and groans that laugh aloud,
" Here recommence, on a long lease renew'd,
" The self-same measures they alive pursued.

" Thus Walpole still, with golden balance nice,
" Exactly librates patriots and their price,

" While doubts the beam, one turning sixpence giv'n
" Mounts Virtue, her accustom'd road, to Heav'n.

" Thus Granville, still impetuous without aim,
" Less fond of pow'r than literary fame,
" In the prime passion lets the second sink,
" Then, all his pleasing knowledge drowns in drink.

" And thus shall Pitt, whene'er he treads these ways,
" Still sue to apron'd citizens for praise,
" Still, faithful to the steps by which he rose,
" Oppose, and Opposition re-oppose,
" His amphisbæna management renew,
" And bid the head of State its tail pursue.
" From Pitt th' infernal Bench new rules shall draw,
" Till Rhadamanth decide on more than law,
" Minos inflame his culprits to rebel,
" And Æacus grow popular in hell.

" Bute, as above, shall exercise below
" Each blessed gift Heav'n's favour could bestow,
" And Mansfield still, superior to pretence,
" Shall put his only trust in honest sense."

Here

Here FOLLY interrupting, (for just here
The sound of exultation struck her ear,
Pæans responsive from celestial choirs,
Breath of soft flutes, and touch of heav'nly lyres,
While fanning Zephyrs scatter'd, as they rose,
What gums and spice the gale of Ceylon blows,)
" Say brother, whence, and why, around us swim
" This cloud of odour, and this voice of hymn?"
To whom thus Pelham: " Where thou may'st perceive
" Yon bays, and laurels thickest interweave
" Their ever-verdant branches, render'd quite
" Impervious, as insup'rable their height,
" Crown'd with immortal flow'rs, in that bless'd space,
" The souls of perfect Patriots find their place.
" Bless'd space! to pure disint'rest justly due,
" But trod, like Paradise, by only two.

" No Catos gain admittance to those climes,
" Whose virtues do more harm than Cæsar's crimes,
" Who from the first to last, with equal pride,
" Mean each by *Liberty*, that *He* should *guide*.

" But far remov'd from reach of Party jobs,
" The war of pamphlets, and the pelt of mobs,

" From Dunquerque clamour'd as the peace is now,
" From an ungrateful Monarch's alter'd brow,
" From Shaftesburys and Buckinghams, (so call
" The ——s and T——s then who led the brawl,)
" There CLARENDON, with his SOUTHAMPTON, reigns,
" Knit in eternal Friendship's holy chains.
" Hail sacred character! the claim to praise
" Abuse and injury but serve to raise.

" What tho' no riots shouted thy lov'd name,
" No Guild-hall portrait glar'd thee into fame,
" No city-letters stuff'd thee with applause,
" The scare-court mawkin of a desp'rate Cause;
" Yet self-approving Conscience, which surveys
" Without one pang the tenor of her ways,
" Sees all her aims concentring to this end,
" To fix the crown, yet be the people's friend;
" To curb, but not by faction, pow'r of ill,
" And save a venal State against its will;
" Bids warmer transports in thy bosom glow
" Than gratified Ambition could bestow.

" Yet while I may, oh! let me hither bring
" Each fragrant product of the blushing spring,

" And while I heap these altars, all thine own,
" And clear away the moss Neglect has sown,
" Do thou accept the late, but honest, wreaths,
" Which Envy holds from Virtue while she breathes.
" All hail, unblemish'd HYDE! who would commute
" Thy banishment, or the retreat of BUTE,
" For all that Pitt of windy triumph feels,
" With the whole Common-Council at his heels!"

Here Pelham ceas'd, in rapture deep immers'd,
Which FOLLY soon, half trembling, thus dispers'd.

" But tell me then, since Heav'n such blessings
" show'rs
" On real Patriots, what becomes of ours?
" Who, mad to repossess the pow'r we've lost,
" Wish the whole country in distraction tost,
" Order revers'd, confounded right and wrong,
" The strait path crooked, and the short one long,
" Who truth and falsehood see, as suits the time,
" WILKES nought but virtue, SANDWICH nought
" but crime?
" Who sigh that others don't forsake their trust,
" But sicken because France and Spain are just?

" Does not, in dreadful counter balance, Pain,
" Natural alternative, for such remain?"

When Pelham thus, with countenance secure;
" Feel no alarm, whatever they endure:
" Vengeance no doubt, in ample portion spilt,
" For penalty is but the tail of guilt.

" But, whether on their vitals, day by day,
" The gnawing vultur Disappointment prey,
" Or doom'd, the leaky sieve of hope to fill,
" Or roll the stone of Faction up the hill,
" To thrid a giddy round, which knows no pause,
" Whirl'd on the wheel of popular Applause;
" Or strive to snatch in Expectation's dream,
" The bobbing apple, and elusive stream;
" Concerns not those, who into life are brought,
" Seal'd with a blest immunity from thought;
" For pitying Justice tacks, in their defence,
" Inculpability to want of sense.

" Nature, like other mothers, doats upon
" The dear defects which grace a booby son.

" Soon

" Soon as her blessing on the dolt she pours,
" On Fortune's breath the lucky feather soars:
" But whether, upward, from its lightness, blown,
" The clinging trifle hangs upon a Throne;
" Or, whisk'd about, on Faction's eddy plays,
" Seeming to give the motion it obeys;
" Alike to nothing all its squirts amount,
" *And of it's doings Heav'n takes no account.*

" But here we part, farewell. Thro' either gate,
" Prone, of itself the road conducts to FATE."
Two gates there are, which seem almost to join,
Yet differ in materials and design.
The one, of solid History compact,
Rears its firm greatness on the rock of Fact;
The Tuscan order forms its stately face,
And charms in graceful negligence of grace.
The other stands a pile of meaner note,
Built of Biography and Anecdote,
Composit, lac'd with Gothic and Chinese,
Displeasing, from its over zeal to please.

Thro' this, whatever will, a passage earns;
To all that comes the facil wicket turns;

To semblances, which sporting Fancy flings,
Then onion-coats, from surfaces of things:
Except when, in their pleasing turn of ward,
PLUTARCH or CAMPBELL happen upon guard;
They with just rigour, scrutinizing fit,
But crown with roses all that they admit.

Nor balanc'd FOLLY in her choice of gate,
Now first grown conscious of her want of weight,
But kept her pace, unbroken by delay,
And thro' the latter issued on her way.

END OF CANTO V.

PATRIOTISM,

A

MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

CANTO VI.

Of perfect diamond a solid rock,
Far from the tempest's beat and earthquake's shock,
Its massive spurs down to the centre shoots,
Where endless Permanency binds the roots;
Upon its summit awefully elate
Immoveably is fix'd the throne of Fate:
The wond'rous pile no mark of structure shews,
Unhewn, unbuilt, the living quarry grows.
Up the steep height an iron causeway tends,
And at the footstool of the Monarch ends;
Here Folly pass'd, and, as she climb'd the mound,
Hollow and loud her shuffling steps resound.

Rais'd

Rais'd on his seat the hoary Sire appear'd,
And spread profuse his ample flow of beard;
No condescension his firm looks avow,
Inexorable sternness knits his brow.
Around him bawl, but clam'rous to no end,
The fond addresses which we mortals send;
He to their purport turns a deafen'd ear,
Or answers traversly the wasted pray'r;
To spendthrift sons eternal fathers gives,
And health untaintable to modern wives;
The maiden's pious vows are still repaid
With husbands bad at board, and worse abed;
To Britain (every plume of glory won)
Sends news-papers, and all the work's undone:
Or, just as Party thinks to crown her pains,
Gives resolution, and the Prince still reigns.

Before his feet was plac'd, slave of his sway,
NECESSITY, whom Men and Gods obey,
Her strong right hand a pond'rous hammer held,
Her left with adamantine nails was fill'd,
Close to her side, of steel an anvil rose,
(The sounding anvil never feels repose)

With

With these on this, as fast as FATE assents,
She rivets actions down to their events.
Millions of *Second-causes* claim in vain
Their seat usurp'd, and urge their right to reign;
She holds possession still; while they pursue,
For ever, their rejected suit, anew.

On ev'ry side, and scatter'd ev'ry way,
Her finish'd labours in wild parcels lay,
Unrang'd by their importance, equal here
The loss of battles, or at whist appear;
A Statesman chang'd, or lodging newly lett,
Empires transferr'd, or fashions out of date.
The joys, the vows, th' extinction of man's race
Serve but to make the litter of the place.

Here, trebly clench'd the dire injunction lay
For War t' extend his yet too narrow sway;
Hunger or Lust the contest first began,
Ambition soon improv'd upon the plan;
Religion next inflam'd the fell debate,
And steel'd our hearts, and edg'd our swords with hate;
Last, Commerce for an endless quarrel stood,
And all before seem'd penury of blood.

There

There was ordain'd, Law should untie her noose,
And slip the dogs of Licence and Abuse;
To their own kennel's stench familiar grown,
But pois'ning every nose except their own,
They with full cry the dubious scent explore,
And trail wherever Scandal touch'd before:
Still, oh the shame! still the loud yelp proceeds,
And the first head of all the forest bleeds.

Here, in like volume, the decree of FATE
Forbids that madmen should divide the State;
They with absurd, illib'ral, desp'rate push,
To shame ev'n Party, and make Faction blush,
Strive, but in vain, to alienate the hearts
Of a whole People great in arms and arts;
To us, by Nature, Reason, In'trest, Blood,
Conjoin'd, and union'd by the circling flood.

Thro' these as FOLLY pass'd with tott'ring gait,
From thinking hurry gave an air of state,
And tripping at the last unlucky law,
(As witches stumble o'er a cross of straw)
She chanc'd to kick one bundle; light it roll'd
Into existence; in it was foretold

A *Mock-*

A *Mock-heroic* should employ the pains
Of venal quills, and party-heated brains.

She on her knees, with hands devoutly clos'd,
At once her message and herself expos'd;
To whom in answer FATE: "Thus far to come,
"Swell all its rage, and lash itself to foam,
"O'er every mound of decency to ride,
"Has been allow'd to riot's moon-drawn tide;
"Here its proud waves shall stop, the boiſt'rous flood,
"On which ye hull'd, desert you in the mud.

"The mists that veil the morning of this reign,
"The breach of Order shall disperse again,
"Broke they shall scud before the piercing ray,
"And add new glories to its burst of day.

"See the glad prospect shine! a Briton born,*
"Whom virtues, Angels might possess, adorn,
"Gives lustre to the Throne; whose deeds confess
"No thirst of pow'r, except the pow'r to bless;
"Who from the sceptre no exemption draws,
"And lives but the first subject of the laws;

For

* GEORGE THE THIRD.

" For *Monarch* reckons in his moral plan,
" But second title to the HONEST MAN.

" Him, had the World deserv'd, Heav'n had design'd
" The sov'reign, as the friend, of all mankind,
" Plac'd as its gentle delegate he'd stood,
" And won them by example to be good;
" Taught them the social duties how to blend,
" The Son, the Brother, Husband, Father, Friend.—

" Rouz'd from their dream, the honest and the wise
" Shall view confusion with abhorrent eyes;
" Nay, the misled shall say, while drops the tear,
" How could our love be scribbled into fear?

" Yet but a little, ere this child of Glare,
" This mighty bubble burst to empty air.
" Rise, crown'd with light, imperious *Wildmans* rise,
" Then sink to nothing in the Nation's eyes;
" See wild Dispersion craze the Babel-pile,
" And some desert the cause, and some the isle,
" Skulking, by twos and threes, away they fall,
" As prescient rats forsake the mould'ring wall:

" See

" See others drop, despairing of resource,
" The melancholy martyrs of remorse,
" Wilkes outlaw'd, Churchill in his beer expire,
" And mute your trumpet, as unstrung your lyre.
" Go, tell your senders to revere their King:
" And in your private year, this only thing
" Of which it can be capable, receive,
" **Folks of your Age have never long to live.**"
Nor more:—And FOLLY backward on her way
Sullen and silent turn'd her steps, tow'rds day.

And now, fair DECENCY! to whom we owe
That peace and order are things known below,
That man was taught, with better aim, to push
Beyond his acorn feast and bed of rush,
The rugged cavern's shelter to disown,
And seek convenience in the peopled town,
There to distinguish, in subjection mild,
'Tween reasonably free and staring wild;
Do Thou forgive, if stung with honest pain,
Too far o'er *Satire's* far too open plain
I urge the sportive steed, while I pursue
Through his own paths, the Blatant beast in view.

Do

Do thou forgive, if e're I, unexact,
Of his own dirt some little specks contract;
Hard were the task to thrid so foul a way,
And yet no plashing of the soil betray.

But if provok'd to vindicate thy laws,
I dip my pen in Truth and Virtue's cause;
If I, when Scandal shoots her load of shame,
Restore it honestly to whence it came;
If my sole aim is licence to restrain,
And laugh thy rebels home to thee again;
If, not desirous of the wreath of bays,
Nor over ticklish to the straw of praise,
Unask'd, unpromis'd, if these lines I pour,
Conviction-drawn, but from my soul abhor
The name of Satirist, who to his share
Needs but an ear to rhime and front to dare,
To hide his splendid bile in moral maſk,
And set himself at once about his task;
As a rough water-dog, New England's breed,
Fresh plaister'd from some pond with mud and weed,
Round from his fleece the dirty puddle shakes,
Rejoicing in the spatter that he makes.

If these my motives, not alone forgive,
But bid this JUST RETALIATION, live;
While libels, when they've flourish'd for a spirt,
Fall like their brother leaves, and rot to dirt.

And this shall live, to tell a better age,
That on a time when Party, swoln to rage,
Pour'd ev'ry stream of licence uncontroul'd,
And man and beast down the mad torrent roll'd;
One, whom the Muses rarely deign'd to fire,
To stem the headlong tide oppos'd his lyre;
That urg'd by Truth, he turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from passion to the heart;
For Faction's mirror, held up Reason's light,
Shew'd erring mobs that measures may be right;
That pow'r and place are Opposition's aim,
That Patriotism and Int'rest are the same,
That order is, what gives us bliss below,
And our best knowledge, when we're well to know.

END OF THE LAST CANTO.

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A MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

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THE

BATTLE OF THE WIGS,

A MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

Dabiturque LICENTIA *sumpta pudenter.*—HOR.

Written in the Year 1768.

TO THE READER.

THOUGH the Writer of the following little Piece has choſen to call it *An additional Canto to Dr.* Garth's *Poem of the Dispensary*, he by no means pretends to aspire to an imitation of that Work, much leſs would he presume to affect a rivalship with the ingenious Author. The subject being in ſome meaſure similar, he was induced to make uſe of this title.

The Disputes, at present subsisting between the *Fellows* and *Licentiates* of the *College of Physicians*, concerning their respective Rights, seemed to be no improper topick for an innocent laugh. Nothing that should in the least offend any individual, is intended by it. No character is designed to be personally pointed out. As to the common sarcaſm, 'The killing of numbers of patients,' ſays Dr. *Garth*, 'is ſo trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to 'make any impression.'

It is difficult, and perhaps in ſome degree presumptuous, to attempt following, in a confined walk, the steps of any author of eminence. If some expressions or sentiments in this piece should be found to be the ſame with, or ſomewhat similar to any in Dr. Garth's Poem, the writer begs he may not lay under the imputation of plagiarism. One or two instances, which he has discovered, of a similarity, he has carefully pointed out.

One

One part of the Machinery is founded upon fact. A Blacksmith was employed to break open the College gate, in order to try the Rights of the Licentiates. The circumstances of the Butchers and the Engine charged with Blood were jocular reports at that Time.

The writer begs leave to enter a caveat against the Critics finding fault with his rhymes not exactly chiming in some few places. He cannot, with submission, but be of opinion, that the senſe should not be totally sacrificed to the sound: besides he can shelter himself under the authority and example of our best authors. He might alſo plead in favour of some alliterations, in which he has indulged himſelf, if he was not satisfied, that the use of them is generally allowed in the *Mock-Heroic*, however sparingly they ought to be introduced in more ſerious compositions.

THE

BATTLE OF THE WIGS.

A MOCK-HEROIC POEM.

PART I.

TURN, Muse, once more to Warwick's dismal lane,
Where feuds unheard of, and new uproars reign,
Where *fellows* with *Licentiates* hold debate;
These, (to preserve their dignity of state)
Admit no partners in their Councils grave,
Who titles only from Diplomas have;
An equal rank the others boldly claim,
Alike their fortunes, and alike their fame:

Each

V. 1. The College of physicians is erected in *Warwick-Lane*,

Each Æsculapian breast fell Discord warms,
And for awhile the Gown gives place to Arms.

Say, DEATH, what prompted thee to spread debate
Among thy sons, the arbiters of Fate?
Thy great upholders, whose unsparing pen
Crowds *Pluto's* realm, and thins the race of men?

'Twas on the day, held sacred to *St. Luke*,
Rever'd by sages skill'd in purge or puke,
When in mute state the grave assembly meet,
To hear profound oration,—and to eat:
Licentiato held it for a sin
To fast without, while others feast within;
Hungry and dry, he mourn'd his hapless fate,
With *Socio* not allow'd to soil a plate;

Forbid

V. 10. *And for awhile the gown gives place to arms.*

Cedunt Arma Togæ, is a well-known expression. In the Universities the doctors of physic are invested with a scarlet gown; and it may be a question with some perhaps, whether that or the scarlet coat has been productive of most destruction among mankind.

V. 18. *To hear profound oration—*

On St. Luke's Day there is a Latin speech pronounced by a Fellow in the College of Physicians, called (from Doctor Harvey, the original institutor) *Oratio Harveiana.*

Forbid to cheer his heart, and warm his throttle,
With Haustus repetendus of the bottle.

Madd'ning at length with grief, and fir'd with rage,
Which nothing but admittance could assuage,
" Open your gates, he cries, and let us enter,
" Or else to force them open we'll adventure."

Socio, elated with his high degree
Of A. B. A. M. M. B. and M. D.
Bids him without, and at a distance wait,
Nor deigns he to unfold the sacred gate.

" Shall

V. 24. *With* Haustus repetendus *of the bottle.*

The medical gentry, however they may recommend abstinence to others, are many of them no enemies to the bottle, if taken in *moderation*, as they term it. A certain witty Physician was advising a friend of his, who had been used to be too free with his bottle, to take a chearful pint with his meals, and no more: ' But says he, the whole secret consists in knowing how ' much your pint should hold. I myself take my pint constantly ' after dinner and supper; but mine is a Scots pint,'—that is, two quarts.

V. 29. Socio, *elated with his high degree*
Of A. B. A. M. M. B. *and* M. D.

A. B. *Artium Baccalaureus*, Batchelor of Arts; A. M. *Artium Magister*, Master of Arts; M. B. *Medicinæ Baccalaureus*, Bachelor of Physic; M. D. *Medicinæ Doctor*, Doctor of Physic.

" Shall Scots, he cries, or Leyden doctors dare
" With sapient Regulars to claim a chair?
" How can Diplomatists have equal knowledge?
" No, no—they must not mess with Graduates of a College."

He said, when strait *Licentiato* tries
By force to gain what stubborn pride denies.
And now the pond'rous pestle beats to Arms,
And the huge mortar rings with loud alarms;
On barber's pole a peruke they display
With triple tail, a signal for the fray.

O could the modest muse but dare aspire
To emulate one spark of Homer's fire,

The

V. 39. *And now the pond'rous pestle beats to arms,*
And the huge mortar rings with loud alarms.
While lifted pestles brandish'd in the air
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.—GARTH.

V. 43. *O could the modest muse but dare aspire*
To emulate one spark of Homer's *fire,*
The list of large-wig'd warriors she might chaunt.

In the fourth book of Homer's Iliad is a list of the forces employed against Troy.

The list of large-wigg'd warriors she might chaunt,
From clumsy Tunbelly to John o' Gaunt.

Nor yet unmindful to defend the doors
Are *Socio's* bands, and force repel with force.

Within the gates close-bolted, lock'd, and barr'd,
Of neighb'ring butchers stands an awful guard;
Each with an azure apron strung before,
And snow-white sleeves, as yet unstain'd with gore;
The foe the whetting-iron hears dismay'd,
Grating harsh music from the sharp'ning blade.

From Newgate-Market came the bloody bands,
With marrow-bones and cleavers in their hands,
Fram'd to split skulls, and deal destructive knocks,
To fell a doctor, or to fell an ox;

Fit

V. 46. *From* Clumsy Tunbelly *to* John o'Gaunt.
Clumsy Tunbelly, Doctor——
John o'Gaunt, Doctor——

V. 55. *From* Newgate Market *came the bloody bands.*
Newgate Market is contiguous to Warwick Lane. The Butchers are therefore called (in V. 50.) neighb'ring Butchers.

Fit instruments to quash a foe, then ring
A peal of triumph,—Ding dong, ding dong, ding.

No wonder butchers should physicians aid;
The same their practice, nor unlike their trade:
And what alliance more exactly suits?
Man-killers leagu'd with those who slaughter brutes.

Nor yet on these alone the Dons rely,
But they prepare a mask'd artillery.
A water-engine, charg'd with beastly gore,
Stands ready on the foe its filth to pour.

And

V. 59. *Fit instruments to quash a foe, then ring*
A peal of triumph, ding dong, ding dong, ding.

In the Ode on St. Cæcilia's day, adapted to the antient British music, is the following air.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
Make clanging cleavers ring,
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
Raise your uplifted arms on high,
In long-prolonged tones,
Let cleavers sound
A merry merry round,
By banging marrow-bones.

And what than this can cast a greater dread,
Design'd to change the sable coat to red?
To save their cloaths e'en surgeons step aside,
When from the puncture spouts the crimson tide.

Thou too, dread officer, of sov'reign pow'r,
Thou tyrant-monarch of the midnight hour,
(If haply, when thou tread'st thy watchful round,
Some kind-inviting vagrant Nymph be found;)
High Constable, wast there; thy magic staff,
With royal standard down emblazon'd half;
Ensign of might, to make wild uproar cease,
And bid tumultuous Riot be at peace.

END OF PART I.

THE

BATTLE OF THE WIGS,

PART II.

WITHOUT, th' enrag'd *Licentiato* waits,
Striving to force a passage through the gates;
In vain he strives: then drooping with despair,
To Venus he addrest his humble pray'r.

" O goddess! if thy vot'ries own my skill,
" If they approve my lotion, or my pill;
" If Rock, or Flugger, boast a fairer name;
" If Drury, and the Garden, sound my fame;

" If

V. 7. *If* Rock, *nor* Flugger *boast a fairer name.*

Richard Rock, a very noted practitioner. We have not been able to learn the import of thoſe two significant letters, M. L. which constantly accompany his name.

Flugger. Dr. Flugger, no less noted, but not of so long standing.

" If many a mother, that would pass for maid.
" In secret calls for my obstetric aid;
" If, to prevent th' affected sneer of prude,
" My juice of *S*—— can the shame preclude;
" If with my drops I rouse th'enervate rake,
" And wives unfruitful happy mothers make;
" O help!

V. 8. *If* Drury, *and* the Garden, *sound my Fame.*

Drury Lane, of ancient renown. Covent Garden is emphatically stiled THE Garden, as the principal singers in the Opera are called THE Guarducci, THE Lovatini, &c.

V. 12. *My juice of* S—— *can the shame preclude.*

Doctor Mead, in his Essay on Poison, says, 'I had once in my possession, given me by an ingenious chemist, a clear liquor, which though ponderous, was so volatile, that it would all fly away in the open air, without being heated; and so corrosive, that a glass stopple of the bottle, which contained it, was in a short time so eroded, that it could never be taken out. The fume of it was so thin, that if a candle was set at some distance from the bottle, upon a table, the heat would direct its course that way; so that it might be poisonous to any one that sat near to the light, and to no-body else. I know (adds the Doctor) the composition of this Stygian spirit; *but it is better that the world should not be instructed in such arts of death.*"

For the same reason the author, as a lover of his King and Country, and consequently a friend to population, chuses not to print the word *S*—— at full length.

" O help! Let Mars's arms a while be staid,
" And send your cuckold to my instant aid."

The goddess heard, and, hast'ning to her spouse,
With protestations and repeated vows
Of strict fidelity in time to come,
" No more she'd wander, but would cleave to home,"
Prevail'd upon her fond and easy dear
On earth in form of Blacksmith to appear.
The tedious hours of absence to beguile,
'Tis said, with Mars she solac'd all the while.

To earth the God descending stood confest
By the black bristles of his beard and breast;
A leathern apron ty'd about his waist,
And on his head a woollen nightcap plac'd;
A massy hammer in his hand he held,
Which scarce two men of modern strength could weild.

With

V. 29. *A massy hammer in his hand he held,*
Which scarce two men of modern strength could weild.

A pondrous stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below;
Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
Pope's Homer. B. XII.

With this advancing, at one pond'rous stroke,
Forthwith th' inhospitable bars he broke:
Then to next alehouse did his Godship steer,
To quaff the earthly Nectar of butt beer.

Soon as he saw the gates wide open stand,
In rush'd *Licentiato* with his band;
Through constables, through butchers onward prest
To *fuming chamber*, an unwelcome guest;

Where

V. 33. *Then to next alehouse did his Godship steer,*
To quaff the earthly Nectar of butt beer.

In justice to the honest landlord that keeps the house, and the worthy Alderman that serves it, we think ourselves obliged to acquaint all true lovers of *entire butt*, that they will be sure to meet with an excellent tankard of it at the *Three Jolly Butchers* the corner of *Warwick-Court*.

The author ingenuously acknowledges, that some of the best lines (if any may be called so) in his Poem, are owing to the inspiration of this excellent liquor.

V. 38. To *fuming chamber*,
Vulgarly called, *smoaking room*.

We cannot but take notice here of an infamous addition to those admirable lines, in favour of this noble exotic plant; to wit,

Tobacco hick, Tobacco hick,
'Twill make you well, if you are sick.

An enemy to Tobacconists has reversed the sentiment, by saying,

Tobacco hick, Tobacco hick,
If you are well will make you sick.

Where from intrusion (as they thought) secure,
In lolling posture, and with look demure,
Immers'd in politics and sober chat,
The Dons serenely o'er their bottle sat;
In "customary suits of solemn black,"
Save that the peruke whitens down the back.
Slow from their lips proceeds the puff'd perfume,
And sleep-inviting vapours cloud the Room.

Licentiato enters. With appall
Each was struck dumb, as mute at funeral.—
So sat the Romans Curules, dully wise,
When Gauls rush'd in, and view'd them with surprize,
Taking their awful forms for deities.

Choak'd

V. 43. "*In customary suits of solemn black,*"
Or customary suits of solemn black. *Hamlet.*

V. 49. *So sat the* Roman Curules, *dully wise,*
When Gauls *rush'd in, and view'd them with surprize,*
Taking their awful forms for deities.

"When the crowd of superannuated patriots had, by their advice and exhortations to the soldiers, done all that was in their power towards the defence of the capital [Rome], they returned to their houses, there to wait, with steady resolution, the coming of the enemy, and death. Such of them as had *tri-*

umphed

Choak'd with the fume, *Licentiato* broke

The

umphed for victories, or had been Curule magistrates, that they might die with the greater dignity, adorned themselves with the *insignia* of those honours which they had acquired by their virtue. Cloathed in their triumphal robes, or those of their magistracies, they repaired to the Forum, and seating themselves there in their Curule chairs, maintained the same respectable air of greatness, as when in the fulness of their former power.

" As the *Gauls* had met with little resistance from the *Romans* in the field, and were not put to the trouble of an assault to take the city, they entered it, (at the gate *Collina*) without any thing, in their appearance, of hostile anger, that raging flame, kindled by opposition, difficulty, and danger. Moving on, they beheld, with amazement, the streets unpeopled as a desert; and when they came to the *Forum*, and cast their eyes all around, they could observe no shew of war but in the citadel alone. What chiefly drew and fixed their attention, was the company of venerable victims, who had devoted themselves to death. *Their magnificent purple robes, their long white beards, their air of greatness, their silence, stilness, and serenity, all these astonished the Gauls, held them at an awful distance, and inspired them with the same respect which they would have had for so many gods.*. It chanced, however, that one of the soldiers (who was, probably, less apt to be religiously affected than his comrades) took the freedom gently to put his hand towards the beard of *Manlius Papirius*, as if he meant to stroke it; a familiarity which so much offended the *majestic figure*, that with a smart blow of his *ivory truncheon*, he broke the fellow's head. There needed no more to put an end to all reverence for such a choleric deity. The *Gauls* instantly killed *Papirius*; and, as if he had given the signal for a general mas-

The solemn silence, and thus, coughing, spoke:
" Give us, (*hem, hem,*) one drop to clear our lungs,
" (*Hem, hem,*) one little drop to cool our tongues."
" No; not a single drop," stern *Socio* roar'd,
And up he snatch'd the bottle from the board.
" How dares *Licentiato* force our gate?"
He said, and hurl'd the bottle at his pate.
The glass, less hard, quick from his front rebounds,
Scarce leaving on the skin some superficial wounds.

Thrice happy thou, whose tender brain's immur'd
In thickest case, by leaden skull secur'd!
Drug-venders else had rued th' adventure cross,
And callous undertakers mourn'd thy loss.

Yet

sacre, all the rest were now slain, *sitting, like him, in state, in their Curule chairs.*"

HOOKE's *Rom. Hist.* Book 2. Chap. 38.

Let the reader figure to himself the *doctors*,—their *magnificent full-trim'd black*,—their *long white perukes*,—their *air of greatness*, —their *silence, stilness*, and *serenity*,—their *gold-headed canes*, (no less respectable than the *ivory truncheon*)—their *sitting in state, in their elbow chairs*;—Let the reader, I say, figure to himself these *majestic figures*, and we are confident, he must be struck with awe and admiration.

Yet with the shock *Licentiato* lies
Stunn'd,—from the floor unable to arise;
And, as when cupping-utensil's applied,
The trickling streams from narrow sluices glide,
So down his face slow flows a purple flood:
The Muse affirms not, whether wine or blood.

V. 67. *Yet with the shock Licentiato lies*
Stunn'd,—*from the floor unable to arise.*

The sound is here designedly made to echo to the sense. So Virgil,

————procumbit humi bos.

Many instances may be brought, not only from the Greek and Latin Poets, of similar attention, but also from our own. Let one ſuffice.

Shakespeare, in his King Lear, has the following line,

"Many a fathom down precipitating,"

the precipitation of which Tate has choſen to stop (in his alteration of this Play) by substituting

"Many a fathom tumbling down."

O what a tumbling down is here!

END OF PART II.

THE

BATTLE OF THE WIGS.

PART III.

And now a general tumult reigns thro' all;
" To arms, to arms," on ev'ry side they bawl:
Each grave Bashaw, that bears three deathful tails,
Rous'd from his torpor joins in fierce assails;
Foregoes his wonted solemness of mein,
While wig meets wig, and cane encounters cane.
The ruffled hairs on fretful perukes rise,
Like quills on hedge-hog, when he roll'd up lies;
Their knots on either side the tyes unfold,
And pendent midmost stands erectly bold.

So

V. 7. *The ruffled hairs on fretful perukes rise,*
Like quills on hedge-hog, when he roll'd up lies:
Make thy young hairs to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
HAMLET.

So when Medusa's head bore snakes for hair,
(Curl'd like the *Têtes* our dames of fashion wear,)
Their folds untwisting, with amaze and dread
They struck the foe, and instant star'd him dead.

The cane, for sapience rever'd of old,
(With head of amber, or with head of gold,)
Sage nurse of thought, that gently kiss'd the nose,
On the crack'd cranium deals descending blows.
The short snug sword, of measure larks to spit,
With modest hilt just peeping thro' the slit,
From peaceful scabbard starts a warring blade,
"By a mere bodkin the quietus made."

So when a taylor on the shopboard sits,
Of galligaskins to repair the slits,

Tormented

V. 12. *Curl'd like the* têtes *our dames of fashion wear.*

These preposterous oenaments of false hair, twisted and twirled into a thousand unnatural shapes, may indeed be very properly called *Medusa Têtes*, though it must be confessed they are (in the language of *enamoratas*) not quite so *killing*. For the story of Medusa, see the end of the Latin Dictionary, under the letter M.

V. 22. '*By a mere bodkin, the* quietus *made.*'

"Whenhe himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin," HAMLET,

Tormented by the foe, he vengeance vows,
And with his spear, a needle, pricks a louse.

And now a general tumult reigns thro' all,
" To arms, to arms," on ev'ry side they bawl.
So loud the din, so terrible the roar,
It pierc'd to earth to Lethe's farther shore;
Shook Pluto's throne,—who trembled for his friends,
So skill'd, so prompt to serve their mutual ends.
Resolv'd to part them, he ascends to light,
Enters the room, in solemn vest bedight.

A sable truncheon his right-hand displays,
And in his left four flaming torches blaze:
Rings on his fingers for departed friends;
Athwart his breaſt a silken scarf descends;
Plumes on his head, and on his back he bore,
Like herald's coat, a robe escutcheon'd o'er;
An Undertaker aptly he appears:
Black is the constant dress Hell's monarch wears.

Thus have we seen, in pantomimic tricks,
Grim Pluto thro' the trap-door come from Styx;
Black and all black, all dismal is his suit,
And powder'd seems the peruke's self with soot:

His

His legs alone, with emblematic aim,
In scarlet-colour'd hose affect to flame.

" Hold, hold, (he cries,) what means this desp'rate fray?
" Will ye yourselves instead of others slay?
" Has *Beaume* purg'd Autumn of each sad complaint?
" The air in vain does *influenza* taint?
" What! no acute, no chronical disease,
" No fevers want your aid? No pleurisies,
" No coughs, consumptions, atrophies, catarrhs?
" No foul mishaps from love's intemp'rate wars?
" If ye neglect *your* business, there will be,
" Alas! I fear, but little work for *me*.

" What's

V. 52. *Has* Beaume *purg'd* Autumn *of each sad complaint?*
The air in vain does influenza *taint?*

Beaume de Vie. A medicine so called, which is advertised as a sovereign remedy against autumnal complaints.

Influenza. A distemper which rages in Italy, in the Summer months. The term has been adopted in England.

V. 58. *If ye neglect* your *business, there will be,*
Alas! I fear, but little work for me.

The two trades are so intimately connected, that an eminent apothecary, whose eldest son is brought up to the father's profession, has, with a prudent forecast, bound his youngest son apprentice to an undertaker.

" What's in a name? that which we call a wig
" By any other name would look as big.
" What's in a place? Where'er ye had degrees,
" The same the Latin in your recipes;
" The scrawl, illegible to vulgar eyes,
" Denotes you deeply learn'd, and wond'rous wise:
" Think on the meed, that tickles sweet your hand,
" The glitt'ring meed no doctor can withstand,

" Though doctors differ; for the human tripe
" Though some the purge prefer, and some the pipe;
" Or in th' intestines raise the sharp commotion
" Some with a pill, and others with a potion;
" Tho', to apply the flayer of the skin,
" Some hold a virtue, others hold a sin;
" In antimony some their trust repose,
" And some in mercury,—to save a nose;

" In

V. 60. *What's in a name? That which we call a wig,*
By any other name would look as big.

A parody on the following lines;
" What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."
ROMEO *and* JULIET.

V. 72. *The flayer of the skin.*

A poetical expression for *emplastr. epispastic.*—In plain *English*, a blister.

" In this one point ye never disagree,
" Ye're all unanimous—about the fee.

" Come then, my friends, (for now methinks I spy
" A mild complacency in ev'ry eye,)
" Think on the meed, that tickles sweet your hand, So
" The glitt'ring meed, no doctor can withstand.

" Like

V. 76. *In this one point ye never disagree,*
Ye're all unanimous—about the fee.

About each symptom how they disagree,—
But how unanimous in case of fee. GARTH.

V. 80. *Think on the meed that tickles sweet your hand,*
The glitt'ring meed, no doctor can withstand.

To corroborate the truth of this maxim, we shall take the liberty of setting down the two following short stories, by way of illustration. The circumstances required the stile of the narration to be more familiar than would suit with the dignity of the rest of the poem, to have them interwoven in the body of it.

A doctor once (no matter whence I ween,
From Oxford, Leyden, Cam, or Aberdeen,)
Was call'd to visit one with utmost speed;
But, when he came, behold! the patient's dead.
" What! dead?" " Yes, doctor, dead: but here's your fee."
" Oh, very well:—'tis all the same to me."

A doctor once (O tell it not in *Bath*,
Lest Doctor *Somebody* be much in wrath,)

Soon

" Like to the cur in Æsop's tale display'd
" Ye quit the substance, and embrace the shade.
" *Licentiato* licence has—to kill:
" Can *Socio* boast a greater pow'r, or skill?
" While ye dispute, and quarrel for a word,
" Behold! your patients are to health restor'd.

" Ye three-tail'd sages, cease your disputation,
" Be friends, and social join in consultation;
" Each shake his loaded noddle with the other,
" And brother gravely smell his cane with brother."

He

Soon as he saw the sick man, shook his head:
No pause; no breath; the man in short was dead.
Now as our doctor kept his silent stand,
The tempting *shiner* in the dead man's hand
He saw; he touch'd; and seizing, " 'Tis for me,"
He cried, and took his farewell,—and the fee.

V. 87. *Behold! your patients are to health restor'd.*

It is very remarkable, that the* *decrease* of *burials* within the Bills of Mortality for the year 1767 is not less than 1299, owing, (it may perhaps be supposed) to the Physicians having been so much taken up with squabbles among themselves.

V. 90. *Each shake his loaded noddle with the other,*
And brother gravely smell his cane with brother.

An imitation of the following lines:
" One fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother."

* See the General Bill of Mortality, set forth by Parish Clerks, from December 15, 1766, to December 16, 1767.

He ended, and forthwith to sight appears
A car triumphal in the form of hearse:
Six coal-black steeds "dragg'd its slow length along,"
Deaf to *aight, aight*, and heedless of the thong.
These with dull pace th' infernal monarch drew,
(Laid flat upon his back, and hid from view,)
In awful pomp, slow, solemn, sad, and still,
Thro' Warwick-lane, and on, (down Ludgate-hill,)
To the Fleet-market, whose stupendous ditch
A lazy current rolls, as black as pitch;
From whence a passage, dismal, dark, and dank,
Leads underneath to *Acheron's* gloomy bank.
Twelve sable imps the vehicle surround,
And with lethiferous night-shade strew the ground:

A strong

V. 94. Six coal-black steeds *drag'd its slow length along.*
Imit. "And like a wounded snake, drag'd its slow length along."

V. 95. *Deaf to* aight, aight, *and heedless of the thong.*
Aight, aight—an expression in the *huynhym* language, made use of by coachmen, &c. in speaking to the horses, signifying, *go on.*

A strong perfume, as in his car he rode,
Of *assa fœtida* proclaim'd the god.

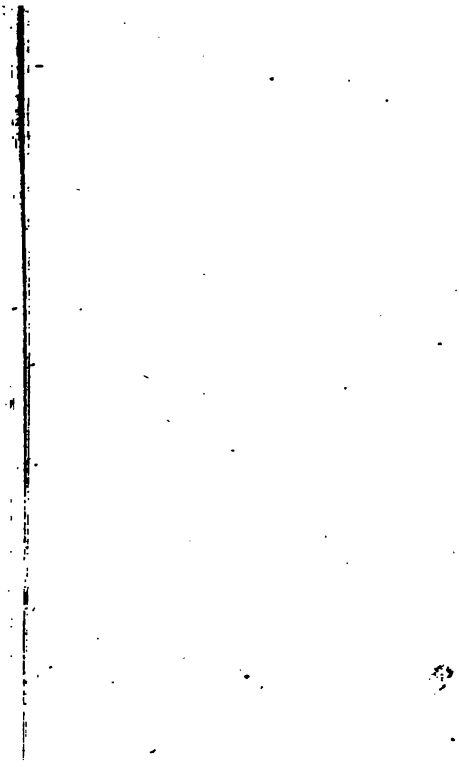
Their feuds forgot, the doctors, with amaze
And rev'rent awe, on the procession gaze.

V. 106. *A strong perfume, as in his car he rode,*
Of assa fœtida *proclaim'd the god.*

Assa fœtida, vulgarly called *devils' dung*; abundance of which is found about the Peak in Derbyshire. [See Cotton's Natural History of that place.]

THE END.

The Publisher thinks that the three following Compositions, which came into his hands accidentally, though very short, deserve to be presented again to the public.



PANDOLFO ATTONITO!

OR,

Lord Galloway's Poetical Lamentation

ON THE

REMOVAL OF THE ARM-CHAIRS

FROM THE

PIT AT THE OPERA HOUSE!

" Faut il que la Folie critique agite ſans ceſſe ſon grelot? Qu'importe de connoitre l'Auteur? N'y a-t-il pas beaucoup d' ouvrages que les doctes et les sages liſent avec delices, sans savoir qui les ait faits, comme le Pervigilium Veneris en Latin, les Lettres de Junius en Anglois, l'Epitre Heroique au Chevalier Guillaume Chambers, le poeme satirique intitulé, les Pourſuites de la Literature, les poesies et les plaisanteries de l'Anti-Jacobin, et plusieurs autres ouvrages, taht en prose qu'en vers, dont on fait tant de cas? Comment donc dans le Jardin d' Apollon, quand on veut seulement arracher une fleur, ou cueillir une roſe, faut il demander toujours, " *Qui est le Jardinier?*"

Jugement du PERE ELISEE BONIFOUX, ci-devant Benedictin, *Confeſſeur Ordinaire* du Duc de Q. et des Dames de l'Opera, fait *en Confeſſional* au sujet des Plaintes Poëtiques pretendues de Milord Galloway.

First Printed in May 1, 1800.

March 19, 1800.

THE ARGUMENT.

A Month or two ago, Lord Galloway came to the Opera House, and on the Pit-door near the Orchestra being opened, he perceived to his confusion and astoniſhment, that a long Bench was substituted in the place of the Row of Arm-Chairs (*a*) at the bottom of the Pit, the principal or central of which he had filled for so many nights with discernment and dignity, and to the general satisfaction of every person present. His Lordship conceiving, rather hastily, that this measure was intended as a personal slight to himself, retired disconcerted, without taking his seat; and, as he is a votary of the Muses, penned the following Lamentation, which he sent to Lord Salisbury the next day, and recovered his wonted good humour, chearfulness, and gayety.

(*a*) At this time the space of one row had been separated from the benches at the bottom of the Pit, where the arm-chairs were placed.

PANDOLFO ATTONITO!

OR

LORD GALLOWAY's

POETICAL LAMENTATION

ON THE

REMOVAL OF THE ARM-CHAIRS

FROM THE

PIT AT THE OPERA HOUSE!

Aria di PANDOLFO.

Chi mi risponde?
Voci profonde
Par che mi dicono,
PAPE SATAN!
Spirti domestici,
Erranti Lemuri
Che mi rispondono,
Certo saran.

Coro Zingaresco.
(Che canta nascosto)
BERGUI, GAMBACORA,
PAPE SATAN!
Gli Zingari in Fiera, A. 1, Opera Classica.

WHAT!—the proud honours of the chair
Must I no more, with CECIL (*a*), share!—
Still be my soul serene:
Virtù

(*a*) "Our Midas sits *Lord Chancellor of Playt.*"
Dunciad.

Virtù, or Virtue's but a name,
Brutus and Galloway exclaim,
And sighing quit the scene.

Too sure I heard a warning knell,
And told my Critic Brother BELL (*b*)
The fall of seats (*c*) and *stocks*;
Yet fondly sooth'd by BOLLA's airs,
Thought TAYLOR's *bottom*, and his Chairs
Secure with keys and locks. (*d*)

But ah! how Fortune loves to joke!
Expell'd am I, who sung and spoke
As loud as at the Fair: (*e*)

While

(*b*) Mr. BELL, an ingenious Gentleman, very conversant in the stocks and funds, *Grand Amateur, and Connoisseur of the Lower Bench.*

(*c*) It is feared that the noble Lord alludes to the *value* of *seats* in a certain House, after the Union.

PUBLISHER.

(*d*) The bottoms of these lamented chairs were kept under lock and key.

(*e*) i. e. As loud as the very Gipsies themselves on the Stage *at the fair.* This is poetry but no fiction.

PUBLISHER.

While yearly, with six thousand pound,
The Commons ADDINGTON have bound
Their Servant to THE CHAIR.

My purer taste, my classic eye,
Unzon'd Thalia could descry,
Who stepp'd beyond her place:
How oft I warn'd, in either House,
That charms *too plain* at last would rouse
The *Mitre* and the *Mace!*

I with Pandolfo watch'd the sphere,
When Mars on Venus shone so clear,
That Saturn (*f*) felt the shock:
Grave SHUTE and HENRY shrunk at Love,
And at the loose flesh-colour'd glove,
That blush'd *at twelve o'clock.*

I said, some folks would thunder Greek
At HILLIGSBERG's *morale lubrique*,
And PARISOT's *costume!* (*g*)

Where

(*f*) " Quel *Saturno briccon* ti guarda trino."
Gli Zingari in Fiera, A. 1.

(*g*) Contecta levi velatum pectus amictu,
Et tereti strophio lactantes vincta papillas.
Catullus.

Where shall Paul*linia*, tight and round, (*k*)
In vest appropriate now be found,
With India's palm and plume?

Old QUEENSBURY feels his dotard qualm,
Terpsichorè can pour no balm
O'er *half* his visual ray;
Nor WILLIAM (*i*) can console the Sage,
Nor Elisée (*k*) his pain assuage,
Nor Yarmouth smooth his way.

When

(*k*) Alluding to the fascinating Ballet of *Paul et Virginie*. BACCHUS AND ARIADNE too are now constrained to appear in patch-work dresses: and thus the Costume is lost, and the Graces mourn. Jacet semisepulta Venus. So says the D. of Q. and many others of the ton hold the same doctrine.

If *Propertius* were Ballet Master he would cast the parts of the HILLISBERG *toujours gaie et intèressante*, of the PARISOT *au geste animé et sublime*, and of the LABORIE *à sourire doux et enchanteur*, with exquisite and appropriate taste.

Hæc *hederas legat in thyrsos*, Hæc *carmina nervis*
Aptet, *et* Illa *manu texat utraque rosam!*

(*i*) Lord William Gordon.

(*k*) PERE ELISE'E, Conoscente e Medico di camera al Serenissimo Duca.

"*Corpo dotato di Sanità.*"
Gli Zingari in Fiera.

When MARINARI's (*l*) magic hand
Trac'd the bold view in fabled land,
For Fawns and Wood-nymphs meet:
Ah, soon, I cried, may SAL'SB'RY think,
'Tis just, that they who dance should drink,
And they who sing, should eat. (*ll*)

For this, in arbitrating state,
In presence of the wise and great,
I sung the Sovereign's air: (*m*)

Firm

(*l*) The Painter of various exquisite Scenes at the Opera House.

(*ll*) Les Chanteurs et les Danseurs, des deux Sexes, à Monsieur TAYLOR si tendre et si cruel; "*Il faut que nous vivions.*"—REPONSE de Monsieur TAYLOR. "*Je n'en vois pas la necessité.*"

LE TABLEAU,
Presenté à Monseigneur *le Chambellan* POLONIUS!

"Chanteurs, Danseurs, assailants, assaillis,
Battans, battus, dans ce grand chamaillis;
Ciel, que de cris, et que de hurlemens!
PERE ELISE'E reprit un peu ses sens;
Il se tenoit les deux cotès de rire,
Et reconnut que ce fatal empire
De l'Opera, des Jeux, et du grand Ton,
Etoit sans doute une œuvre du Dèmon."

THE EDITOR.

(*m*) The Air of Midas in the Burletta, beginning thus: "I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother here, disputing whether, &c."

Firm was my voice, for TAYLOR smil'd;
Nor deem'd I then, (too well beguil'd)
How slippery was *the Chair.*

Not Gordon's broad and brawny Grace,
The last new Woman IN THE PLACE (*n*)
With more contempt could blast;
Not Marlb'rough's damp on Blandford's purse
To *me* could prove a heavier curse;
My fame, my glory past.

Fall'n though I am, I ne'er shall mourn,
Like *the dark Peer* on STORER's urn, (*nn*)
Reflecting on *his Seat!*

In

(*n*) An expression used, with a curious felicity, by her Grace for "*the Manufactured Ladies of Fashion*" imported from York, and other counties into Portland Place, &c. whose houses she *condescended* to enter. But *once* she was most unfortunately mistaken.

Car Madame MILNES, *ouvrant un large bec,*
(Ayant en un Palais changée sa chaumiere,
Son air de drap *devint démarche fiere;)*
Disoit tout haut, que GORDON *parloit Grec.*
Les Grands surpris admirent sa hauteur,
Et les Petits l'appellent Dame d' honneur.

LEÇON *à deux tranchans, tant à la Bourgeoisie, qu' à la Noblesse:*
PUBLISHER.

In vain that mean *mysterious Sire*
In embers would conceal the fire;
While Honour's pulse can beat.

For me shall droop th' Assyrian Queen, (*o*)
With softest strain and tragic mien,
The SIDDONS in her art;
E'en BOLLA (*p*) shall forget to please,
With sparkling eye and playful ease,
And Didelot shall start.

Leo enthron'd bade Querno sit;
And GIANNI's (*q*) verse and *regal* wit
THE CONSUL loves to share:
Pye has the laurel and the sack,
And Coombe the foolscoat (*r*) on his back,
But Galloway, *no Chair*.

Yet

(*m*) ANTONY STOREE, Esq. formerly Member for Morpeth, (*as some persons* near Carlisle and Castle-Howard *may possibly recollect*,) a gentleman well known in the circles of fashion and polite literature.

(*o*) BANTI *la Sovrana*.

(*p*) BOLLA *la Vezzosa*.

(*q*) GIANNI, the Italian Poet Laureat to Bonaparte, as Camillo Querno was to Pope Leo. X. For a specimen of Gianni's Poetry, see the Paper called, THE TIMES of Dec. 31, 1800.

(*r*) Harvey Coombe, Esq. was Lord Mayor that year.

Yet though, reduc'd by Taylor's pranks,
I sit confounded *in the ranks*,
Good humour's still my own;
Still shall I breathe in rapt'rous trance,
" Eternal be the Song, the Dance,
THE OPERA, AND THE THRONE!"

CAPELL'S GHOST,

TO

EDMUND MALONE, Esq.

EDITOR OF SHAKSPEARE.

A PARODY.

First printed in 1799.

CAPELL'S GHOST,

TO

EDMUND MALONE, Esq.

EDITOR OF SHAKSPEARE.

A PARODY.

As near honour'd STRATFORD lying,
Fast by Avon's swelling Flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
SHAKSPEARE's gallant Navy rode;
There while EDMUND sate all glorious
From false IRELAND's (*a*) late defeat,
And the critic crews victorious
Drank success to every sheet:

On a sudden strangely sounding,
Dubious *notes* and yells were heard,
Grammar, sense, and points confounding,
A sad troop of *Clerks* appear'd;

(*a*) The Publisher of the Norfolk-Street Shakspeare Papers.

All in spotted night-gowns shrowded,
Which in life for coats they wore,
And with looks by reading clouded,
Frown'd on the reviewing shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of CAPELL bold
His black bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their cases old.
O'er the glimmering stream he hied him,
Where THE STEEVENS * rear'd her sail,
With three hundred *Clerks* beside him,
And in groans did EDMUND hail:

" Heed, oh heed my fatal story,
I am CAPELL's injur'd Ghost!
You who now have purchas'd glory,
Near the place where I was lost.
Though in CHALMERS' *leaden* ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think of *my* undoing,
You *must* mix your joy with tears.

Mark

* The Admiral's ship.

" Mark the forms by SHAKSPEARE painted,
Ghastly o'er the harrowing scene,
Envy wan with colours tainted,
And Detraction's skulking mien.
Mark the passions foul and horrid,
Low'ring o'er the blasted *Heath*;
Hecate hides her Son's black forehead,
At the scoundrel tale beneath.

" I, by Learning's train attended,
Treasures hid *first* brought to light;
And from none *my* stores defended,
Who for Shakspeare burn'd to fight.
Oh, that from such friends' caresses
I had turn'd me with disdain,
Nor had felt the keen distresses,
Stung by all that serpent train.

" Rival scholars I ne'er dreaded,
But in twenty years had done,
What thou, EDMUND, little heeded,
Hast atchiev'd in eight alone.

Then the shelves of Cadell never
Had my foul dishonour seen:
Nor contempt the sad receiver
Of my SHAKSPEARE's SCHOOL had been.

" Warburton and Pope dismaying,
And their blunders bringing home,
Though condemn'd to Satire's flaying,
I had met a Tibbald's doom;
To have fallen, Sam Johnson crying,
He has played a Scholar's part;
Had been better far than dying,
Struck by cowards to the heart.

" Unrepining at *such* glory,
Thy successful toil I hail;
Men will feel my cruel story,
And let CAPELL's wrongs prevail.
Doom'd in Slander's clime to languish,
Days and nights consum'd in vain,
Worn by treachery and anguish,
Not in open battle slain.

Hence

" Hence with all my *Clerks* attending,
From their parchment-tombs below,
Through their office-dust ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe.
Here the commentators viewing,
I recall *my* shameful doom,
And my primal notes renewing,
Wander through the letter'd gloom.

" O'er MY SCHOOL for ever mourning,
Shall I roam deprived of rest,
If to Avon's banks returning,
You neglect my just request;
After your *dull* foe subduing,
When your Stratford friends you see,
Think on Vengeance for *my* ruin,
And for SHAKSPEARE sham'd in me!"

THE

OLD HAG IN A RED CLOAK:

A ROMANCE.

Inscribed to Matthew Lewis Esq. M. P. the Author of "The Grim White Woman."

First printed in 1801.

THE

OLD HAG IN A RED CLOAK,

Inscribed to MATTHEW LEWIS Esq. M. P.
Author of the Grim White Woman, and of other TALES of WONDER!"

A ROMANCE.

MAT Lewis was little, Mat Lewis was young,
The words they lisp'd prettily over his tongue;
A spy-glass he us'd, for he could not well see,
A spy-glass he us'd, for near-sighted was he.

With his spy-glass once spying in Parliament-street,
He chanc'd an old Hag in a red cloak to meet;
When the Hag in a red cloak thus awfully said,
" Pray give me a six-pence to buy me some bread."

No six-pence I'll give thee to buy thee some bread,
To the Hag in a red cloak Mat feelingly said;
Then down to the House in a huff strutted he,
Sure all the world knows little Mat's an M. P.

But

But as onward he strutted, and push'd thro' the crowd,
The Hag in a red cloak still curst him aloud;
Strange words of mysterious intent struck his ear,
And could he be frighten'd he'd then have known fear.

" Though cold be thy heart, and thy feelings as cold,
Though bold be thy mien, and thy language as bold,
Ere the clock at St. Giles's is heard to strike one,
A deed to confound thee, a deed shall be done."

She spoke; and then vanish'd at once from his sight,
In a cellar as dark as the darkness of night;
But ev'ry five minutes this horrible strain
Rush'd in fearful recurrence o'er Mat's tortur'd brain.

From the House about twelve to his house he repairs;
To creek seem'd the doors, and to crack seem'd the stairs;
He put out the candle, his cloaths off he threw,
When St. Giles's struck one, and the door open flew.

Then the Hag in a red cloak of Parliament-street,
The Hag in a red cloak whom Mat chanc'd to meet,
The Hag in a red cloak, who to him once said,
Pray give me a six-pence to buy me some bread,

By a sort of a blue and a glimmering light
Rode quite round his bedstead and full in his sight;
She rode in a carriage that hight a birch broom,
And her breath breath'd the whiffings of gin through the room.

" I ask'd thee, she cried in a hoarse, hollow voice,
For six-pence, thou gav'st not while yet in thy choice;
For punishment dread then, pretender, prepare,
Which e'en to repentance I now cannot spare.

" Know that she who so lately sustain'd your abuse,
Is thy mother, oh shame! and my name Mother Goose;
To a German Romancer thee dreaming I bore,
And we both dipp'd thee deep in the tale-telling lore.

" Too soon thou outdidst all my wonders of old,
And instead of my stories thy nonsense was told;
With nurses and children I lost my high place,
And from Newberry's shop I was turn'd in disgrace.

" Depriv'd of a corner to hide my old head,
I wander'd about, begging e'en for my bread;
When thou too, my child, to complete my despair,
Refus'd my own spoils with thy mother to share.

But

"But vain are thy hopes to supplant me on earth,
For know that immortal I am in my birth,
Can defeat all thy arts by a magical spell,
And all thy productions in paper dispell.

" Ye ghosts and hobgoblins, and horrible shapes,
Ye lions, and wolves, and ye griffins and apes,
Ye strange jumbled figures from river or den,
Ye fire-born monsters, and fishified men,

" Ye raw-heads and bloody-bones, spectres and shades,
And water-sprite swains, and transmogrified maids,
As your grandmother's curses on each of you fall,
To hell and the devil fly one and fly all!"

Then the ghosts and hobgoblins, and horrible shapes,
And lions and wolves, and the griffins and apes,
And strange jumbled figures from river or den,
And fire-born monsters, and fishified men,

And raw-heads and bloody bones, spectres and shades,
And water-sprite swains, and transmogrified maids,
When they heard the goose curses on each of them fall,
To hell and the devil fled one, and fled all.

Fled

Fled in fire and in water, in smoke and in hail,
Some green, and some red, some black, and some pale,
Fled in accents of horror, of spirit, of wit,
Fralira, tralara, or fal-de-ral tit.

While as fast as away Matty's progeny flew,
Mother Goose summon'd up her original crew,
Who with loud peals of laughter and sallies of fun,
Quizz'd, pinch'd, and tormented her reprobate son.

A Knight led them on, who was first to assail,
Who was arm'd cap-a-pee in a dear coat of mail,
Sir Horn-Book hight he; at the very first glance
Mat saw he was Lord o'er the field of Romance.

Then little Red-Riding-Hood's Wolf howl'd amain,
Fear shook all his limbs, and unsettled his brain;
But the horrors he suffer'd can ne'er be surpass'd,
When little Cock-Robin's sad funeral pass'd.

As Blue-Beard for blood loudly howl'd o'er his wife,
And sister Anne pleaded so well for her life,
Mat's fav'rite spectre he saw dance in air,
And he gave up his spirit a prey to despair.

To his patent he bow'd, and now penitent groan,
Cried, "Thy strength and my empty pretences I own,
"In vain were my hopes to supplant thee on earth,
"And immortal, O mother, thou art in thy birth!

"As now you behold me in penitence sunk,
"Take all my Romances, nay take too my Monk;
"But leave me, since thus I acknowledge my crime,
"My epilogues, sonnets, and lady-like rhyme."

Mother Goose, as her son was in penitence sunk,
Took all his Romances, but took too his Monk,
And left him in pity to trifle his time
In epilogues, sonnets, and lady-like rhyme.

If you wish me the moral, dear Mat, to rehearse,
'Tis that nonsense is nonsense in prose or in verse;
That the man who to talent makes any pretence,
Should write not at all, or should write common sense!

THE END OF THE COLLECTION

OF

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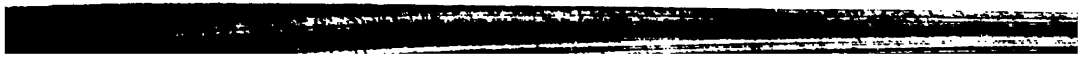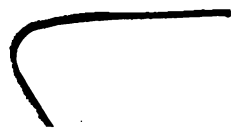
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